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CHINA AND CHRISTIANITY

HU SHIH

DR. HU SHIH, Dean of Peking National University, is justly called the Father of the Chinese Renaissance. He is the leader of the intellectual movement that is permeating the youth of China and is interested chiefly in the things of the mind. Like the ancient sages of the East, therefore, he stands outside the current political conflict. — The Editor

THE future of Christianity in China is a question which should be considered apart from the question of the past services rendered to China by the Christian missionaries. The part played by the missionaries in the modernization of China will long be remembered by the Chinese, even though no Christian church may be left there. They were the pioneers of the new China. They helped the Chinese to fight for the suppression of opium which the pirate-traders brought to us. They agitated against foot-binding, which eight centuries of esoteric philosophizing in native China had failed to recognize as an inhuman institution. And they brought to us the first rudiments of European science. The early Jesuits gave us the pre-Newtonian astronomy, and the later Protestant missionaries introduced modern hospitals and schools. They taught us to know that there was a new world and a new civilization behind the pirate-traders and gunboats.

Many of the Protestant missionaries worked hard to awaken China and bring about a modern nation. China is now awakened and determined to modernize herself. There is not the slightest doubt that a new and modern China is emerging out of chaos. But this new China does not seem to promise much bright future to the propagation of the Christian faith. On the contrary, Christianity is facing opposition everywhere. The dream of a

"Christian occupation of China" seems to be fast vanishing, — probably forever. And the explanation is not far to seek.

It is true that there is much cheap argument in the narrow nationalistic attack which sees in the Christian missionary an agent of imperialist aggression. But we must realize that it is nationalism, — the self-consciousness of a nation with no mean cultural past, — that once killed Nestorian Christianity, Zoroastrianism, and Manicheism in China. It is the same nationalism which four times persecuted Buddhism and finally killed it after over a thousand years of complete Buddhistic conquest of China. And it is the same national consciousness which is now resisting the essentially alien religion of Christianity.

And more formidable than nationalism, there is the rise of rationalism. We must not forget that Chinese philosophy began two thousand five hundred years ago with a Lao Tse who taught a naturalistic conception of the universe and a Confucius who was frankly an agnostic. This rationalistic and humanistic tradition has always played the part of a liberator in every age when the nation seemed to be under the influence of a superstitious or fanatic religion. This cultural background of indigenous China is now revived with the new reinforcement of the methods and conclusions of modern science and becomes a truly formidable safeguard of the intellectual class against the imposition of any religious system whose fundamental dogmas, despite all efforts of its apologists, do not always stand the test of reason and science.

And after all Christianity itself is fighting its last battle, even in the so-called Christendoms. To us born heathens, it is a strange sight indeed to see Billy Sunday and Aimée McPherson hailed and patronized in an age whose acknowledged prophets are Darwin and Pasteur! The religion of Elmer Gantry and Sharon Falconer must sooner or later make all thinking people feel ashamed to call themselves "Christians". And then they will realize that Young China was not far wrong in offering some opposition to a religion which in its glorious days fought religious wars and persecuted science, and which, in the broad daylight of the twentieth century, prayed for the victory of the belligerent nations in the World War and is still persecuting the teaching of science in certain quarters of Christendom.

FOREIGN FASHIONS

Po Chü-I (772-846)

Translated by Arthur Waley

THE fashions of our day
Spread from the City to the four corners of the World.
At present a custom prevails far and near
Of cheeks unrouged and faces without powder.
With muddy grease the ladies smear their lips;
Their eyebrows tilt to the shape of a pointed roof.
Beautiful and ugly, dark and fair, lose their natural form;
All present, when they leave their rooms, the same countenance of woe.
Their round coils, brushed back from the temples, are piled up behind;
They do not mitigate the yellow of their skin by any touch of red.
Wild tresses once were seen by the rivers of our Eastern Town,
And sorrow seized those who saw, for they knew there were Tartars in the land.

Prince, take note! The head-fashions of this period Yüan-ho, —
These heaped tresses and unpowdered cheeks, — are no Chinese way!

WANTED, — A CATO!

FREDERICK S. HOPPIN

ALL the world is agreed that everything is going wrong.
Morals, art, literature, painting, politics, religion, —
all are moving from order to disorder and thence to chaos,
from restraint to liberty and thence to license; and no one feels
that any very beneficent spirit is moving over the face of the
waters or that any very satisfactory new world is likely to arise
out of them. The cause of this condition most frequently given
is that we have too much of prohibition, restriction, and censorship.
The real trouble is that we have not enough of them. The
ancient Romans once faced a similar condition of affairs, but they
knew what they really needed, and they turned to Marcus Porcius
Cato.

Cato, the model of Roman antique virtue, the upholder of the

traditions of the Republic, the paragon of the political speeches of our ancestors, the hero of Addison's classic tragedy and type of all the stern old forefathers' virtues, was a Censor. By virtue of that office and quality came his power, his fame, and his present temporary oblivion. Censors have always been more famous than popular. History is full of Censors who have passed adversely into our common speech. Procrustes, most exacting of hosts, earliest of physical Censors, who insisted that travelers should conform to a certain size to fit his spare bed; the Inquisition, greatest of theological Censors, with its effective and picturesque methods of discarding souls who had expanded beyond its mold; the Puritans, who cut off their hair and their diversions with equal thoroughness, — all in their own spheres have become bywords. And because of this attitude toward Censors, no one dares say a good word for them, and even Cato hardly exists for us outside of Roman histories and biographical dictionaries.

Yet as a Censor Cato represents, indirectly, a great creative force. We have forgotten that a Censor does us the invaluable service of providing something to revolt against. He is the dam across the stream, checking it until it accumulates enough power to accomplish something. He makes the rules that make the game. He is the darkey sitting on the safety-valve to get the pressure up.

Never was there such a crying demand, such a starving need, as there is to-day for rules to break, for codes to violate, for restrictions to sweep away. Too much liberty among young and old is the one and only explanation of our troubles that everybody accepts. And so the most natural cure for all this would be, — a Cato, a Censor.

The efficiency of this remedy has already been tested successfully in one direction which proves how quickly we, as a people, respond artistically to even a small restriction. Our much praised new architecture is, as every one admits, the result of no one man's genius, but the product of the new building law, which restricts the height of buildings and forces the architects to step them back as they climb upwards. Out of this legal and physical restriction has come a new expression in architecture which makes one of the very few, and probably the most distinctive, of American contributions to modern art.

What we need to stimulate creation and originality in the other

arts is more of these restrictions. Give us back something that the stage is not allowed to say, so that our dramatists may be forced to rediscover how to say it with a little subtlety! Give us back grammar and prosody, so that our verse and prose may once more have form, if not meaning! Give us back a few clothes to take off!

Liberty, now that we have it, has lost its prestige and the great literature and oratory of the past, thundering in its favor, have for us the quality of old Madeira, growing steadily finer, but less alcoholic, every year.

Of course we already do have Censors of a kind. The Post Office, while it subsidizes the magazines and newspapers by carrying them at a loss, does at the same time keep one eye a little open on their sexual and financial morals; and innumerable societies and committees who

Compound for sins they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to

irritate in an ineffective and scattered way, more than they restrict.

What we need is an individual like Cato to put things through. "*Delenda est Carthago*," he said, — and it was. He was not afraid of any one's morals, even his own. You must, however, be very careful not to confuse this Cato with the one Byron speaks of:

Heroic, stoic, Cato the sententious,
Who lent his lady to his friend Hortensius.

That Cato was a degenerate member of the family who was merely a philosopher. We hear very little of Cato the Censor's lady. His censorship probably began at home.

Consider the terrible handicap this present condition of license has inevitably, in the process of time, laid on our authors and artists, our musicians and dramatists. They are driven out into the byways and hedges where no one any longer tries to keep them from going, obliged to poke into the most obscure corners, to unearth the most unsuspected vices, to exploit the subtlest forms of evil, to ransack Central Africa for sculpture and Harlem for music. And they wander so far afield in this pursuit that the public fails to follow them, and an explorer, when that happens, is like a child who looks back and finds that nobody is chasing him, — his zest for the game very quickly evaporates.

The public, dazed and bored by all this unrestrained expression, tired of freedom which forces it to look after its own morals and to use self-control instead of being controlled, longs for the supporting influence of restrictions; for rules that it can lean against while it grumbles at them; for barriers that add flavor to transgression and will do for it in relation to art, literature, and morals what prohibition has accomplished in regard to drinking, — make them sport, as well as indulgence, and enable men to combine the agreeable and flattering assertion of personal independence with the gratification of their appetites.

Prohibition is, of course, the great example of the power of censorship and of its effects. In a few years we have raised the drinking of alcohol from a more or less inconspicuous personal habit to a national question and a religious and political issue of the first importance. This is a concrete and arresting example of what restriction can do. All the brewers, grape growers, and distillers in the world, combined, could never have accomplished so much. A habit, gradually falling into disrepute, has been reestablished by restriction as the most important preoccupation of religion, ethics, and politics and made the most universally discussed topic in the United States.

No one could ask for a stronger argument to prove what Cato and censorship might do for us in other fields if we gave them a chance.

Is it not possible that by a similar control art, literature, and music could also be made subjects of vital and argumentative importance in every American family? We might become a nation of artists with every household creating its own art for its own consumption, inventing its own formulas, competing enthusiastically with its neighbors in the search for inspiration from the most unsuspected sources, until, from being a people which for years has allowed its art, like its liquor, to be produced by a small and rather looked-down-upon class, we should become one where every individual was not only a lover, but a producer and purchaser of art. Nothing like it has been possible or imagined since the palmy days of the Renaissance.

What glorious possibilities this opens to these United States! When you consider it, are you not moved to join in demanding a Cato?

IS BIRTH CONTROL RIGHT?—A DEBATE

YES, says the Rev. G. A. Studdert Kennedy. Like everything else birth control can be abused and no doubt it often is, but that is no argument against its proper employment. Birth control is not necessarily harmful; and the conditions under which the modern family must live, economic pressure, and the demands both of health and happiness are such that its practice is often not only justified but even imperative. The old, unhealthy attitude toward sex is passing, and with it the repugnance to birth control for which it was responsible.

NO, says the Rev. Father John Augustine Ryan. Birth control can be nothing save an abuse of man's spiritual and physical nature. It is a degradation of marriage and contributes neither to health nor to happiness. It is no use hoping that birth control will ever be used solely to avoid physical or economic hardship. Once admit the principle that contraception is not always and under all conditions bad, and there remains no possible way of checking its indiscriminate use.

I—THE RIGHT OF IT

G. A. STUDDERT KENNEDY

THIS is an age of problems. There is a world-wide epidemic of "problemitis", and for many people it is an acutely painful disease. Some modern problems appear to the ordinary man and woman remote and unimportant, others come right home and demand an answer from the heart as well from the head. It is these questions in which our emotions, our deepest and most private feelings, are of necessity involved that are the most difficult to answer with the certainty that our answer is right. The most tragic moral conflicts are not those between an obvious "right" and an equally obvious "wrong", but those between a doubtful right and a doubtful wrong, — when we stand at the cross road as it were and find the sign-post indecipherable. Conscience in these cases is not a sufficient guide. Conscience is the eye of the soul. But however keen our eyes may be, they can not serve us in the dark. Conscience with the Christian ethic for light can make life's path for the most part clear, but it is just useless to deny that there are points in the modern path through life at which even the light of the world grows dim, and there is a mist

over the eyes of those who are most anxious to do their best. At these points the decision between right and wrong can become for a decent man or woman a veritable agony of mind.

There is no problem which comes nearer home than that of birth control. A man and a woman who have a passionate love for one another and a moderate income to live on, having welcomed with joy a small family, are forced at last to sit down and face the question: "Can there be another?" Nature's answer is clear and unequivocal: "There can be and there will be, — unless . . ." Unless what? A man stands face to face with a doctor who says gravely: "She has come through this with very little to spare, and if you want to keep her, there must never be another." Nature's answer is just as clear. "There will be another, and death with it, — unless . . ." Unless what? That is the question they have to answer, these two who love one another dearly. They want to do right, but what is right? The doctor, as a rule, leaves them to decide for themselves. The medical faculty are divided on the question and not eager to volunteer advice. They go to a priest or a minister. He says, "There is no way of birth control that is right, except one, and that is the hard way of self-control."

THE DIFFICULTIES OF ABSTINENCE

They sit down by their fireside to think over the decision. What does self-control mean? "Well, my dear," the man might say, "in any ordinary sense of the word it means moderation and a tender consideration for your feelings, but in this case, if we are to be quite sure that there will be no more children, it means much more than that, — it means . . ." Can you not imagine the silence that falls on these two as they contemplate what it means? Self-control amounting to total abstinence, self-control as a means of checking the birth rate, has never been required of Christian people in any previous age. It is an entirely new moral demand. Is it a possible or a right demand? My own father who was a first-class Christian, and certainly not lacking in self-control was the father of fourteen children, and would have regarded you as mad, if you had suggested that he should have controlled himself. He was typical of his generation and most other generations.

There is no natural reason why these two modern lovers, living a thoroughly decent, Christian, married life, should not have

eight, nine, or ten children, and yet as they sit there they know that for them it is simply out of the question. It can not be done under modern conditions, except by culpably reckless and selfish parents who have no care for their children. Here, at any rate, to the modern couple "right" seems clear. It is definitely wrong to bring children into the world for whom we can not decently provide. Up to a point we can economize and cut down our standard of life and education, but beyond that point we can not go for the sake of the home itself. That is painfully evident to most modern couples, and they are left with a choice. It is either total abstinence or some artificial method of contraception. Total abstinence is obviously very difficult, — for some so difficult as to be almost, if not quite, impracticable. Unless it is attempted with the willing consent and whole-hearted cooperation of both partners, it is obviously full of dangers. Just because it is so difficult and makes so great a call on the loyalty of the lovers, it appeals to some of the best and noblest as being the highest right. But is that a reliable criterion? Is the hardest course of necessity the right one? Granted that the heroic nature of the remedy establishes a moral presumption in its favor, is that sufficient to turn the scales, and drive us to a decision? Hardly, I think, without other considerations' being taken into account.

Why is it wrong, or less right, to use modern methods of contraception? It is said to be "unnatural". That word appears to be used in two senses. It may mean artificial or it may mean repulsive and slightly disgusting. It may contain both meanings. Contraceptives are certainly artificial, — as artificial as the surgeon's knife or the surgical instruments which some sufferers have to wear perpetually. Modern surgery is busily and very successfully engaged in opposing and thwarting nature by "unnatural" means. Left to herself nature might have solved, or partially solved, the problem for these two lovers. If the surgeon had not interfered with nature, two of their four children might possibly be dead by now, and they could have more. "I've 'ad eleven and buried five, and so I know what trouble is," is a common story among the poor, and a glance at the tombstones in our churches will convince the curious that in the past that state of things was common in all classes, as common then in the West as it is now in the East.

Nature's method of securing quality of life is to produce an enormous quantity and eliminate the weakly by her own summary and merciful means of death. Against that method we have declared war and taken to ourselves as weapons in our warfare an enormous variety of ingenious artificial devices. Now and then we may be visited by doubts as to whether it is really merciful to patch up and preserve the weakly child, but on the whole it appeals to our highest sense of right, and no civilized man or woman makes any vigorous protest against the doctors' creed that once life is present we must labor to preserve it by every means within our ken. But this conquest of death and defiance of nature brings with it a great world problem which has to be solved by multitudes of mothers and fathers sitting by their own firesides. Left to herself nature would solve it. She would cut the Gordian knot with the sword of death by famine and disease, but we have not left her to herself, nor shall we ever leave her to herself again. The battle with infantile mortality in the world is only just begun, and the victory is increasingly with man.

CAN THERE BE ANOTHER?

What this means for the world, the immense and complicated problems it brings up, it is not our present purpose to discuss. We are considering the question as it comes to us in the privacy of our own homes, and in the secret places of our own hearts. If Dr. Friend had not been so clever, Dolly and Joe might have died that night we both remember well, but he saved them by his "unnatural" devices, and they are asleep upstairs. Their places at life's feast, thank God, are not vacant for some new comers to fill up. It seems natural, almost inevitable, to thank God for them, and yet in doing so we thank God for the "unnatural" devices by which their lives were saved; and it is these "unnatural devices" that by conquering death have brought us face to face with the question: "Can there be another?"

There is something repulsive and slightly disgusting about surgical instruments of all sorts. I for one confess to a horror of them all, silver tubes, wires, plates, trusses, and all the rest of it. But necessity and custom quickly remove that horror in thousands of cases. Is my repulsion from contraceptive devices in any way different from that? Can I trust it as a guide to what is right?

In itself it would seem to be a very weak and uncertain basis for decision in such a weighty matter. Of course the surgeon's "unnatural" devices can be defended as necessary in the face of death. I can not defend modern contraceptives by pleading that necessity. Even in the case when childbirth is a danger to a beloved life that is no absolute necessity. There is the alternative. We could live together as beloved companions. Is that God's Will, the highest right, for such as we? Is the sole purpose of the lovers' crowning act the purpose of having children? Is it always wrong or less right when that purpose is not there?

One of the puzzling and bewildering things about the way in which the moralists, ministers, and priests talk to us on this matter is that sometimes they seem to regard the act of union as something sacred, and at other times as something almost unclean. And it is difficult at times to tell which they mean, as it was when the primitive medicine-man talked about "tabu". What is it makes the difference? When is it "sacred", and when is it "unclean"? Well I can see that there is a world of difference between mere passion and pure love. I can accept the rule that only a loyal love that has behind it the high purpose of fidelity has any right to express itself that way. Between marriage and prostitution, or mere sex adventure, there is a great gulf fixed, as wide as that between heaven and hell. Any reasoning, however specious, which seeks to make little of that gulf, is not reason but rationalized self-deception. There we stand on solid ground from which no argument, however fair it seems to be, should make us move.

But suppose there is no question of that. Suppose our love is fine and loyal, is the act of union still unclean unless there is the purpose of having children? Does the purpose or the willingness to have children sanctify the act and is that the only way in which it can be sanctified? That is the position which, in theory at any rate, is held by the Roman Church and the Anglo-Catholic section of the Church of England. In practice it would seem to most people obvious that in the many cases where children are brought into the world recklessly, and with no regard either to their future or the mother's health, the willingness to bear children does not prevent the act of union from being bestial and unclean. The dread of unwanted children is, and always has been, a

torment to thousands of women; and to suppose that the presence of that dread, and the fact that no steps have been taken to remove it, "sanctifies" the act of union, seems to many, — and among them the present writer, — to be an abominable doctrine.

Mutual respect and tender consideration for one another combine with a high sense of responsibility for the welfare of the children to force upon modern married lovers an inevitable choice between celibacy within the marriage bond and some method of artificial contraception. There are men and women who can and do live together for years without union and feel no strain which is beyond their power to bear; but to lay down a law that for all married people this is the only right solution is unjustifiable, and in the highest degree dangerous. It is only possible without disaster when there is the most perfect unity and understanding between the two, and even then, unless they are both people of a particular temperament, the strain may easily cause a rift between them that may become fatal to the happiness and beauty of their mutual relations. To say, as some moralists do, that apart from the desire or willingness to have children the act of union is unclean is to teach a doctrine that to some modern minds is incomprehensible, and to others repulsive and disgusting. Where the act is the final sacrament of tender, honest, and faithful love there can not be anything unclean about it, except in the eyes of the unclean. There is something unclean about extreme Puritanism, and it is to healthy and wholesome-minded people "shocking" in a way that it is difficult for the Puritan to understand. I have heard "good" people talk upon this subject and make charges against their neighbors in terms that roused in me the same reaction that I instinctively make to what is sinister and devilish. Any teaching which makes the body and its natural desires evil *per se* appeals to me as Satanic; and yet we have inherited a social environment in which a strong strain of such teaching is inherent. It is the conflict between that environmental inheritance of semiprurient Victorian prudery and the more wholesome modern outlook that in many souls amounts to an agony of mind, — which not infrequently issues in a contempt for all moral laws and restraints and an exaggerated defiance of conventional reticences that in its turn is shocking to the finer sensibilities of modern men and women.

IS BIRTH CONTROL RIGHT?—A DEBATE 13

The real danger of sex lies in its power to become an obsession, a power common to all the natural impulses. Pugnacity, self-assertion, acquisitiveness, fear, eating, drinking, can all become obsessions and produce different types of perverted character which are common enough. Restraint and discipline are necessary as safeguards against this in every case, and the gospel of self-expression and expansionism, which teaches that we can afford to let ourselves go, is psychologically unsound and morally disastrous. This gospel, which is largely a reaction against unwholesome Puritanism, can and does lead to bad birth control. Men and women shirk the duty of parenthood altogether or are content with one or two children when they could easily provide for and educate more. This is morally wrong, and those who do it will pay the penalty for it, as those who are guilty of moral wrong always do. To thwart and starve the parental impulse is fatal to the right and real marriage relation.

THE REAL DANGER

That this kind of selfish and immoral birth control is all too common to-day, and that it leads to the worst possible results both in Family and State is one of the chief reasons why moralists resort to the desperate expedient of attempting to prohibit birth control of any sort. The power to control the incoming stream of life is the most momentous and revolutionary of all the powers that modern research has put into the hands of men and women and therefore carries with it the gravest responsibility. Hitherto the power has been blindly and badly used, and there has been no wide-spread moral teaching about it, — largely because the moralists have condemned the use of the power as evil in itself.

This has had the worst possible results. Men and women have been driven by circumstances to avail themselves of it but have done so with an uneasy conscience; and the principle, largely unconscious in its operation, that one might as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb has led to excess and to an open defiance of all restraint that is fatal to fine relations between man and mate.

The unforeseen psychological results of the prohibition of alcohol in America form an interesting if not exact parallel. Without begging the question of the wisdom or unwisdom of the great

American experiment the fact that it has led to psychological reactions which were as unexpected as they are unwholesome is undoubted and indisputable. But the evil results of attempted prohibition of all contraceptives does not end there. Research has been restricted and carried on under a cloud with the result that a large number of harmful and ineffective devices are advertised and sold. Apart from the moral harm that these advertisements undoubtedly do, and the tendency they have to bring knowledge of the wrong sort into the hands of the wrong people in the worst possible way, they have the further abominable result of actually increasing the prevalence of child murder and the practice of abortion. Women who have put their trust in ineffective methods and have found them failures are, in their desperation, driven to these odious expedients. These futile and harmful devices are the cheapest and amongst ignorant people the most widely known, and so this tragic and terrible practice is commonest among the poor.

It is impossible to resist the conclusion that for this state of things the highly moral ostriches must share the blame with amoral or immoral cynics. There needs to be an opening of the windows and a clearing of the air on the whole subject. The power of controlling conception has come to stay, and its coming is fraught with tremendous possibilities for good or evil to the human race. A new responsibility is laid upon men and women, and they must see to it that they bear it rightly.

Everything finally depends upon a wholesome public opinion, and that can only come into being as the great multitude of fathers and mothers act together after careful consideration, and with sound medical advice, as seems to them best for their several families and the preservation in beauty and harmony of their own love. In this consideration they ought, in my opinion, to be delivered from any idea that contraceptive methods are either right or wrong in themselves. Whether they are right or wrong depends entirely upon the circumstances under which, and the motives with which, they are used. Knowledge of the best, most effective, and most hygienic methods ought to be made easily accessible to every married couple, rich and poor alike, and careful teaching as to the responsibility involved ought to be part of the preparation for marriage which every couple ought to make.

II — THE WRONG OF IT

JOHN AUGUSTINE RYAN

I AM requested to base my argument mainly upon the “health and happiness of the human race”. As regards health, there is much controversy. Probably the only generalization at present warranted is that some contraceptive methods are certainly injurious both to the nervous system and the tissues, while others have not yet proved notably harmful.

“Happiness” is a protean word. We do not all put the same meaning into “the happiness of the race”. Suppose we discard the term and substitute “welfare”.

Human welfare demands self-respect and mutual respect in married couples. Both are lowered by contraceptive practices. Conjugal intercourse is perverted from the noble function of cooperation with the Creator into an ignoble means of sensual gratification. Husbands and wives become mutual instruments of indulgence. The calculation and artifice involved in contraceptive devices can not but diminish conjugal reverence, and probably no normal husband or wife ever entered upon this way without moral shock, or continued on it without moral deterioration.

Advocates of birth control profess to aim at “quality rather than quantity”. But the practice is fatal to certain indispensable qualities. It prevails for the most part among families of the upper and middle classes, and it is adopted mainly for the purpose of satisfying a larger number of material wants and reducing hardship to a minimum. Yet all experience shows that capacity for sacrifice is a necessary condition of achievement. The power to do is conditioned upon the power to do without. Husbands and wives who ignore this law gradually and greatly diminish their own capacity for endurance and sustained effort and withhold adequate training in these capacities from their children. The one or two or three children of birth controlling parents are condemned to an environment which fosters selfishness, laziness, flabbiness of will, and mediocrity of intellect. They are inferior in most of the essentials of efficient character.

Referring to the “superior classes” who practise birth control

to secure an alleged better quality of offspring, Professor Warren S. Thompson said a few years ago:

"Nature's answer is clear. She says they are unfit. She shows clearly that she prefers the lower classes who live simply, who reproduce more or less instinctively, who do not think about the future of the race or of civilization, but who are carrying the burden of the future in the rearing of children. We may call these people brutish, we may say that they are intellectually inferior, we may hold that they have not risen above the level of instinctive reactions, we may believe that they carry the burden of the future only because they do not know how to avoid it, and because they do not yet feel it to be a burden; but they survive and the future belongs to them.

"People who wish to play so prominent a part in the affairs of their day that they do not find time for family and children, who are unwilling to partake in the struggles and hardships of the common lot, are doomed to extinction. Those who can make the combination of satisfying their ambition and raising a fair-sized family will survive, and though civilization may change under their guidance, I do not see why we should be exercised for fear that it will not be Anglo-Saxon, or Teutonic, or Gallic, as the case may be. If we do not have children it will not affect us or ours, that the present social order which we call Western Civilization will have perished. The people who do survive and carry on will probably develop a civilization which will suit them better than ours. If it is so organized that it has a place for the family and if it rests upon those virtues growing out of the intimacies of family and communal life, it will probably displace ours and survive much longer than ours has, and thereby prove its fitness."

In order to prevent a decline in numbers a group of human beings must produce an average of about three and three-fifths children per marriage. No birth control group averages as many as three and no such group ever will reach that average. That "superior" persons and classes will come in time to have larger families just to "fulfill their responsibilities to the race", is about as foolish and futile a hope as ever found lodgment in the human brain. The Sixth International Birth Control Conference, held in New York City in 1925, resolved "that persons whose progeny give promise of being of decided value to the community should

be encouraged to bear as large families, properly spaced, as they feasibly can." What kind of children would be of "decided value"? What is a "properly spaced" family? What is meant by "feasibly"? None of these fundamental questions was answered by the Conference. Indeed, it may well be doubted that the members of the Conference took the resolution seriously. They probably realized that no husband and wife who prefer luxuries to children will make sacrifices for the community, or the race, or posterity. No proposition in the field of social psychology is more nearly certain than this: when the use of contraceptives becomes general among all the classes of a nation, that nation will have committed itself to a continuous decline in population. I do not think this condition will promote the welfare or happiness of the race.

With their customary lack of comprehensive thinking, the advocates of birth control fail to consider this ultimate and inevitable outcome of their propaganda. Ignoring the pronounced decline in the rate of population increase throughout the Western world in the last forty years, they talk fatuously about the dangers of overpopulation. At the birth control conference mentioned above, Professor Fairchild declared that the world's population had doubled since the beginning of the nineteenth century and deplored the results of an equal rate of increase in the next century and a quarter. He shut his eyes to such facts as the restriction of immigration to the United States, the decline in the average number of children in middle class families in the Middle West from 5.4 in the last generation to 3.3 in the present generation, and the failure of all urban families to average as many as four children. In a word, he used only such figures as tended to support his thesis. Like all the other birth control advocates, he used a method that is flagrantly unscientific.

Equally unscientific is the argument frequently offered that the declining birth rate of the last forty years has been offset by a declining death rate. It is true that the death rate has declined, but this phenomenon has been due only slightly to the decrease in the birth rate. The vitally important facts are these: The death rate has not been lowered so fast as the birth rate. No low birth rate country shows so high a rate of net increase in population as it showed before the birth rate began to decline;

and the countries with fairly high birth rates are increasing faster in population than the countries with low birth rates. These facts are available to any one who takes the trouble to study the statistical sources. The advocates of birth control prefer to ignore them or to misrepresent them.

One of the most common arguments for birth control is that which stresses the welfare of the working classes. Let them keep their families small, restrict the labor supply, and force up wages. It is a delightfully simple remedy, but it is also superficial and unjust; for although the productive resources of the United States are ample to support all classes in reasonable comfort, the advocates of birth control would deprive the working people of the right to normal family life. In this they are continuing the neo-Malthusian tradition. John Kells Ingram tells us, in his *History of Political Economy*, that the middle classes of England assiduously preached the doctrine of birth control to the working classes in the early part of the nineteenth century. Thus they vainly sought to shift the guilt of industrial injustice from their own shoulders. Because they persisted in having large families, the working classes were responsible for their own poverty, — a very comforting doctrine for the exploiters, and the bourgeois advocates of birth control are preaching the same gospel to the toiling masses to-day. They care as little for social justice as they do for fundamental thinking or comprehensive views of social phenomena.

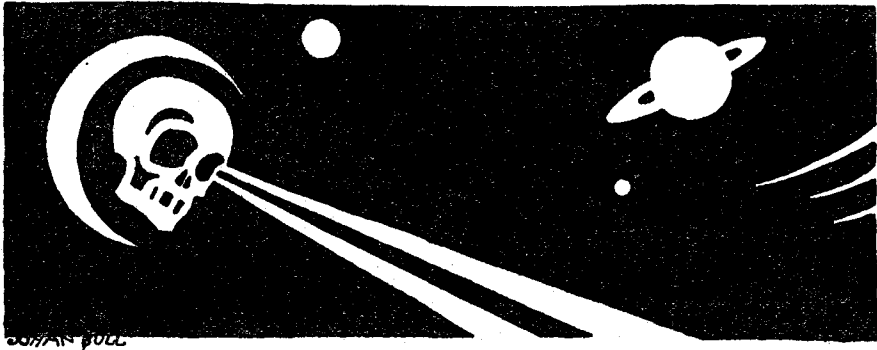
"The law of human progress, what is it but the moral law?" asked Henry George at the close of an eloquent chapter of *Progress and Poverty*. The moral law is the rule of direction and development written by the Creator into the human constitution. Concerning some of its precepts and many of its applications, men have differed. Against contraception the Catholic Church speaks without hesitation and with logical consistency. She stigmatizes it as a perversion of nature (not merely as "unnatural"), an abuse of function, a frustration of faculty. The faculty is so used that it can not attain its primary end. Neither age, nor time, nor any other circumstances of the persons, but the very *use* of the faculty produces this perverse result. The faculty is compelled to defeat itself. This is an inherent contradiction and makes the act intrinsically wrong. To be sure, this argument is metaphysical.

To be sure, it does not persuade those who identify morality with short-sighted utility. The proposition that frustrative use of the sex faculty is intrinsically immoral, can no more be proved than the proposition that two plus two equals four.

To those who can not or will not accept this proposition as self-evident, as intuitively true, I would suggest this question: Is it not confirmed and vindicated by the facts of experience? Contraceptive practices invariably increase the sum total of human selfishness, decrease the capacity to endure and to achieve, and cause a decline in numbers. While high-minded believers in birth control may desire it restricted to situations of physical and economic hardship and may denounce it as wrong when adopted for the sake of ease, all our observation of the phenomenon and all our knowledge of psychology compel the conclusion that this desire is vain and this denunciation futile. Once men and women reject the principle that contraception is bad in itself and always bad, once they adopt the opinion that it is good in the presence of hard circumstances, they claim the right to decide for themselves when the circumstances are sufficiently hard. This means that any couple will feel justified in practising birth control whenever it seems desirable for any reason that seems sufficient. And there exists no logical or convincing refutation.

Hence, the intrinsic principle is the only one that is comprehensive and effective. It covers every case and it is vindicated by results. The intuition upon which it rests seems to be the agency established by nature and nature's God for averting the individual and social evils which come upon every group that practises birth control. The intuition which pronounces the practice wrong tells men immediately what they can otherwise learn only by wide and disastrous experience.





THE WAR AGAINST THE MOON

A Fantasy on the Coming Power of the Press

ANDRÉ MAUROIS

Chapter CXVII

THE DICTATORS OF PUBLIC OPINION

World Conditions in 1962. By 1962 the last traces of the havoc wrought by the World War of 1947 had at length disappeared. New York, London, Paris, Berlin, and even Peking had been rebuilt. The birth rate had been such that, — in spite of world-wide casualties exceeding thirty millions of men and women in 1947, — the globe as a whole had almost regained the pre-War population level, when the World census of 1961 was taken. The industrial and financial crisis had quieted down, and once more the interest of mankind was turning to the arts and to sport. Every house had its wireless movie. The balloon match between Tokyo and Oxford in 1962 attracted to Moscow more than three million spectators, who came from every corner of the globe, and was the occasion of a World-wide Welcome Celebration, at once stirring and astounding.

The Dictators of Public Opinion. It must in fairness be admitted that this rapid recovery, this exceedingly prompt healing of the moral and material wounds of the War was in large measure the

handiwork of the five men to whom the World at that time gave the title, "Dictators of Public Opinion." After 1930, political theorists had begun to realize that every democracy, — being a government of public opinion, — is largely in the hands of those who make public opinion, — that is to say, the newspaper owners. In every country the big business men, the great financiers, were being compelled to purchase influential newspapers and had little by little succeeded in doing so. They had been very clever in respecting the external forms of democracy. The people continued to elect their deputies, who continued to go through the forms of choosing ministers and presidents; but the ministers, presidents, and deputies could hold on to their positions only so long as they did what the masters of public opinion told them to do; and being well aware of this fact, they were duly submissive.

This tyranny in disguise might well have become dangerous if the new masters of the World had been unscrupulous, but as events turned out, the World was actually fortunate. In 1940 the last independent French newspaper was purchased by Count André de Rouvray, who thus completed his chain of papers, "Les Journaux Français Réunis." The Rouvray family were steel men from Lorraine, bred in the austere tradition of the province. André de Rouvray was regarded as a tremendous worker and a kind of saint, — in the Louvre you can see his portrait, painted when he was twenty, by Jacques-Emile Blanche. The thin face is that of an impassioned ascetic, and more than one feature recalls Maurice Barrès. In England, British Newspapers, Ltd., had since 1942 belonged to Lord Frank Douglas, a young man who beneath a casual air concealed an abundance of good sense and a truly Etonian respectability. His touseled blonde hair and clear eyes gave Lord Frank the appearance of a poet rather than of a man of action. The master of the American press was the aged Joseph C. Smack, an extraordinary individual, almost blind, who lived far out in the country, surrounded by an army of readers and stenographers. Smack was celebrated for the blunt brutality of his radiograms, but commanded respect throughout the World.

The owner of the German newspapers, Dr. Macht, and the Japanese proprietor, Baron Tokugawa, were the distinguished figures who completed the universal directorate.

From 1943 on, these five men had adopted the habit of holding a weekly meeting by wireless telephotophone. The invention was at that time rather new, and the apparatus still cost several millions of dollars. Indeed, the public was amazed to learn that the Dictators of Public Opinion could hold their conferences, even though they were thousands of miles apart, and yet be assured of absolute secrecy in their deliberations by requiring the Universal Hertizian Police to give rigid protection to a special wave length for their benefit.

Nobody knows who first used the title, "Dictator of Public Opinion." The brilliant monograph of James Bookish (*The Dictators of Opinion*, Oxford, 1979) relies on letters and newspaper clippings to show that the phrase was in current usage all over the Planet after 1944, though it does not appear in an official document earlier than 1945. (Chambre des Députés, Discours de Fabre-Luce, 4 Janvier 1945).

The War of 1947 and the Dictators of Public Opinion. Every source recently published and in particular the Journals of Rouvray and Lord Frank Douglas show that in 1947 all five of the Dictators had striven earnestly to head off the War. Rouvray wrote in his Journal under the date June 20, 1947: "Infuriating to think that in spite of our apparent strength we are powerless against the self-conceit of the nations." In Douglas's Journal: "A World War for Albania! The whole thing is too stupid for words. . . . The crowd is stupid even though the individual be divine."

On the eve of the declaration of war, all the newspapers in the World had published an appeal to common sense drawn up by Smack; but public opinion, rebelling against its masters for once, expressed itself in spite of the press and in defiance of it. In several cities the newspaper offices were ransacked. The pro-War sheets which suddenly began to issue from secret printing shops watched their circulation go up like wild fire; and once War was declared, of course, everything had to be sacrificed to national safety.

After the treaty of peace had been signed at Peking in 1951, the Directorate was reconstructed, Dr. Kraft succeeding Dr. Macht in Germany. The other four were still alive. The minutes

of their first meeting by telephotophone are now deposited in the World Archives in Geneva. This meeting was devoted to analyzing the causes of war and discussing the means for preventing future outbreaks. The five agreed once more to undertake the education of the public on this subject, to refuse to publish any news story that might create hatred or distrust between nations, and in the event, — which was always possible, — that international incidents should occur, to have an investigation made by reporters of a nation which was not involved, — the results of this investigation to be published exclusively by papers belonging to the "World Newspaper Association". As he came out from this meeting, Rouvray remarked to Brun, his secretary: "I am as sure of their good faith as I am of my own. If we can't strangle war this time, we must give up hope for the human race." (*Mémoires de Brun*. II, 343).

The Wind Crisis, May 1962. One month after the Tokyo-Oxford match, which had attracted such a fine representation of the entire world, Professor Ben Tabrit, of the University of Marrakech, invented the wind-accumulator, an apparatus which has since become so familiar throughout the world that there is no use describing it. The principle is simple enough: by means of an accumulator, which is at once thoroughly practical and very cheap and which is based on the decomposition of water and the use of liquid hydrogen, it became possible to store up the force of the winds, thus obtaining a form of energy infinitely less expensive than that secured from gasoline or coal. Several months passed before business men grasped the far-reaching results of this discovery.

It was clear enough, however, that industries which were concentrated in mining districts or near the water-power sites would move to countries where the winds were strong and steady; and that certain districts hitherto uninhabited had suddenly attained an incredible value. It was not long before the International Stock Exchange at Bagdad was listing the stocks of the Gobi Desert and Wind Concern, the British Wind Mill Company, and the Société Française des Vents Alizés; and in December, 1962, the struggle for factory sites suitable for accumulating plants burst out on land and sea.

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY

Springfield, Missouri

Incidents of 1963. The year 1963 is marked by several serious incidents, the best known of which are the occupation of Mont-Ventoux and the seizure of the floating factory at Singapore. Mont-Ventoux, situated on the plain near Lyon, owes its name to the violent wind which is almost constantly roaring across its summit. At the beginning of the twentieth century a French scientist had estimated the capacity of windmills placed on top of Ventoux as equivalent in energy to Niagara Falls. A site of such value could not fail to stir the covetous instincts of big business. One should read in Harwood's book, which has since become a classic, (*The Mont-Ventoux Episode*, Boston, 1988), the story of the incredible bickerings which broke out about this time between France and Italy. The affair of the floating factory of Singapore was still more difficult. An industrial privateer flying the flag of the Russo-Chinese Empire cut the towing hawsers, whereupon cruisers of the United Dominions, escorting the island on which the factory stood, opened fire and sank her. An extraordinary session of the Assembly of the League was called.

The newspapers of the W. N. A. tried to calm public opinion, but unfortunately more powerful forces were working against them. The laboring masses began to understand that this scientific revolution would have the gravest possible consequences for workers. The miners knew that within five years, — or ten years at most, — they would no longer be needed. The Trade Unions brought pressure to bear on the national governments to make sure they would gain possession of windy territories. The Assembly at Geneva in June, 1963, was swept by violent storms, and if it had not been for the tact of the Prince of Monaco, who presided, it is probable that the Assembly, — which was intended to guarantee peace, — would have been the scene and the occasion of a whole series of declarations of war. Thanks to the pacifying influence of Prince Charles, however, the delegates left Switzerland without making any irremediable decisions; but all the experts in international psychology warned their governments that a World War once more seemed inevitable.

Smack directed his papers to run a scarehead:

RUSSO-CHINESE EMPIRE REJECTS FRANCO-GERMAN OFFER

Intervention of Lord Frank Douglas. On his return from Geneva, Lord Frank Douglas landed in Paris for a talk with Rouvray. We do not know the exact terms of this conversation, which was destined to have so far-reaching an influence upon the history, not merely of the World, but of the entire Solar System. The substance of what they said has been preserved by Brun (*Mémoires de Brun*. III. 159), but his text is not regarded as a word-for-word transcript. The author himself admits that he reconstructed it from memory several hours after the conversation. To catch its tone, one must read through the transcript, — obviously honest, but rather dull, — which was made by a young secretary, and also the Journal of Lord Frank, which is remarkable for the sturdy and paradoxical, yet cynical, spirit of the author.

The two men first exchanged opinions on the general situation. They were agreed in believing that it was extremely serious. Rouvray was discouraged. Before the War of 1947 he had possessed an extraordinary confidence in the instrument he had himself created; but after he had seen that catastrophe come without being able to avert it, he had become sad and skeptical. We may quote from Brun's text:

"There is one thing in the world," said M. de Rouvray, "that people fear more than massacre, even more than death, — and that is boredom. . . . They are getting bored with the era of understanding and international reasonableness that we have set up. . . . Our newspapers tell the truth and are reliable, but they are no longer exciting. Smack himself admits that his front pages are dull. . . . We have tried artistic remedies, but without success; sport and the great crimes saved us for twenty years, but look at the statistics! Police efficiency is getting to be so perfect that crime is becoming rarer and rarer. The World is tired of everything, tired even of boxing. The last two aerial balloon races didn't get more than a million spectators. . . . We have educated the crowds, we have taught them to respect order, to applaud the other side. They have nothing to hate any more. . . . Now, my dear Douglas, it is regrettable but true that hatred is the only thing that can unite mankind. . . . People say France used to be composed of provinces and those provinces ended by being collected into one country; and they ask why it shouldn't

be the same way with the nations. My reply is: 'The French provinces united against a neighboring country, but what enemy is there against whom the nations of the whole World can unite?' Don't offer me any platitudes, my dear friend. Don't propose union against poverty, against disease. No, it is the popular imagination that is sick, and the popular imagination that must be taken care of. We need an enemy that we can see. Unfortunately, there isn't any."

"Well," said Lord Frank, "we have got into almost the same predicament, Rouvray, in my country. Just now, as I was flying over Burgundy, I was thinking about the battles of the Kings of France and the Dukes of Burgundy and I was saying to myself, 'They united at last, but they united *against* somebody. Against whom can the World unite?' The only difference between you and me is that I think I have an answer."

"There is no answer," said M. de Rouvray. "Against whom can we unite?"

"Well, why not against the Moon?" asked the Englishman, quietly.

M. de Rouvray shrugged his shoulders. "You are a witty man, but I have no time for joking. In a few weeks, perhaps in a few days, a fleet of giant aeroplanes directed by a pitiless general staff in Bagdad or Canton will no doubt be at work above this city, which to-day is so calm. These beautiful houses will be crashing down in a frightful mixture of concrete and human flesh. . . . And 1947 will begin again."

"I am not joking, Rouvray. My dear fellow, I am as serious as I can be. Listen! You know what our readers are like. You know how easy it is to make them believe anything. Haven't you seen them cured by remedies which had no merit at all, — except that they were well advertised? Haven't you seen them go crazy over books in which they could not understand a word, over paintings which appealed to them simply because a clever publicity campaign by publishers or art dealers had prepared them to accept anything? Why should they be any more able to resist a campaign conducted by us? We ought to know all about that sort of thing, — and we certainly control the most powerful instruments of publicity."

"I don't know what you are driving at," said Rouvray.

"What campaign do you want our newspapers to undertake now?"

"Look here," said Douglas, "you had the same experiences I had in 1947, and you have also read what happened in 1914. Each time the same thing happened in every country. Hatred of the enemy was created and then kept up by stories of crimes and atrocities, which were almost identical on each side. The critical spirit vanished completely, common sense became a crime, credulity became a duty. The most improbable yarn was immediately accepted by a public opinion which had gone mad. The people were so aroused that they were ready to believe anything about the enemy. Don't you agree?"

"Entirely," said Rouvray. "But I don't see anything in all this to help us out of our present predicament; on the contrary, it is just this sort of thing that we are struggling against."

"Wait," said the Englishman. "Just suppose that we could create this frenzied readiness to believe anything. Suppose we could get every country in the World into this frame of mind against an enemy who didn't exist at all, — or who at least could never come into contact with us. Don't you suppose that we should then manage to infect these countries, — this time without any danger at all, — with a war psychosis that would unite them? Don't you think that we should then at last succeed in creating a unity of the entire planet?"

"No doubt," said the other newspaper owner, somewhat irritated, "but again I ask, 'Against whom?'"

"I don't see any difficulty in your question. It doesn't in the least matter against whom we unite, because the chief characteristic of this enemy is precisely the fact that he does not exist at all. Against the inhabitants of the Moon, — or Mars, or Venus, it is all the same to me. Look here, Rouvray, suppose to-morrow morning we should tell our readers throughout the entire World that some village had been mysteriously destroyed by powerful rays from any one of the three. Would they believe it?"

"They would believe it all right, but if they were to make an investigation —"

"But, my dear fellow, what do you care who makes an investigation or whether the investigation is published?"

(Continued on page 133)

ANIMAL POISONERS

H. MUNRO FOX

IN the past the zoologist has not studied poisonous animals very profoundly. He has been content to note that this kind of animal is poisonous, that the other kind is not so. He has satisfied himself that the poison is of use to its possessor as a means of defense and in most cases he has left the matter there. In other words, not much attempt has usually been made to discover how it comes that the well-protected animals possess the poison, how they manage to manufacture it, and why others do not do so. Yet these are profoundly interesting problems, and some of these very questions have been answered by the work of scientists in the last few years.

The use of poison to its possessor is often obvious enough. Scorpions, bees, and snakes have glands which prepare the poisonous liquid, and they have tubes to conduct it to sharp spines or teeth for inflicting a wound. Other animals, which have no offensive weapons, nevertheless derive protection by pouring out a poison on the skin. A toad, for instance, does this. This mode of looking on the question, however, does not go deep enough. We want to know the means by which the poison arises in the chemistry of the animal's body and the nature of the injurious substance.

EMPERORS AND POISON GAS

Poisons are produced by very many different sorts of creatures, whose number includes both higher and lower animals, and it is remarkable that so many of these different poisonous products are used by savage races as arrow poisons. Snakes, lizards, toads, and fishes have provided such venom, and the juices of beetles, bees, wasps, ants, centipedes, and spiders have been used. Yet even to-day little is known of the real chemical nature of the animal poisons.

The poison gas of the skunk, — an animal said to produce the most nauseating odor known, — is a stuff which chemists call mercaptan. It contains sulphur. Now there is a curious example of how an unusual chemical substance may be found in widely dif-

ferent groups of animals. The purple dye used by the ancient Romans for the togas of their nobles was, — as every one knows and as the Science Editor of THE FORUM showed last month, — derived from a shell-fish. A sort of sea-snail furnished the precious color. Now, newly dyed togas always had an unpleasant smell, a smell which disappeared very slowly with the lapse of time. Indeed, it has been suggested that the exaggerated use of perfumes by the Roman patricians was in order to drown the unpleasant smell of their dyed robes, — and really unpleasant it was, as will readily be believed when it is learnt that the smell of the purple was nothing more or less than the skunk's poison gas once more. For the precursor of the purple stuff in the sea-snail's economy contains sulphur. The purple itself contains none, it is true; but as it is secreted in the snail's body, the sulphur is put on one side as a by-product, in the form of the evil-smelling substance, mercaptan. Thus a Roman emperor arrayed in purple came curiously near to resembling a skunk!

WORMS AS FEMINISTS

In some cases we know that poisons play a rôle in the functioning of the body of the animal which manufactures them. This may be in many cases the real and original *raison d' être* of the venoms, quite apart from any protective value. The poisonous spittle of snakes, for example, has work to do in the digestion of the snake's food; and a most extraordinary case of the same sort is presented by a green marine worm, a creature the size of one's thumb, which may be said to be the most extreme and most successful feminist in the sea. The male is microscopic and he lives inside the genital organs of his mate. Now, like all sea worms the young of this feminist creature at first swim about, settling down later, after a certain time, to staid adult life. Now, if these swimming young settle anywhere on the ground, they grow into the fat female worm; but if they happen to fall upon the skin of their mother, quite another fate befalls them, which brings us back to the question of poisons. Part of the worm's skin is covered with a slimy stuff which is poisonous to many animals that would like to eat the succulent worm; but if the minute young settle down on the skin this same stuff, far from killing them, has quite a different effect, for it causes the young to change into the mi-

croscopic and retiring males of the species. In other words, young which would otherwise have grown into fat females are changed by the poison into diminutive males.

One of the most fascinating chapters in animal poisons is the subject of natural immunity, the fact that some animals are immune to the poisons of others and remain unhurt if stung or bitten by the poisonous animal, whereas all other sorts of beasts succumb. A case in point is that of desert animals which are unharmed by a scorpion's sting. The desert fox, the kangaroo rat, and other inhabitants of deserts where scorpions abound are in this happy position. Their cousins, living far away from the desert, would at once be seriously injured by a scorpion's sting, whereas the desert breeds remain unhurt. It is to be supposed that in the far distant past, before the desert animals had this complete immunity to scorpion venom, those which were stung and could not resist died, leaving no offspring. Their luckier brothers, who happened to have a hardier constitution, survived and left behind them a resistant race of descendants.

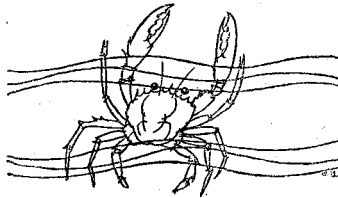
AN IMMUNE CRAB

Another bizarre instance of this same phenomenon is provided by certain crabs which carry on their backs a kind of sea-anemone. The sea-anemone is a plant-like animal with the power of stinging like a jelly-fish. The sting is due to microscopic capsules containing the poison. These minute capsules, each with a needle for penetrating the skin of the victim, are shot out in uncountable numbers when the sea-anemone is attacked, and as the poison is very harmful, few enemies venture to attack the happy creature. Consequently the crab walks about with a sea-anemone on its back for its own protection. No fish nor octopus will attack a crab with such a redoubtable defender, and the anemone enjoys the advantage of sharing the crab's meals. It picks up crumbs from the crab's table by stretching down its food-catching tentacles to the crab's mouth and stealing bits of food.

We come now to the most curious part of this story. How does it come that the anemone's batteries of poison capsules do not injure the crab? It is true that the crab has a thick armor, but the poison, one would think, should injure the crab by way of its mouth. Researches carried out this year have been revealing.

If the poison is extracted from the anemone and injected into any ordinary crab by means of a hypodermic syringe, the crab very rapidly dies. The effect is most striking when the poison is thus inoculated into a crab's leg. Within two seconds of the inoculation, the crab, following the Biblical injunction, twists off its poisoned member; but if the poison is injected with a syringe into a crab which bears an anemone on its back, no effect follows at all. The creature does not even notice the venom. In other words, the crab with the anemone is immune. Just as the desert fox is uninjured by the sting of a scorpion, so the crab is unhurt by the weapon of its mate, the anemone. Were this not so, of course, the foxes would be decimated by scorpions which swarm in the desert, and the crabs would be killed off by their passengers.

The new researches did not stop here. They revealed one further chapter of the story. It turns out that, unlike the desert fox, the crab is not born into the world immune to the poison which it will meet later on. The young crabs are all of them vulnerable, but when one of them adopts an anemone as a permanent guest, it gradually becomes immune to its visitor's poison. Every time a fish or other creature pushes against the anemone, it shoots out a cloud of poison capsules. It does this no matter whether the intentions of the fish are malevolent or otherwise, and the crab, whether it likes it or not, is thus often forced to swallow a number of these ejected venom capsules and, — as it has to do this day after day, — gradually ceases to be affected. In just the same way the snake charmer makes himself immune to snake or to scorpion poison by giving himself very small but repeated doses of venom from the reptiles with which he deals.





THE BOOK OF TENANTS

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

Drawings by the Author

IT is a convenient way of settling the old dispute as to the relative importance of Oxford and Cambridge, as I have found by experience, to point out that Geoffrey Chaucer, who knew the best wines, wives, and stories of his time, mentions only two Cambridge men to three Oxonians. And the Cantabrigians were only North Country boors whose combined intellectual resources were needed to outwit a mere miller of Trumpington; nor was there any artistry in their triumph. But Chaucer's Oxonians were princes in their way. There was the lean scholar who went in for Aristotle, silence, plain clothes, and moral tales such as that of Grisilde; there was that other quite different clerk whose sweet breath was spent on *Angelus ad virginem* and winning words that won his landlord's wife; and, last of all, the most intriguing of the trio, Jankin, the Wife of Bath's fifth husband. It was Jankin who had the *Book of Wicked Wives*. He read it to his spouse, and richly she deserved to hear it, being of an amorous tooth and inclined to love by the stars she was born under. But it is not my purpose to retell her story, how she lost her patience, how the *Book of Wives* lost three leaves, Jankin his temper, and eventually the control of his wife when she made the most of the blow he gave her.

I merely mention the *Book of Wives* because it puts me in mind of a book I shall write some day myself. I shall never make much of a success of it. The book needs another Chaucer for its author, an artist and a lover of human nature, a genius who can see both the good and the bad and like them both, who can see the goodness of the bad even, who can show how the worst men can sing well or play the guitar well, how a wretch through and through is master enough of the art of living to know that the best chair in the house will be that which the cat is occupying. But I shall do my level best.

My book will be the *Book of Tenants*. The tenants are those my mother has had in her houses these thirty years. She assures me that, should I make any money out of the tenants in my book, I shall be accomplishing more than she has been able to do out of some of them in her houses. But money or not, no matter. These families that have fitted their lives into the walls, — and some of them have done so to the detriment of lathing and plaster, — of our little houses are payment enough in the old currency of human nature.

First will come Mrs. Toothaker. She is proud of being the oldest tenant of all; she rented from my father, and she has never felt quite right about paying the rent to others since he died eighteen years ago. So strongly does she feel on the point that, when last I heard, she was some six years in arrears and still falling behind. She has a husband, but that "poor devil", as she calls him in affection, is no more than another piece of furniture in her house. It is years since she put on the breeches for good and all. The breechless mate gravitates uncertainly in his apologetic lily-pad, that suns have bleached a pale yellow, between the hot blueberry plains of August and the rejected litter of tops and boughs of January clearings. It is Mrs. Toothaker's strong arm that bears up the fortunes of the house. Were it not for her dominion over the wash-tub, there would be no moving pictures for them. They have not missed a change of "pictures" since the first celluloid drama unwound in town with Flora Finch and Vitagraph beauties, deep with dimples and paint. Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, as regular as clockwork, they stream toward the caves of darkness where shadows of life stream silently across the screen. I am sure that Mrs. Toothaker knows no more of Plato than the man in the

moon; but she would not be surprised by his analogy of the cave where we mortals sit and see only shadows of the truth in the beam of light coming in at our backs. And I say stream designedly; for Mrs. Toothaker, reversing the usual procedure among lowly Maine folks, is always three strides in advance of her sheepish spouse.

Mrs. Toothaker it is who is always ready to prepare her neighbors for the worst when sicknesses come. When a neighbor's infant developed whooping-cough, she fled into the street on hearing one fit of coughing, exclaiming that she could not bear to stay and see the poor innocent strangle to death. She bears expert gloomy advice for all ills. She owns a *Home Doctor Book* that pessimistically puts the point of termination of most ailments, after a sufficiently catholic table of symptoms, at any early date and in the graveyard.

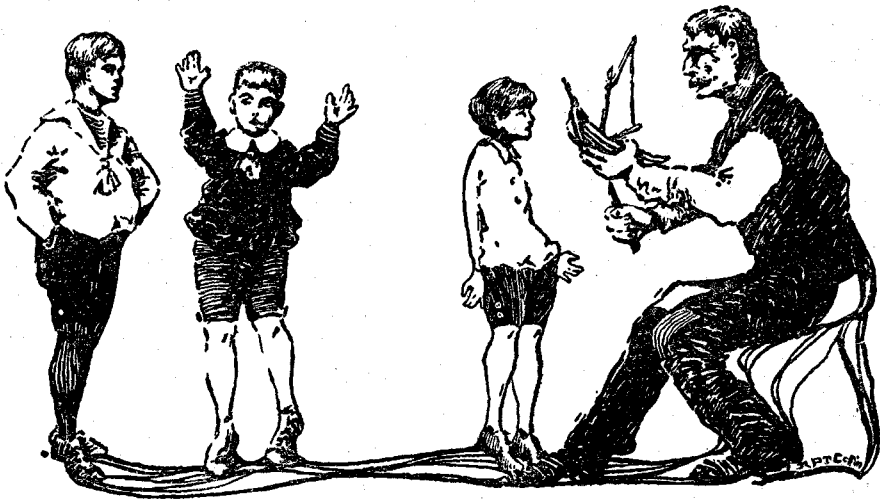
Though Mrs. Toothaker is hard put to it to keep the wolf from her rented door, she is a woman who nurses starry hopes. It seems she has, aged as she herself is now and with the wrinkles of seventy Januarys at the corners of her eyes, a mother living. Along with four other children, she hopes to inherit her mother's estate. It is a hungry five-acre patch of junipers and blackberries, and crows have to take their lunch boxes with them when they fly over it, as one can see by the cockle and clam shells that bleach on its ledges; but she lives in hopes. That estate is her New Jerusalem. I hope the day may never come when she inherits the place. For then the cottage that is all jasper and onyx and pearl for her now will turn into a shingled shanty, my mother will have lost her oldest tenant, and the tenant a dream that was life.

If the wolf haunts Mrs. Toothaker's door, then a whole pack of wolves sat on their haunches about the very kitchen range of the Lytumoteedleoddies. That wasn't their name; but it was the inspired one my father gave the family when he saw the mother bringing home a half pound of liver one day to her brood of nine hungry and overgrown boys. And she was bringing it home with a song. But that was in the Summer when, if worst came to worst, children could be turned out to pasture on the blueberry barrens. In the Winter, Mrs. Lytum sang out of the corner of her mouth. She was a widow and she made the most of her widowhood. It

did not matter that her older sons might have manned a brig. She encouraged them in their helplessness. She schooled them in the philosophy of sitting and waiting. If they did get jobs, they were sure to come to grief. John must get his hand punched for a ferrule and come home to centre the family's sympathies upon himself. Ralph must drop a packing-case upon his big toe and draw the neighbors about him.

They were all ill-starred. In the New England phrase, they enjoyed poor health.

Rent was out of the question with the Lytumoteedleoddies. One had rather to feed and clothe them through the months when grasshoppers must beg of the ants. My mother gave them a cord of wood one winter. It was only an hour after its delivery that the widow sent over to ask if I or some other of my brothers might not come over and saw it! Springs and Autumns found the younger of the children in the schools; but Winters they hung shoeless about their dying kitchen blaze. Their blaze was always dying, anyway. It was a way the Lytum blaze had. Once a windfall of wages came to them, and the mother came home from town with five quarts of oysters in a time when oysters were for plutocrats only. That was a true Lytum gesture. The boys would wear French serge in their breeches while I sat on knickers of corduroy, but below their knees the magnificence ended and poverty began in bare legs. They were walking examples of feast and famine cheek by



jowl. If ever I see a grown man going barefoot on the streets and wearing a solitaire stickpin, I shall know him at once for a Lytum-oteedleoddy.

I shall have to give a whole chapter of my book to Seely Ann and her husband Dan. Even then I shall not be able to do them justice. Their luxury was not poverty but religion, and there was an added spice in that they differed in their tastes. Dan was all for a faith smelling of green meads beside still waters. He craved peace. The Sunday night Methodist testimonials were enough for him.

There he grew tearful as he told the temptations that beset one who worked as he worked at the trade of carpentering. He went yearly to the County Fair, all three days of it, if you please; and the sins he amassed in those three days were enough to last him the year out. He had fallen at the sign of the Albino Beauty Show; he had broken the head of a poor negro with a soul as white as yours or mine with the third baseball bought for a nickel, and the cigar he had won thereby had been as ashes to his tongue; he had gambled and gained a "baby-doll" lampshade beside which he had never been able to read with any real comfort since; he had even yearned to bet on the horses as they came leaning around the turn, only he had not known whom one placed a bet with. He was damned. John Bunyan knew the feeling when he reflected on the awful sins of his youth, when he had abandoned himself to playing tunes on the village chimes.

But Seely Ann's religion was of the red flannel kind. The Methodists were altogether too pastoral for her. Indoors was too small for her tremendous fervor. She needed a brass band for a background. So her altar was the street corner, and she worshipped in the clangor of the Salvation Army. She played the bass drum whenever she got the chance. Any other instrument was too thin and anemic for her. Unlike her husband *she* knew she was saved and she announced the fact at the top of her lungs to the world.

But she hungered long between feasts, for the Salvation Army bands visited our town only once or twice a month. Between their visits she took out her zeal upon Dan, admonishing him to leave his sugar and water diet and come to the fountains of milk and honey. When the Salvationists tarried long away, Dan



grew thinner and thinner. Like Pertelote in Chaucer's tale, she wanted a husband to be male through and through. For forebodings of damnation she would advise a strong laxative. Only at revivals did the two really march in step. They followed revivals about the country in their buggy; and for once Dan's religion took on a roseate tint, for the mince pies they carried under them as they rode were enough to make the damned in the lowest circle of ice sing like the cherubim.

Hard by Seely Ann and her Dan's chapter will come Dolor Levesque's. He went as far from salvation as they towards it. He was proud in professing himself an atheist. From some ancestor back in the forests around *Rivière du Loup* whose brain had been darkened by the shadows of pines, he had his fatalistic gloom. He scorned the ministrations of the priest of his ancestral faith, in spite of wife, in spite of children, even at the edge of the grave. And when he came to close his eyes at last, neighbors of the faith whispered that a great black cat was seen to sit upon his chest and to leap out of the window into the night when the cry was raised. But Dolor could make such baskets out of peach pits as a boy would carry in his knickers pocket till the day he put on trousers. And so I know that the Author of all things will forgive him his doubts for his art's sake. No one could really be an atheist who liked boys.

Another tenant will take me back further still into a time when boyhood was very close to babyhood. I can not disentangle now this lady as tenant from this lady as nurse. She seems to have been both.

She was of the stuff the best nurses are made the wide world over; she was Scotch. I can not remember how she looked; but I can still hear her voice, which was kinsman to the sleepy crickets and the far whippoorwill, telling the stories that sooner or later turned to dreams. She filled my brains with witches and goblins, unicorns and shyer things. She was one of those rare ladies who have seen a fairy and can tell you how it looks, with dresses like a shimmer of grass on a hot June day before the mowers have had their will. She could sing, too, in a voice that had not faded with her hair. She went behind the rich old Scotch songs all the world sings. She told one the meaning of the "high road" in *Lock Lomond*; one saw the girl following the lover who for

Bonnie Charlie's sake was being brought home in his coffin on the shoulders of his friends. One of her songs I found long afterwards, in a more colorful and richer version, in a collection of ballads. Her song was a pathetic ghost of an old ballad that had lingered on without being captured and put into print at its richest, that had lost its glamor and moonshine and faded out in the harsh light of modern civilization when words are so cheap and drab. It ran partly like this:

Last night I slept on a warm featherbed
Along beside my Davy.
To-night I sleep on the cold, cold ground
Along by the Gypsy Tavy.

To this had the Earl of Casselis's Lady come! But the song served its purpose and it brought me to sleep sooner than the coming out of the Summer stars. Surely a tenant who paid her rent in sleep was a rare and blessed one to have!

There was the lady of two husbands. I was too young, when she sojourned under a roof of ours, to know of ladies like Iseult. And had I known of them, I should not naturally have thought of the white-armed lovely one out of Ireland. For our lady was anything but lovely. But there she was with two husbands, — the neighbors said so.

One was plain husband. He, she confided in one of her acquaintances, built ships. Surely here was a man for a story! But when one came to inquire further, one learned that he worked as one of the innumerable ants in the shipyards of a nearby port. He drove rivets or something of that monotonous sort. As well call a worker in a modern shoe factory a maker of shoes! So, perhaps, the lady could not be utterly condemned for taking unto herself what neighborhood gossip termed a "fancy man". He was Mr. Husband. He came to be with her when plain husband was at his rivets.

I wonder if Mark of Cornwall did something plain and usual all the livelong day and so deserved to have Tristram come, who could cut up the red deer like an artist with all the chivalric flourishes and play on the harp till the stars came out in one's mind?

Strange, far-off lady of two loves, no poet has made sin a

shining thing for her! But I remember that she could make tarts that made the other tarts of this universe things heavy and hard; and, more than that, she made them to give away. Tarts or boxes of precious ointments, the kindnesses of the world make us clean.

So the list grows and grows. I guess it will run to more than one volume, this book of mine. For how else shall I ever be able to get in the family of ten boys and one girl, thrown in for good measure to civilize and tame the males? Each one of the lot was as different and cranky and lovable as any wearer-out of shoes could be.

I have climbed trees for young crows with this one; I have smoked my first corn-silk with that. The father was a man right out of Homer or *Tristram Shandy*. He lived on his prejudices; he nursed his Cockney cocksureness until, with some aid of alcoholic nutriment, he came to be the demigod of all the boys for miles around. He it was who insisted on putting the kitchen range out of the house, fire and all, when it smoked and clouded the amber of his richly irrigated Saturday night mood. He had fire enough in him, then. Could a boy desire more in a hero? He was the one who with his own hands set free the skunk his offspring had trapped. (There had been nothing like this along Fleet Street!) So his clothes had to be interred. He will live as long as the village tongues can wag in his immortal command to his first-born: "Go drive the rooster out of the barn afore it lays!" By that same word, if the derivation of Cockney from *cock's egg* can be used as a witness, he was immortally right and true to his London.

His wife deserves a portion of a volume at least as great as that Mrs. Shandy occupies; for she, like Mrs. Shandy, was all-powerful by virtue of saying nothing and of obliterating herself so much that she brought out the worst in her husband. Such women have made us males the despots that we are!

And there was the man who had read cheap Western tales till he went about in a sombrero and came at the call of "colonel". There was the poor teamster whose hungry horses ate up their carts and harness and so could pull no more but only eat on until they ate up themselves. There was the man who whittled out ships for us boys until his trousers wore through at their points of contact with his seat. There was the man who put his all in a

portable sawmill and tried to salvage the fly-wheel when the thing blew up. There were the inspired boys who made a neighbors' pigsty into an up-to date ice-house and froze the pigs to death in their zeal.

There were. . . .

Across the way from my mother's house there is a very fine college. I went there, later on, and learned what I could. But I am very sure that I never learned there one-hundredth part of the art of living and the art of being a human being and enjoying it that I learned in the University of Tenants which lay all about our house when I was a boy. So, however little some of the tenants may have paid to keep me in stockings and shoes, they paid me very well in furnishing my mind. And I am going to dedicate my book to them.



AN OLDER BROTHER OF OURS

SAMUEL MCCOY

Forum Americana Series — IX

HE was a strange personage. I say "strange" because the lives which he and his neighbors lived were of a sort wholly unfamiliar to most of us to-day. I say "personage" because he was just that, — a Personage. He was not rich. He was not educated, in our sense of the word. He exerted no influence outside his own family. His name was unknown ten miles from his own hearthstone. And yet he was so thoroughly American, his life so rich, so warm, so fruitful, and he himself so intimately related to all of us who are living to-day, that I can not think of him except with deep affection and respect.

All that I know about him comes from one book, — a book which he wrote himself, but which was never printed. There is only one copy of the book in existence. It belongs to me. But it belongs also to every one in America, — for its author was so certainly an older brother of ours. A word as to how this book, buried for a century, came again to life may not be amiss.

Well! It was an American dowered with the heritage of sturdy pioneer stock, — proud of the fact that for nearly two hundred years his forbears had been American; proud of the fact that they had been Pennsylvanians and Virginians even before the founding of the republic; and yet troubled and tantalized by the realization that he knew of no place where he might find any least material record of their existence, — who discovered the man and the book which I wish to describe.

He had been born and had lived until a year or two ago in the Middle West. Then chance brought him to the East. In a sense, the journey was a retracing of the journeyings which had led his forbears, generations before, from the Atlantic seaboard westward stage by stage, following the receding frontier. He came into old American towns, — Concord, old Salem, — with an inward exaltation, like that of a discoverer. He had never seen any such places. But somewhere, buried deep beneath a century and a half of superimposed fibres, this background existed and he knew it

intimately. To enter such towns was to come "home" once more, after long absence.

His first joyous surprise, when he arrived in the land of his forefathers, had been in their abiding architecture. He came to live in one of those sturdy, old dwelling-houses, with its beautiful, low-ceilinged, sweetly proportioned rooms, whose furniture seemed to speak gently with the voices of those who had fashioned it generations before his birth. His curiosity as to the manner of the lives that had been lived in dwelling-houses such as this caused him much speculation, stimulated his fancy. It tantalized him. What manner of men and women were the first occupants? How had they spent their days? Silence. They were gone!

Then, one day, exploring an unfrequented road, he came upon one of these old houses, — empty, deserted. Its doors had fallen open. He entered and looked about its bare rooms. In a corner lay a pile of old papers. And among them was, — the book. He carried it home with him, hunted up the present owner of the old mansion, and bought it for a trifle. Who wanted any such worthless relic?

It is a blank book, six inches wide, fifteen inches long, three-quarters of an inch thick. Within the cover is written, in an ink which has turned brown with age, these words: "David R—— his day Book A D 1799. Was born December the 16th A D 1766. And was married March the 2nd A D 1788."

The Middle-Westerner sat gazing at the book in his hands for a long time. He read and read again those dates, there written. He could not believe his eyes. He had come face to face with that long vanished neighbor, — the man who lived in the next house, the man who wore knee-breeches and a cocked hat. Was he dreaming? No, here he stands, this neighbor to all of us, this older brother of ours.

The first entry is: "Weston, March the 12th, 1799. Then Setteled with Shubel Goram and found due to me Six and nine pence lawful money."

The day-book had about one hundred pages. On each left-hand page, David made entry of the services rendered to his neighbors. On each right-hand page he set down the services they had performed for him, or the articles he had purchased from them. The one closely balanced the other. There was not much of payment

in cash. Thus the examination of the book began at once to provide lightning flashes of illumination of that vanished life, the life of a New England village in the first years of the young nation.

First, this David was a worker with his hands. But he was no common day-laborer. His entries showed how he spent his days:

"To one day making fence, — To one day mowing, — To one day cradling." And thus run the entries, stringing out the varied occupations of this hardy first settler. "To one day chopping wood, — sawing at the mill, — fanning oats, — carting stone, — sodding, — cutting stalks, — butchering, — sledding stone, — gathering corn, — raking hay, — pulling turnips, — scoring timber, — mowing salt-grass, — thrashing wheat, — chopping a tree, — butchering hogs, — well-digging, — at lime and mortar, — at flax, — at the dam, — mowing and spreading flax, — at buckwheat, — harvesting, — hooping one hogshead, — plowing potatoes, — picking apples, — hoeing potatoes a spell, — racking and binding oats, — laying 26 rods of fence."

We can see him plainly now, this young fellow who was born in the year 1766. We can see exactly how he spent his days. We can picture his frame, his iron muscles, — for these occupations, most of them, call for tremendous physical strength. We can see him, the sweat running down his tanned face in the hot summer sunshine, as he tirelessly swings scythe or cradle in the fields. We can see him at that day of "scoring timber". We can see him at the interminable job of the pioneer New Englander, — unearthing the endless crop of stones from the fields and transforming their heaped piles into stone fence. Is it any wonder that his muscles become like steel, and that we find him still, in the year 1841, when he was *seventy-six years old*, setting down the entry, "To one day mowing and hoeing"? He lived to be 87.

But, as has been said, this neighbor of ours was no ordinary day-laborer. Consider the entries already quoted: as they show, he was a farmer, a cooper, a teamster, a builder of wells, a stonemason, a butcher, a lumberman! He might have made a living at any one of seven crafts. He was seven times the specialized workman of to-day. But this was not all. Over and above all these (which were probably the common occupations of most of his neighbors), he had a special trade, a craft in which he was so

skilled that all his neighbors came to buy of his handiwork. What was it? Read the scrawled entries, page after page:

“To mending one pair of shoes, — To soling one pair of shoes, — To lining one pair of boots, — To making one pair of shoes, — To making one pair of slippers for the Widow.”

There they are, hundreds upon hundreds of these entries. A giant who could “wrestle” granite boulders of many a hundred-weight, a brawny lumberman who could swing a great ax like a feather, — and yet his roughened fingers so deft that he can fashion from fine red leather a neatly-stitched pair of slippers for the Widow Hannah down the road! We see him, and we see the community, in a second flash. No manufacturers of shoes, then! But, for miles around, whenever boots needed mending or a new pair of shoes needed making, they came to young David’s door, across the fields, — to young David, who had been walking behind the plough all that day. His wife spun yarn and made her own clothing and that of her children. In 1811, David bought for her “one cald Spinning wheel” and she had probably had another for years before that. They were self-reliant, as none of us to-day can understand the word.

What difference does it make if our neighbor David had his own stubborn ideas about spelling? He wrote in a clear, legible hand; we can forgive his orthography, for its fine flavor of that robust generation. He wrote, without apology: point (for pint); woight; Jenewary; Febuuary; molaces (molasses); pare (for pair); soaling (soling); tow (two); shugar; timbar; candels; flanel; solt; moing (for mowing); Showes (for shoes); parster (for pasture); sheap; waid (for weighed); Chees and gees (for cheese and geese); Cyder; Storks (for stalks); loining (for lining); poark; geathering; oald; thratching (for thrashing); gitting and harvisting; Jeames (for James); Fillops (for Phillips); dewe (for due); tuck (for took); hoaing (for hoeing); vinnagar; stun (for stone); and so on, sturdily and saltily.

David and his neighbors planned that their children should have more “book-learning” than they themselves had had. David’s old day-book gives an idea of the population of the community: he kept accounts with forty-five different families. These, in village or farm, were scattered over a section five miles wide and ten miles long. Somewhere in a central spot they erected the

little schoolhouse, and to it, over the snowy roads of winter, sent the youngsters in tippets and red mittens. One reads, again and again, in David's record of his work, the entry, "To sledding wood one day to Schoolhouse". Those were cold winters and needed a roaring fire. And the day-book recalls, too, the old custom of giving lodging to the country schoolmaster (some lanky youth from nearby New Haven, perhaps), to eke out his scanty wages. David writes, "To boarding Master three weakes", — and crosses off the shillings and pence opposite the item.

And there are frequently recurring entries of cider, rum, brandy, gin, and "sperits", — at fifteen cents a bottle! The rum, old Medford, or brought up from Jamaica in a sloop or schooner; the gin brought from Holland in yellow-brown stone bottles impressed with the coat of arms of William of Orange. He bought rum, — and boldly records the fact, — almost weekly, all his life long. It ruined his health, — he died at 87.

Beside the cloth which Abigail, his wife, wove at her spinning-wheel, she bought little. Clothes were made to wear for years. Here are all of David's entries for a dozen years: "5½ yards of flanel at 3:3 per yard, — three yards of flanel at 3s.4d., — five yard and ¼ nankeen, — one hat, — 19 pound of flax, — cash paid for Combs at W. Thorp, — half a pound of flax, — one scain of Silk, — 13½ of Sheets, — 10½ pillars Ckes (cases?), — 4 pare of Flannel Sheets, — 4 yards of dimity at 2s.9d., — 3 yards of dimity at 2s.9d., — 5 Eights of Camblet, — weaveing 15¼ yard of plain Cloaths, — two Blankets at \$1, — 5½ yards tow cloth at 10, — weaving 12 yards of check, — weaving 15 yards of flanel."

If these were all, — nineteen purchases during sixteen years, — what a dramatic commentary David's day-book provides, what a picture of the housewife's frugal shopping and wardrobe of those days!

His book throws light on another custom of the period, — the method of settling accounts. From time to time, perhaps not once a year, David would take the book under his arm and set off for the home of some neighbor with whom he had an account. The two men would pore over his entries together, strike a balance, and, settling the account in "lawful money", would set their hands together to the page. David let a sly humor creep into that

AN OLDER BROTHER OF OURS

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formula sometimes. One surmises that there had been a degree of wrathful argument when he wrote:

"March the 12th 1803. Then settled with Jonathan B — and Ballanced all book accounts from the beginning of the world to this day."

One sees him then, a stern giant with a twinkle in his eyes, slamming the book shut and marching home with it in triumph.

David was 22 when he was married, in 1788, and 33 when he began keeping this account book, in 1799. In 1826, when he was sixty years old, his wife, Abigail, died. There is the entry, in another handwriting, "September the 7th, 1826. To 29 days taking Care of his Wife in her sickness, at One Dollar per day, \$29.00." A month later the lonely old man, his children grown up and married and scattered, went to board at this neighbor's house. But his working days were not over. He went on, till long past seventy, doing his day's work, and in 1835, at the age of sixty-nine, he married a second time! With this wife he lived for eighteen years before he came to the end of his days.

At the age of eighty-seven the old man finished his bookkeeping forever, and on the page where he made his last entry, is one in the handwriting of his son: "David R —, decesed 12th day of April 1852."

The homely business of winding up the affairs of the "decesed" was soon done. The son wrote: "May 14. Then took the old house into keeping." He wrote it with a flourish! And a lawyer-neighbor made these charges against the estate: "To going to court to probate, \$1.00, — To inventory the best part of a day, gitting the widow's things, and making out a list and returned it to court, \$1.50, — To time spent in copying of the inventory, \$0.50, — To time spent in hiving bees and finding tub, \$0.50."

The bees were hived. They had been told of the old man's death, in the country fashion. It was the last act. The son, in his faultless Spencerian flourishes, wrote in his own new account-book the pious observation: "Death is the common lot of all."

He was an older brother, in a way, to all of us, was old David. He stood on his feet, sturdily. Is it merely a quirk of fate that while those who wandered from place to place little by little lost their family records, this book of his remained safe in the house which he had built and made strong?



THE GODDESS OF LIBERTY

BY VALESKA BARI

WOODCUTS - HOWARD N'COOK

ONCE before the world had battered at the gates of Cidra, and the memory of struggle and victory had given a richer depth to the satisfaction with which the villagers looked out upon the peaceful green fields of their valley and up at the peaks which shut out the world. Through the gap at the northern end had come the engineers of the Queen with books and maps and strange instruments, and through the pass at the southern end they had departed. Months later, when their mysterious errand had ceased to be the main topic of discussion and speculation at the casino, the true import of their maps and instruments was revealed. The Queen's Highway from the Atlantic to the Caribbean was to pass through Cidra.

Guilefully came the message: Cidra would be connected with the capital on the northern coast and on the south with Ponce, the Pearl of the Caribbean, but behind the guileful words the villagers reckoned the true meaning of the message, — through the ports of San Juan and Ponce an envious world would invade the Eden-like valley where their ancestors had found a sequestered peace.

Behind the cautious words of the petition in which they asked that the highway be routed around and not through their valley was concealed a panic of apprehension. In magnanimous phrases the head-man of the village renounced the proffered advantages of communication in favor of their brethren in the valley to the east, and the elders glanced at each other in admiration of the way in which he met guile with guile, wondering if the distant government at San Juan would be deceived by his glittering but specious words. Through weeks of uncertainty they waited, shiveringly repeating to each other all the tales which their forefathers had bequeathed to them of the outside worlds of brigandage, murder, and sudden death, from which they had retreated. The weeks of waiting passed; the engineers came no more; and an inquisitive villager who made his way over to the valley to the east returned with a joyful tale that the danger was past. The people in the eastern valley had innocently accepted the proffered gift, even giving lands and services to aid in building the highway; and its route had been chosen a full day's journey from the dividing hills, so far away that no gap between the peaks could be seen to tempt the traveler away from the highway into the valley of Cidra.

The village breathed a sigh of relief and for another generation congratulated itself on its escape.

Now again had come an invasion of the outside world but this time the invasion had secured a foothold within the valley itself. The wayward spirit of change which had brought his grandfather to Porto Rico from the mountains of northern Spain had induced Peregrin Lopez to plant to sugar the acres where previously his cows had grazed in contented wastefulness. The derisive comment of a villager had stiffened Peregrin's doubting judgment and spurred him to emphasize his rashness by renting still other lands and planting them to sugar. Capricious fortune had smiled. The lands long fallow had yielded a prodigious crop and the shortage of harvests in other lands had brought unheard of prices.

As Peregrin waited in the office of the sugar mill which had bought his crop his eyes rested on his likeness, reflected in the long mahogany mirror. In his own house the mirrors were poor and only partially revealing, but here the strong light playing on the blond hair and blue eyes of his image stirred within him a

vague sense of revolt against his neighbors, a feeling that he was different from the descendants of the dark, southern Spaniards.

A footstep brought back Peregrin's wandering thoughts. The manager handed him the princely returns from his crop. "Why don't you go to New York along with your sugar?" he asked, and Peregrin's vague sense of revolt seized upon the suggestion. Against the counsel of the village he had planted sugar and his venture had taken golden wings. Now the certainty that the village would again disapprove his action tempted him to accept. All the way back to Cidra a song of wild adventure rang in his ears, but his knees shook as he prepared for the voyage, and the excitement of departure was all that concealed the anxiety with which he gazed, perhaps for the last time, upon his native village.

What Peregrin told the village on his return was past all credence, but he had gone on the wild venture against their advice so they knew that the spirit of obstinacy which had arisen in him when he was first crossed about his sugar planting would make him tell tales of marvels on his return. They listened and smiled skeptically, but still they listened. Publicly they wavered between the thrill of his tales and the conviction that he was drawing wildly upon his imagination in order to justify his quite unnecessary expedition into the marauding world from which their forefathers had mercifully separated them. Privately they repeated to each other each marvel which he related.

But if all the glories of which he told were true, they asked, why had he returned so quickly to Cidra? The coolness of the weather, he said, was unpleasant. They laughed. Who had ever heard of too much coolness? One had to sleep inside of a bed, he told them, and with the labor of days he constructed a mattress to put on the native *catras*, filling the mattress with the softest of grasses and piling above the sheets many thicknesses of cloth. He taught them how to get inside the bed, as, he said, the steward on the ship had taught him. They tried it but found the invention most uncomfortably hot and confining, and those who tried the experiment some days later were bitten by insects which had lodged in the soft grasses. The village smiled in superior fashion. The outside world was welcome to its inventions.

"And what did you tell New York about Cidra?" asked old Don Antonio. Amid the babel of questions Peregrin had time to



The Spanish conception of beauty demanding that an armful of loveliness shall be an expanded armful . . .

think. How could he make them realize that all New York was not clamoring to come to Cidra? How reassure them that he had not opened the flood gates to a tumultuous influx of brigands?

"I was very careful." Peregrin closed one eye craftily. "I let no one know that I came from Cidra."

At last the wonder of the wanderer's tales lost its magic. Again Peregrin could walk the undulating dirt streets of Cidra without making comparison with the sidewalks of New York, and without having at his heels all of the children and half of the men, and the new house which he had built on his *finca* was no longer crowded past comfort with villagers, thrilling with wonder and disbelief. The soft pleasantness of the tropics claimed him again as her own. He thought with a shiver of the February days in New York. Its glories faded, the rush and confusion were, as the villagers said, the signs of a barbarism from which they had been mercifully spared. He planted his fields to grass for his cows, he limited his conversation to things within the valley, and the neighbors saw with joy and relief that the madness of the outside world had left him. The village had won, but unwisely it insisted upon publishing its victory.

"The elections will be held in November," remarked old Don Antonio over the checkerboard at the casino, "and we will elect the same officials whom we have had ever since the capital commanded that under this American rule we must make our election with pieces of paper, and must be watched by a man from the Governor's office."

Above his patriarchal beard snapped the black eyes of Don Antonio. Every four years his authority was questioned by these elections, and even though the men whom he had chosen were always elected, the right of the capital to supervise the elections was a thorn in his side, a threat of invasion.

"The people on the outskirts of the town are complaining about the condition of the roads, Don Antonio," ventured Manuel Costello. "Their carts can come and go in dry weather but not when it rains. Shall we promise in the election that the roads shall be made passable all the year?"

Don Antonio cast a scornful glance at Manuel, whose previous attempts to worm his way into the counsels of the chief had

aroused suspicion. Then the eagle glance shifted across the checkerboard to Peregrin. Before the wanderer had brought reports of paved streets and sidewalks no one had ventured to complain about the roads. The great highway which ran through the eastern valley was a marvel of perfection, but within a town, whoever dreamed of good streets within a town! "We will promise nothing!"

"Could we promise a fire department?" went on Manuel persistently. "Three houses have burned lately, and a fire department, with uniforms, with beautiful red shirts, would make every one happy."

"Nothing!" Don Antonio moved his checkers hastily, impatiently.

"The school needs many repairs," persisted Manuel, "and the water of the river —"

"Nothing, nothing!" Don Antonio thumped his fist on the table and the counters jumped from their squares, hopelessly disarranged. The old man rose abruptly. "I yield you the game, Peregrin."

"I take no gifts. I will play you again," replied Peregrin, but the old patriarch was beyond reach of the words. Surrounded by his loyal adherents he strode out into the night.

As Peregrin left the casino he found himself walking beside Manuel, his wounded feelings being inflamed to action by Manuel's rebellion against the domination of Don Antonio.

As the days rolled by Peregrin was seen more often at the house of Manuel Costello. Politics, laughed the men at the casino; conspiracy, whispered those closest to Don Antonio; Beatriz! smiled the women behind their fans, smiling once for the interest which every feminine heart takes in romance, and once again, not so innocently, as they thought of the hopeless slenderness which marred the otherwise attractive daughter of Manuel Costello.

Every woman in the village had offered advice and suggestions to Beatriz, but medicines, herbs, and the richest of foods had been unavailing. The cream which Doña Isabel had sent day after day had ruined Beatriz's appetite and made her still thinner. The little wads of bread which had made Angelina so bewitchingly plump had produced no effect on Beatriz. Of potions for increas-

ing the appetite Beatriz had consumed gallons, she had eaten until her body ached and her eyes bulged, and still the scales at the grocery showed not a pound of gain. The last offering of medicine she had refused. No more would she suffer to attain beauty, in peace and comfort she would let nature take her ruthless way, and if she was predestined to remain hideously slender, so be it.

Manuel who had anxiously watched her heroic efforts to become plump, sighed in private when she gave up the struggle. Her light, quick step over the tiled floors was a hateful reminder of her slenderness, but the spontaneous song which rose to her lips when the tortures were put away, brought a compensating satisfaction. Doubtless, no one would marry a girl so disfigured, but as he looked upon the shining black eyes and the ruddy olive cheeks, his sigh of unhappiness softened into a comfortable reflection that she would be at hand to minister to his old age.

The first hint of gossip came to Peregrin on the day after he and Manuel had labored until late into the night to devise a list of candidates which they could put forward in opposition to the ticket of Don Antonio. With no one of any standing in their new party except themselves, the task of selecting candidates presented difficulties. Until nearly dawn they had debated the problem but each impasse, confronting them with the alternative of abandoning their revolt, had found them more obstinate. The fruitlessness of their labor and a wakeful tossing through the balance of the night had left Peregrin in no amiable mood.

As he entered the casino a group in the corner caught his eye. The village wag, his back to Peregrin, was recounting some tale, — obviously about a woman, as his hands stretched out in an expansive gesture which to the Porto Rican accompanies any remark appreciative of feminine pulchritude, the Spanish conception of beauty demanding that an armful of loveliness shall be an expanded armful. The wag paused, his hands outstretched, and the group waited for the point of his story. With a snap the narrator closed his hands, leaving erect only the slender little fingers. The group shouted with laughter, but stopped suddenly as some one whispered, "Peregrin!"

Through the room stalked Peregrin and out by the opposite door. No need to tell him in words that he himself was the object of their merriment and that the closing of the fingers, leaving



Progress, like that of New York, they offered to Cidra

upright only the little fingers, an ironical comment that the gesture of beauty was made in mockery, — Beatriz!

Down the street he walked and each bump in its surface gave another jolt to his rebellion against the village. On and on he walked. His rapid pace brought him up to a little cart whose horse could travel no faster than a slow walk.

"That was a bad place," remarked the countryman as the little horse struggled to pull the cart out of a deep rut.

"Wouldn't you like to have decent roads?" asked Peregrin.

"*Si Dios quiere*," returned the driver piously.

"It is not God who makes the roads, but the mayor." Peregrin's revolt fixed upon the tangible evidence of the shortcomings of Don Antonio's protégés. "If we elect a new mayor we can have good roads."

"A new mayor?" The cartman's tone was dubious. "Could he build better roads? And who would he be?"

"Could he build better roads?" repeated Peregrin scornfully, "And who would he be?" He paused dramatically. As the cartman waited open-mouthed for the announcement Peregrin repeated the questions a second time. "Could he build better roads? And who would he be?" Some answer there must be, an answer impressive, dramatic, awe-inspiring. "Could not the man who built the Queen's Highway build better roads than these?" He kicked a rock from the path and the impact of his foot against the stone drove home the brilliance of his inspiration. His voice dropped to a note of wonder and awe as he repeated the words, "The man who built the Queen's Highway!"

Peregrin watched the countryman's eyes grow wide as he slowly pondered the suggestion. After all, why should not Peregrin and Manuel nominate for mayor the builder of the Queen's Highway? Perhaps he was still alive, perhaps dead, but dead or alive made little difference; against the control of Don Antonio no list of candidates would have any chance. And if the fight which he and Manuel were making was one of principle, why not make their ticket represent the very embodiment of progress and accomplishment? He and Manuel, again he assured himself that they had no personal ambitions. For themselves they asked nothing, but for Cidra they asked the utmost in genius and accomplishment.

"Ai!"

Two men on little pack horses were crossing the road at the intersection ahead. At the cartman's shout they halted, waiting while Peregrin and the countryman made their way over a particularly rutted bit of road.

"Don Peregrin says that we can have fine roads if we will elect a new mayor," began the cartman.

The men looked up at Peregrin dubiously. "Don Emilio is a kind man," one of them remarked at length.

"True, he is a good man," replied the cartman, kicking a small boulder into the ditch, "but the roads are not good."

"And the man who built the Queen's Highway," the sound of his words gave Peregrin a thrill of satisfaction, "could build wonderful roads for Cidra."

"The roads are not good, *bombre*," rejoined one of the men, "but roads don't matter so much as some other things. If we could have clean water to drink so that there would be no sickness in the valley —"

"Could not the man who built the Queen's Highway put rocks in the stream so that the water would be clear during the rains?" asked the cartman, his eyes lighting with enthusiasm as he moved close to Peregrin as though to signify that he ranged himself on the side of the innovator.

"We will have another man to guard the health of the people." Peregrin soared on the wings of inspiration. "Do you remember the doctor who came to the valley years ago and banished the hookworm? Under the new mayor he shall be commissioner of health. He will clean the river and drive out the sickness. Will you vote for the new party which will build good roads and drive out the sickness?"

The men stood silent; impressed but non-committal.

"And a new school," suggested the cartman, "with a *maestro* who will teach us all —"

"With three *maestros*," corrected Peregrin grandly, "under the supervision of the man who wrote the dictionary!"

With open mouths the countrymen listened to Peregrin's last announcement and Peregrin, realizing that he could climb to no greater heights of dramatic effect, waved them a farewell and strode off over the broken path towards his *finca*.

The green fields vanished from his sight as he moved along in a

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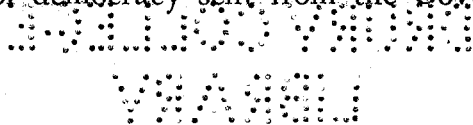
dream of glory. In the years to come he and Manuel could sit back in dignity when any one complained of bad roads or muddy water or poor schools for the children; they had done their utmost and the village had turned its back on the opportunities they had offered. Peregrin saw himself and Manuel gradually emerging from the cloud of misunderstanding to be accepted as the leaders of the village. And into the vision of himself and Manuel the figure of Beatriz gradually inserted itself.

Progress, like that of New York, they offered to Cidra. Before his eyes rose a vision of New York, at first a hazy silhouette which melted into a memory of Fifth Avenue, and again he stood by a lamp post at the curb gazing upon the goddesses of the Avenue. As he thought of the promenade of loveliness, Peregrin gasped.

While he and Manuel had floundered in the direction of progress, lo! Beatriz had achieved it. Her face, as every one admitted, was as lovely as that of the Madonna, and her figure! By the standard of New York her figure was the pinnacle of perfection. He ground his teeth as he thought of the village wag daring to refer to her, amusing the crowd by his reference to her slenderness which, if he only knew, was the ultimate in perfection. Beatriz! Against the stupid village he might have no rivals but for the moment he was in New York, and against all New York, against a whole army of rivals, that was a struggle worth winning.

The day of election dawned clear as a jewel and sparkling like jewels were the bright colors of the holiday crowd. From early morning they walked the streets, the men with unwonted seriousness and dignity as they played their parts in the drama of democracy, the women still contented merely to add to the color of the scene in which their men participated. Against the light colored clothes of the men blazed the emblems of their faith: the elephant on a red field, by which Don Antonio's lieutenants tagged their followers, and the huge blue placards of Manuel with its slender figure of Liberty, taken from the new half dollars, placards which tried to make up by size what they obviously lacked in numbers.

The guardian of democracy sent from the Governor's office



yawned over the coffee and cigarettes with which he whiled away the morning hours at the polls, asking himself who made the aimless rule about opening the polls so early when no one ever voted until late in the afternoon; and why he should be sent to watch an election which, as every one admitted, would go overwhelmingly to the forces of Don Antonio.

All day the little groups sauntered back and forth, the sharpened edge of banter working its way into the good-natured remarks with which the rival camps hailed each other. Around the figure on the blue placards was lettered LIBERTY but more and more sharply as the day wore on was the hint passed of some connection between the slimness of the goddess and the undesirable slenderness of Beatriz. By no mere accident, they whispered, had Peregrin taken as the symbol of the new party the slender figure from the new coinage. Across the plaza a follower of Don Antonio made the expansive gesture of beauty, then dropped his fingers in derision, while his *coreligionistas* shouted in appreciation and, taking up the gestured taunt, expanded their arms and dropped their fingers whenever they encountered any one tagged with the blue placards.

As became commanders Don Antonio and Manuel remained in dignity within their houses, listening to the reports brought to them by messengers from their more active lieutenants. "Five votes to one!" assured the followers of Don Antonio, but the old patriarch shook his head. Though he won this election sweepingly this first revolt against his authority carried the seeds of dissension. From his windows he saw his followers making their gestures of ridicule. He drew from his pocket a half dollar and scrutinized it, as he saw a man do on the street. They might laugh at the sorry joke of slenderness but the ideals of that distant land which controlled their destiny would creep in as inevitably as its coins, wherewith they measured their values. He turned the coin over and over in his fingers and each time the slim goddess of liberty seemed to stride more insolently on her way.

"Peregrin is angry," exulted one of Don Antonio's followers, making the gesture which had so stirred the enemy. "He is telling every one that the figure on the coinage is what is considered the perfection of beauty in New York." He drew out a shining half dollar and flipped it in the air. "He has told his followers to

cast their votes. Perhaps he is afraid that they may be ridiculed into voting against the slender lady who stands at the head of their column on the ticket."

"Let them vote," replied Don Antonio, "and do you vote afterwards."

"I have already voted," and the messenger flipped the goddess of liberty blithely as he went down the street.

In the house of Manuel reigned less optimism but greater peace. Already in the mind of the commander the day had taken its place as the first skirmish in a long battle from which, ultimately, he would emerge victorious. With his morning coffee he began to formulate the phrases of an oration which would lift the unpleasant actuality of defeat into the glorious reality of ultimate victory. "We will live to fight again," he wrote as a red bannered group halted to cheer banteringly before his house. "Out of the martyrdom of justice will arise the strength to crush the tyrant."

At length Manuel laid down his papers. "Listen, Beatriz!" he called as the girl flitted from window to window, her eyes shining with excitement.

"The polls are closed," she announced, leaning far out of the window. Manuel saw her take a rose from her hair and fling it into space. "Peregrin has gone to watch the ballots counted."

"I will read my speech to you," said Manuel, "and make any needed improvements before Peregrin arrives." He cleared his throat. "A great day has been enacted in the history of Cidra." Beatriz sat absorbed, possibly in her father's oration, possibly in her own thoughts, for the look of absorption remained fixed as Manuel read his speech once, then for a second time, his gestures growing more and more fiery as he warmed to his own eloquence.

Manuel had started on his oration for the third time when the door opened and Peregrin stood in the room. Manuel's enthusiasm took on added warmth. He seized the papers and turned back to the beginning. "A great day has been enacted in the history of Cidra." His eyes were on the corrections which he had made in the manuscript or he would have been astonished to see Peregrin violate the social code of Cidra by putting his arm about Beatriz's shoulders. "And what, I ask, shall we do now with this new-found zeal for progress?" thundered Manuel, but the thunder died out as he raised his eyes. He gasped. Beatriz in the arms of Peregrin!

In the sudden silence Peregrin raised his eyes to Manuel, whose oratorical question hung, half heard, in his ears. "I don't know what *you* are going to do." Peregrin's voice was blithe and irresponsible. From a chair he picked up a box which opened as he handed it to Manuel. From the box fluttered a cloud of paper scraps, each scrap bearing the insignia of the new party, the goddess of liberty. "I stood the taunts of Don Antonio's people as long as I could. They laughed at our goddess of liberty. I showed them that it was exactly like the lady on the new half dollars, and still they laughed. Then I offered to exchange a silver goddess for a paper goddess from the ballot. Hundreds of half dollars it cost, but at least it made them keep quiet." With a sweeping gesture he motioned to the cloud of paper goddesses, then his arm closed about Beatriz. "I am going to take Beatriz to New York for a honeymoon, and you —" Peregrin paused and shrugged his shoulders. "The man from the Governor's office threw out all the ballots of Don Antonio's people because they had torn out the little pieces. You have won the election, Don Manuel! Do you understand? You have won!"

"Ave Maria," murmured Beatriz. "You will have to write a new speech!"



SENATOR "JIM" REED

FRANK R. KENT

SIX years ago Senator Reed was the most denounced man in the country. To-day his political stature is greater than ever, and he is a force to be reckoned with in American politics. He has a chance, — even if it is no more than a fighting chance, — for the Presidential nomination; and Senator Reed has never objected either to fighting or to fighting chances. The moral of his astonishing and pugnacious career, in Mr. Kent's view, is that there are no rules in politics, and no single road leading to success.

power, prestige, and position by playing the game just the other way, — despises and denounces the majority, breaks with his party, abuses its President, cracks cabinet officers and colleagues over the head, is egged off platforms, denounced by conventions, fights flamingly and unceasingly for his beliefs, exults in being the minority. Violent, virulent, vindictive, able, his whole political life has been a single-handed battle in which he neither asked nor gave quarter.

Is it possible to imagine a greater contrast than between the political figures of Calvin Coolidge and James A. Reed? It is a tempting subject. It opens up a marvelous field for comparison of the two men, mentally and physically as well as politically. But this piece is about Senator Reed, not Mr. Coolidge, and it is written because he is to-day one of the really outstanding figures in American politics; and because all signs point to him as one of the really dominating and colorful factors in the next national convention of his party, where his name will beyond doubt be presented by Missouri as a candidate for the Presidential nomination. It is not intended here to discuss his chances. Probably they are remote, though one never can tell. However, that is not the point. The point is that he will be there, — with his state back of him and his political stature and strength greater than ever before. It is of course possible that in two years something may

WHAT an amazing thing politics is! There are no rules to the game. One man achieves fame and popularity, reaches the dizzy pinnacle by docilely following his party leaders, avoiding controversy, limiting his convictions to the obvious, keeping in tune with the majority, riding without rocking on the party escalator, timid, cautious, silent, as complete a non-combatant as a man can be. Another gains

happen to prevent, but it is not likely. At least no person posted on Missouri politics thinks anything will. There is always the possibility that Senator Reed, himself, will erupt with volcanic violence in some new place or some new way, thereby sinking his own ship, but that is not likely either.

As things stand to-day he has his state tighter than ever before, and everybody concedes it. His renomination and reelection as Senator, if he wants them, and the sending of a Reed delegation to the next convention, — both in 1928, — so far as anything is certain in life and politics, are on the program. And that in itself is an astounding story. When you consider that he was an avowed candidate for the Presidency in 1924 and Mr. McAdoo not only beat him in his own state but prevented him from going to the New York convention of that year, and that in 1920 he had been thrown out of the San Francisco convention, after repudiation by the Missouri Democratic State Committee, the extraordinary nature of his political rehabilitation can be appreciated. By all the rules of the game, Reed ought to be a political corpse. Instead he is one of the two or three really vibrant Democrats in the country. Six years ago the nation rang with abuse of him. He was driven off a stage at Ardmore, Oklahoma. Fifty of the sixty-seven Democrats in the Missouri Legislature called on him to resign his seat and adopted resolutions which said: —

Resolved, By the Democrats of the House of Representatives of the Fiftieth General Assembly, — That we do hereby denounce the distinguished Senator as not entitled to claim any title or standing as a Democrat in the Democratic party in Missouri, and suggest to him that, if he is so confirmed in his opinion that the Democracy of Missouri, as well as the people thereof are not advised and have no convictions upon the subject of the league of nations and are not in harmony with the leadership of President Wilson, he resign his position as Senator and again submit himself as a candidate for the high position which he now occupies to the entire dissatisfaction of the party.

Woodrow Wilson denounced him as a marplot and, declaring he would never again have any association with him, called on the Missouri Democracy to defeat him. Next to La Follette, he was the most denounced man in the country. The popularity of Wilson was still great and the joining of Reed with Lodge, Hiram Johnson, and the other irreconcilables to reject the League of Nations created a wave of bitter feeling that swept over the country and

was particularly strong in Missouri. When, in 1920, the national convention, following his state convention, rejected him as a delegate, it seemed as if the Democracy of state and nation had spewed him out, that his political life had come to an end. His success in being renominated and reelected two years later was a remarkable achievement. Of course, by then the prestige and power of Wilson had mostly vanished. Ill and out of the Presidency, his appeal for the defeat of Reed lacked full force. Be that as it may, it does not affect the fact that Reed's victory was due to the tremendous effectiveness of Reed's own campaign for himself. As a stump speaker he is simply unsurpassed. He has the passion, the fire and the eloquence that carry crowds off their feet, and in that campaign he exerted his powers to the last degree. He let himself go. He put into the fight everything he had and in every county he kindled the people into pro-Reed enthusiasm. Truculent and triumphant he returned to the Senate after his campaign and there he has been ever since.

His victory in 1922 was followed by his reverse in 1924 in the Missouri Presidential primaries and when the sixty-ninth session of Congress began certainly Senator Reed was on no pinnacle. He had his seat but not his state. He seemed in the first half of that session morose, disappointed, embittered, and he did not play a conspicuous or outstanding part. He did hammer at Mr. Hoover, whom he hates, and he took some sarcastic flings at the Coolidge "spigot economy" and bore his part in the tax fight, but there was not much to draw his fire. He was not particularly interested. Most of the time he was, — or seemed, — bored. But it was a different story from December, 1925, to March 4, 1927. At no time in the sixteen years he has been in the Senate has the man risen to such heights of eloquence, shown such power and force, been so savage and devastating an opponent, so formidable and fierce a figure, so potent a factor on floor and in committee. He won few fights, but he lost so magnificently as to reap the rewards of victory, inspire trembling in the bosoms of his opponents and leave them uncomfortable and unhappy in their majority triumph. Not many who heard Reed's denunciation of majorities when cloture rule was applied in the World Court fight will forget it.

"Majority rule!" he said. "Where is the logic to be found back

of the majority rule or the reason except the reason of necessity to dispatch business? The majority has been wrong oftener than it has been right in all the course of time. The majority crucified Jesus Christ. The majority burned the Christians at the stake. The majority drove the Jews into exile. The majority established slavery. The majority set up innumerable gibbets. The majority chained to stakes and surrounded with circlets of flame martyrs through all the ages of the world's history.

"The majority went down the pathway of the ages wearing chains which they voluntarily forged and fastened upon their arms, and when a minority arose, headed by some brave soul, they hanged him upon a gibbet, they crucified him upon a cross, they pulled his limbs apart with horrible instruments of torture, and the majority stood there leering and gibing at the man who was the apostle of a better day.

"Majority rule without limitation, without any brakes upon the particular set of fools who happen to be just then running the machinery of a government! The majority giped and jeered when Columbus said the world was round. The majority threw him into a dungeon for having discovered a new world. The majority said that Galileo must recant or that Galileo must go to prison. The majority cut off the ears of John Pym because he dared advocate the liberty of the press. The majority south of the Mason and Dixon line established the horrible thing called slavery and the majority in the North did the same thing as long as it was profitable and turned reformer only when it ceased to be profitable. Majority rule!"

That is pretty strong stuff, but it was no stronger than the language he used in the denunciation of his Democratic colleagues for what he termed the supine and cowardly party course on the taxation bill. After twenty minutes of excoriation of the Republican side that made Republican Senators writhe in their chairs, Reed turned on the grinning Democrats and lashed his party without restraint, winding up by describing a Democratic Senator these days as "one who worships at the shrine of Woodrow Wilson and votes with Andrew Mellon."

This party denunciation was part of his speech on the Italian debt settlement and was among the best of his career. It would be easy to cite many other instances of the Reed eloquence and force

during the Sixty-ninth Congress. He ran away with the Senate show. He was easily its dominant figure. The cold fact is that Reed is not only the one man in the Senate who enhanced his reputation and standing during the recent session, but the one man in Washington. Take them all from Coolidge down, — and include Mellon and Longworth, Reed of Pennsylvania and Robinson of Arkansas, Underwood and Borah, and Kellogg and Pepper and Johnson. If there is one among them except Jim Reed, — and Dawes, — who came out of that last session stronger than he started, then the unanimous judgment of the most experienced Washington observers is wrong. As a matter of fact, it is incontestably true that most of those in the list had considerable shine rubbed off their reputations, suffered more than a little in prestige and popularity. But not Jim Reed.

A few years ago, as Charles G. Ross recently wrote in the *St Louis Post-Dispatch*, the beginning of a speech by the Missouri Senator pretty well cleared the press gallery. "It's just Jim Reed again," they said as they walked out. They didn't do that last time. When word went around the Capitol that Reed was speaking, reporters flocked into the gallery, Congressmen came over from the other end, and Senators reappeared from the cloak-rooms. Through the power and passion of his Senate speeches Reed gained a remarkable ascendancy last session. It is interesting to note that it was accompanied by a comparative shrinkage in the Borah prestige. Two years ago any candid estimate of the influence of the two would have placed Borah ahead of Reed. Last session Reed eclipsed Borah.

Partly, the Reed rise is due to the fear he inspires. A master of sarcasm and satire, a fast thinker on his feet, not over-scrupulous or overcareful about his facts, as likely to hit below the belt as above when fighting mad, with a voice, a fluency, and a complete recklessness as to the consequences to himself no one else in the Senate can match, there are few Senators who care to tangle up with this man in a give-and-take fight on the floor. The more experienced ones are too wary. The newer ones, like Senator Bingham of Connecticut, who tackle him, get savagely flattened out and taught their lesson. Always a dangerous man in debate, Reed was never so dangerous as in the last Congress. With an artist's feeling for the sound and sense of words, skilled in the

grand manner, at times coldly matter-of-fact, at times silken in his suavity, or fiercely accusing, in that session he reached the fullness of his powers.

On the three great issues that arose in the Senate, he was the man who stood out. It is true that in each case he was on the losing side but that did not detract from his distinction. He lost in the World Court fight but he filled the Administration with a fear from which it has not yet recovered, and he snatched the leadership of the anticourt fight away from the nominal leader, Borah. In the tax fight, too, he lost, but he rendered unpalatable the victory of his opponents by his terrible denunciation of the bipartisan coalition that put the bill through and also worried greatly various Senators of both sides by his exposure of the inner meaning of the deal. He lost again in the debt settlement battle but he vastly increased his stature as an orator and parliamentarian, as well as adding to his enemies.

The two affirmative achievements of Reed last time were, first, the enormous kick he put into the wet and dry hearings before the Senate Judiciary Committee, and, second, the passage of his resolution to investigate the expenditures of the 1926 Senatorial primaries and the resultant exposures made under his direction. But for Reed the wet and dry hearings would have fallen as flat as near beer. It was his cross-examination of the dry witnesses that made the most impressive record yet written against the Volstead Act. Before they were over he had thrust aside wet Senators and definitely established himself as the real wet leader in Congress. As to his primary election resolution, — so drawn as to permit a probe of general as well as primary elections, — that was a master-stroke. Unquestionably the disclosures of Reed under this resolution constitute the most remarkable single-handed achievement of any public man in the last six years. Merely to get such a resolution through the Senate at any time and under any conditions would not have been easy. Regardless of their politics, Senators do not care for investigating committees that investigate Senators. For a Democratic Senator to have got it through a Republican Senate when it was clear the investigation meant a ripping open of Republican wounds and a devastating exposure of Republican methods is so unusual that it is hard to think of a precedent.

As a result of the corruption uncovered in Pennsylvania and Illinois by Senator Reed, operating as head of the Senate Committee created by his resolution, the whole of the short session of the last session of Congress was dominated by him and the prospect is that in the session of the Seventieth Congress which opens in December he will be to an even greater extent the outstanding Senate figure. Next Winter the session of the Senate will be largely given over to the struggles of Mr. Vare of Pennsylvania and Mr. Smith of Illinois to hold on to their seats. The fight against them will be led by Reed and will be based on the evidence he has dug up of the tremendous and illegitimate expenditures of money by both men. It is the strong conviction of the most conservative Senators that he will win his fights; that Vare and Smith will be ejected; that the Senate filibusters, led by his cousin, David Reed, who has successfully sought to block him both at the last session and since, will be rebuked; that he and his committee will be triumphantly vindicated. In addition Reed has promised, if he lives, to bring to the bar of the Senate one Samuel Insull, the Illinois traction magnate who admitted spending \$238,000 in the 1926 Illinois campaign and who refused to give the Reed Committee desired information. Mr. Insull escaped last session because of the filibuster but he with several other recalcitrant witnesses will be out of luck next winter, if Jim Reed lives and has his health. In exposing the astounding gifts of Mr. Insull in Illinois and the utterly incredible sums spent in the Pennsylvania primaries, it is impossible to deny that Senator Reed has performed a very great public service. No wonder when the Senate adjourned last June and he went back to Missouri he was given an overwhelmingly enthusiastic reception by the people of his state who seem at this time disposed to forgive him for all the sins he has committed in the past and any he may commit in the future. No wonder when in March the short session ended, it ended with the majority of the Senate standing back of Reed, who, as its leader in the fight against political corruption, poured the hot lava of his scorn on the filibusters from Pennsylvania and New Hampshire. That was the way the last session ended, — with Reed its most dramatic and compelling figure, and that, barring accidents, is the rôle he seems destined to play even more conspicuously in the Seventieth Congress.

He is a curious character, is Reed. There is certainly no one remotely like him in our public life. Not a nice man, not a kind man, not a fair man or a pleasant one, but an enormously able one, honest and courageous. Also, he can be charming when he wants. His human and likable traits are often obscured by his tendency to believe nearly everything in the world is rotten, and almost all the people who are not damned fools are damned scoundrels. He goes cursing and damning his way through life, setting fire to his foes, jealously guarding his grudges, of which he has a large accumulation. For a man so given to epithets and imprecations as Reed, he is singularly sensitive of personal criticism applied to himself and loses his temper on slight provocation. Some years ago he called a man a liar and slapped his face because of an affidavit making certain allegations against him. Yet there is little limit to the Reed language when in the Senate or on the stump he makes an attack on some one else.

No better sample of Reed could be given than the speeches he made two years ago in the Senate against the confirmation of Charles Beecher Warren, Mr. Coolidge's choice for Attorney-General. Of those who spoke he was by far the most violent, extreme, and bitter. Among the things to which he likened Mr. Warren were a cootie and a horse thief. And his reply to Pepper's defense of Warren, as having aided in the formation of great corporations, just as did "my distinguished predecessor, Philander C. Knox," was typical of Reed.

"I rise," he said, "to defend the name of a great man now gone. How often does the demagogue hide behind the skirts of the immortal dead. To name Philander C. Knox in the same breath, in the same sentence, the same day, the same chamber, with Charles Beecher Warren is an act of impious impudence and I denounce it. The Senator from Pennsylvania has dragged from the tomb the corpse of his predecessor and is holding it up to blind us to the ugly thing he tries to conceal."

Of course, that was an unfair thing to say, but it was effective and it made Pepper look silly and that pleased Reed. He loves to see them squirm under the lash. The grinding of the bones of his enemies is sweet music in his ears, and in his Missouri campaigns as in the Senate when he hits, he hits hard. It was Reed who, in 1924, was generally credited in Washington with having supplied

the Teapot Dome Committee with the information that led to the disclosures of the McAdoo connection with Doheny. That may not be true but a good many persons believe it, and certainly he made as much use of the facts after they came out as any one.

Some years ago Mark Sullivan, writing of Reed, made this analysis:

Any reasoned judgment on Reed as a Senator is likely to be seriously adverse; in debate he is violent, vituperative and, — the word is not too strong, — unfair. He is more given to epithets than to arguments. The savage malevolence with which he repeatedly attacked Hoover and Hoover's work during the war, his ingenious use of a portion of the facts and ignoring of the rest in order to give the country a false picture of a fine and useful man, is characteristic of Reed's Senatorial career as a whole. Probably any Senator who opposes Reed in debate comes out of the encounter feeling that Reed as an antagonist is a good deal of an oratorical bully, and has that impression not unjustly.

And yet, seeing and studying Reed at his worst, you have frequently the wish to study him further, a curiosity as to whether there may have been something in his career that caused him to take on violence as a defensive induration to protect what may have been in the beginning a more gentle personality. There is in the expression of Reed's features when he is in repose a quality that suggests that nature may have meant him to be a man of some fineness and even sweetness of personality. The same suggestion is borne out by his personal loyalty to his friends, a capacity for extravagant, quixotic repayment for consideration shown him by others, and for being prodigally generous of his time and energy in occasional aid to obscure persons and causes which, on any selfish basis, can mean little to him.

It may be so. He may have a soft, sweet side, a hidden strain of gentleness, but it does not show in the Senate. There, — and back of the Senate, when he was Mayor of Kansas City and State's Attorney, — the side that showed was the hard side, the bitter side, the fighting side. He was a good Mayor and a wonderful State's Attorney. His idea was to get convictions and he got them. Out of three hundred cases tried in his term, he convicted all save four or five or some such small number. He is an ideal prosecuting officer and it is the prosecutor, the accuser, the challenger, the denouncer, the indicter, the brander, whose rôle he plays in politics and in the Senate. He attacks but never appeals. He is on the aggressive, never on the defensive. If an opponent throws a spoonful of mud at him, he hurls a bucketful back. He is a strong man, able, useful, honest, fearless, eloquent, passionate, and patriotic, — but not sweet, not at all sweet.

WHY I AM A ZIONIST

NORMAN HAPGOOD

THE Old Testament tales and the Elizabethan language that went with them rang in my ears. Some of the New Testament events and ideas came to represent to me ethics at their height and expression at the full. As a literary influence the Bible was side by side with one other. As Emerson put it:

Unmeasured still my Shakespeare sits,
Lone as the blessed Jew.

The part that the Jews have taken in the development of European thought, — second only to the Greeks, — adds much interest to the question stated in my title. I do not mean the religious Zionism of the Old Testament, which lies outside my subject, but the form of Zionism that has attached to itself many Jews of vision to whom the predictions of the Prophets are merely a part of ancient history.

The struggle over the idea has become intense; the intensity has little to do with religion. It arises from a difference of judgment about the effect of the new move on the Jews themselves, and even more on their relations to the communities in which they now live. What is this political Zionism of our day? What philosophy is behind it? For of course it has little in common with the frequent uninformed notion that it means that the Jews ought to go back to the land from which they came.

The argument about Zionism in the end, from the point of view of statesmanship, must turn on the acceptance or denial of the statement that if the Jews have an idealistic community of their own, instead of existing exclusively among alien peoples, confidence and amenity will be increased among them in every country. If such changes take place in the Jews themselves, it is argued, there will be corresponding changes in the majority attitude toward them. In a country like this, for example, it is said that the exclusion of Jews from certain hotels, clubs, colleges, schools, and social groups is due to the fact that the admission of the individual means a pressure from the racial associates of those individuals to crowd in masses into the same places.

Against this argument, that the restoration of a racial home would soften the relations between the Jews and the community, by taking away some of the strenuous and resistant quality that has been fixed by centuries of persecution, is the directly contrary statement that Zionism has already increased anti-Semitism. Although the majority of my Jewish friends are Zionist in their tendency, some are emphatically the other way, and they are confident that the recent increase in anti-Semitic feeling is due to the Zionist movement.

An intelligent and successful journalist said to me: "I am sure you are doing the Jews harm by the part you are taking in defending the Zionist movement. I live the subject every day and I know that the current is running strongly against my race."

I admitted the fact but sought other reasons, first of all the general reactionary spirit that nearly always follows a war. "Oh, the War," said my friend. "Of course it is customary to blame everything on the War."

Causes are hard things to pick out. Besides the general reaction that the War has left in many countries, wearing one mask or another, is the special accident that Jews have been prominent in racial and revolutionary movements in Russia, Germany, Hungary, and elsewhere, which has been seized upon as a text by their opponents. Not all Americans know that in several countries, Russia and Germany among them, it was long the custom, while despotism had to be maintained, to distract the attention of the populace from current evils and misdoings by stimulating the ignorant masses with the notion that the Jews were responsible. Dramatic instances were the Beiliss type of ritual-murder charge in Russia and the Dreyfus trial in France. Such things die slowly. The last time I was in Munich, the billboards were covered with posters, put up by the South-German Fascist followers of Hitler, attributing the sufferings of Germany to the Jews. The speculative financial ability of the Jews has helped the reactionaries to make their case in these troubled times; but the nations have forced the Jew to finance by keeping him out of other activities.

It is not easy for me to believe that Zionism is a cause of such familiar phenomena. When the very able Jewish leader Rathenau was shot by the monarchists, to my mind it merely fitted in

with the whole campaign against the Republic. The fact that the greatest of recent scientists, Einstein, was put on the list of threatened Jews may be the basis of an argument, as he is a Zionist and a pillar of the New Hebrew University, which is the corner-stone of intellectual Zionism; but my own guess is that the connection was rather a pretext than a cause.

The most discouraging spot, from the standpoint of present anti-Semitism, is England. It is true that, faithful to the tradition of centuries, the British stand out for political tolerance among the larger nations of the earth, and the country which had Disraeli for Prime Minister put no obstacle in the march of the poor boy Rufus Isaacs in a few years to the title of Lord Reading, to the highest judicial position of the land, and to the viceregal rule of the three hundred millions of India. Nevertheless there are signs, even in England, of a distinction that has not been so clearly drawn there since the ages of superstition and religious persecution. At least the head of the Zionist movement tells me as much. A partial explanation of it is the immigration that has come in, during the last two decades, and settled in the East End of London.

It was in England, in 1915, that I had my first connection with the movement by which the British have finally become the power to assure the Zionist experiment. I forget the past easily, but one of the incidents I shall never forget, and which I recall often, is a lunch of eight in the House of Commons, given by Josiah Wedgwood, later of MacDonald's Cabinet, for Herbert Samuel, afterward, as Sir Herbert Samuel, the first head of the new Jewish state, and Dr. Weizmann, for years head of the Zionist movement. Among the few other guests was the Hon. Neil Primrose, son of Lord Rosebery and of a daughter of the Rothschilds, and then an influential member of the House. Primrose soon after joined a Jewish regiment and died on the plains of Palestine. The political leaders were only just beginning to be interested. In two years followed the Balfour Declaration, and the Jewish Home became a fact.

There has been some trouble with the Arabs, who form the majority of the population, but not nearly so much as has been announced. What trouble there has been may have been stimulated from outside. Of course the situation is delicate, but there

is no reason why, with tact, it should not be solved. As the Jews introduce education, hygiene, and modern methods of agriculture and business into the Holy Land they will always have to make it clear to the Arabs that all opportunities, powers, and offices are as open to them as to Jews. Whether the nomad Arabs will ever vote and take a part in government is a long question.

Of course the idea that Jews are being forced or urged to travel to Palestine is absurd. The situation is that there is not money enough to transport and start in life those who are most eager to go. In Poland, Roumania, and other parts of eastern Europe are millions living in the direst conditions, scarcely understood by most Americans. In Russia the Jews are now treated as well as anybody else, but general conditions are so hard that many Russian Jews also would like to be transported.

Palestine is a difficult country, with no resources that promise future wealth. The rugged life led by the ancient Jews will have to be more or less paralleled by those who go there now. The few, therefore, who leave prosperous countries to settle in Palestine are moved by austere self-dedication. They are seeking not wealth or ease but service. They are endeavoring to keep alive in the world that singularly tenacious contribution to human freedom and elevation that was made by the shepherds of Israel. Every great author gives to the reader more than was ever consciously in his own mind. So every great social movement has implications that its prophets do not fully understand. The attempt of the Jews to build in a barren land, around the greatest university in Asia, a civilization inspired by six thousand years of tradition, is by implication a protest against the changes that wipe out special traits and reduce the world to uniformity.

This consideration makes the question profound. Do we seek, for our ideal future, uniformity or do we seek variety? For my part, I have no difficulty in the choice. There is a despotism of the majority which to-day is not less menacing than in former times has been the despotism of the minority. If democracy comes to mean the crushing out of all types except those which mark the largest number, then democracy will scarcely be an improvement on the free-for-all fight that resulted in the contributions of Judea, Athens, Rome, Florence, Venice, Holland, Switzerland, the early German cities, the French Revolution, the American Revolution,

the string of changes that created modern England. There is always some danger to guard against. The danger against which at present we need most carefully to guard is the coercion of the whole world into one type. The founding of a small, special, intellectual, idealistic, and frugal unit of civilization against the mighty background of the Holy Land fits into the conception of a democratic land, not as a place where everything is to be in one image, but as a place where many divergent traits and ideals may reach their best development.

As I continually talk and write against the excesses of patriotism and nationalism I am frequently asked how I reconcile that view with my favorable attitude toward Zionism, or nationalism for the Jews. My answer is that nationalism has done much service in the world and will yet do more. The dangerous excesses of nationalism are not to be sought so much in small as in powerful nations. We do not find them in Denmark. We need to look out for them, just now, in Italy and Russia. All the circumstances of the case indicate that in Palestine the merits of nationalism may be hoped for, without fear of the dangers of nationalism.

An extraordinary thing about the Jews is their survival. The Athenians of to-day have no more relation to Socrates than I have. Neither have the Florentines of to-day any more relation to Dante. But the best Jews of to-day, in their intense social and ethical approach, their almost violent search for an ideal, come down straight from Isaiah. Many of their race are without these traits, but so were they in the days of Jeremiah. One of the most artistic of all Jews writes this:

"I had not previously much admired the character of Moses, probably because the Hellenic spirit was predominant in me, and I could not pardon the lawgiver of the Jews for his hatred of the plastic arts. . . . My prejudice in favor of Hellas has declined since then. I see now that the Greeks were only beautiful youths, but that the Jews were always men, strong, unyielding men, not only in the past, but to this very day. . . . Were not all pride of ancestry a silly inconsistency in a champion of the revolution and its democratic principles, the writer of those pages would be proud that his ancestors belonged to the noble house of Israel, that he is a descendant of those martyrs who gave us a God and a morality, and who have fought and suffered on all the battlefields of thought."

With what Heine there says about the Jews I heartily agree. With what he says about the Greeks I do not. From Moses to Jesus the Jews hammered out a set of ethics on which we are still building. That is no reason for thinking less of the race that started the range of the unfrightened intellect over all the subjects of nature; the little city that is the mother of science and of her daughters, philosophy and art. The Greeks essentially are gone, and the Jews are not. Moreover, if we do conceive of modern Greeks as having any traits of the Athenians, the Greeks have a home and the Jews have not.

It is hardly worth while to attack errors in any other way than by spreading understanding. Yet there is in history a parody of anti-Semitism that I can not resist narrating. At the outbreak of a revolution in San Domingo a negro mob was devastating plantations with murder and fire, led by a big black man who carried an immense Crucifix. From the mob arose the cry: "The whites killed Christ; let us slay all whites."

That the Jewish people have faults, like other peoples, it would be foolish to deny. But if overstrenuousness is one of them, is it not likely to lessen, or take less often a material form, if the ideal experiment in Palestine is a success, and stands as a monument of ideal effort? If financial sharpness is one of their faults, as is natural in a trading people, that tendency also may draw fewer of the able ones as the new torch sheds its light. Even those who point to the fact that many Jews have made money when the German currency troubles were disturbing the nation, and that many of the new Russian speculators, or Nepmen, are Jews, must also admit that among the men of science, the musicians, the social reformers, the teachers, the Jews are prominent beyond their numbers. The qualities they have carried around with them from Asia Minor can be tempted to earth or beckoned to heaven.

The strange experiment of resurrecting a famous and inspired nation is only nine years old. If the gallant and daring enterprise does work out with triumph, then no one result of the War will have more historic glamour. It was in 1917 that General Allenby drove the Turks out of the Holy Land. It was at about the same time that Great Britain took the lead in expressing a willingness to have the homeland restored. Consequences in the realm of ideas may echo ahead of us, far down the centuries.



Pirate Ships
by
C. A. Wilkinson.



A Salty Rover

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri



The Duke

PSYCHIATRY AND HEALTH

FREDERICK H. ALLEN

THE most important practical contributions of psychology to the problems of everyday life are in the field of medicine; and to-day the mental approach to many diseases is recognized as a valuable adjunct to direct treatment of the body. Just how the psychiatrist can be of help is, however, often a matter of doubt, and Dr. Allen here explains in the simplest language the lesson of his own experiences in the first children's clinic of its kind in America. His article supplements the FORUM Medical Series.

MODERN medicine is vitally concerned with the prevention of conditions which cause disease, and emphasis is being directed toward the development of all factors in individual and community life which will make health a realized accomplishment in the greatest number of people. There is no phase of this movement which is more important than that which aims to understand, correct, and prevent the innumerable causes which produce mental sickness, lead to the various forms of behavior disturbances, warp the whole personality pattern, and seriously interfere with the achievement of a harmonious and productive life. Psychiatry is the branch of the medical sciences concerned with these human maladjustments, and the greatest problems of preventive medicine to-day and in the future are included in this broad and diverse field.

The field of activity is very large. At the present time there are more hospital beds in this country devoted to the care of mental patients than to the care of all other forms of sickness combined; and each year sees upwards of fifty thousand new patients admitted to our state institutions, of which private hospitals also treat an increasingly large number. This is the problem in the conventional field of psychiatry but other important fields have been drawn into this branch of medicine. The unestimated armies of psycho-neurotics, — the so called nervous patients, — a large percentage of whom never reach a mental hospital, represent a tremendous demand for an enlightened psychiatry to treat and understand the conditions which have led to their maladjustment. Psychiatry is playing an increasing rôle in meeting the great social problems of crime and delinquency and gradually is influencing the methods of studying and handling these misfits. In addition to these three great fields for action there are the problems of

industrial misfits, the alcoholics, the drug addicts, and the mental defectives; and even the social problems of dependency are being drawn into the ever widening field of psychiatry.

These are the diseased conditions which exist in our communities involving the behavior of individuals and they challenge the medical profession to develop a preventive program which will strike at their roots. As in other forms of sickness there will always be an irreducible minimum of mental disease and crime. But it is a clearly recognizable fact that a large percentage of these maladjustments arise out of preventable conditions. It is to these conditions that psychiatry is directing its increasing interest in health, as opposed to its traditional interest in terminal disease.

This interest in prevention could not have arisen out of the old psychiatry with its interests traditionally bound down to asylum material, which made very little connection between mental sickness and mental health and between common life situations and the behavior of a dementia praecox case. Insanity was a legal and a moral problem and was explained as an inevitable result of Providence or the manifestation of fixed hereditary factors.

A complete shift of emphasis was essential to break these shackles and this has gradually been brought about by the work of Meyer, Hoch, and others in this country, and Freud, Bleuler, Jung, and Janet in Europe.

The new point of view attempted to break away from the purely organic explanation of all mental deviations. It has stressed the importance of life situations and problems as molders of the personality and indicated that under certain circumstances they could become determiners of mental disorder. It views the individual as an integrated biological organism and the things which we observe and describe as behavior are its functions, just as elimination of waste products is the function of the kidney. Behavior disturbances, — whether in the form of a major psychosis, an anxiety state, or a criminal act, — represent abnormal functionings of this unit which we call the individual. The understanding of these deviations demands a knowledge of the whole organism in which the disturbance occurs; not only the physical condition, — which is very important, — but also the desires and satisfactions, the ambitions and disappointments, the human relationships, the points of sensitiveness, the hereditary background,

and so on down the line of human situations which make up our past, our present, and our anticipations for the future. On this broad biological basis psychiatry is emerging from its fossilized and shackled existence and is becoming a living science closely related to the facts of life which we all experience from day to day.

Dr. Adolf Meyer clearly expresses this change when he says, "Psychiatry has led us from a blind heredity and a wholesale fatalistic scheme to an understanding of individual, familiar, and social adjustments and a grasp on the factors which we can consider individually and socially modifiable." He further adds, "Psychiatry has opened to us new conceptions and understandings of the relation of child to mother, child to father, the child as a reagent to the relations of mother and father, brothers and sisters, companions and community in the competitions of real, concrete life. It has furnished a concrete setting for the interplay of emotions and their effect." This type of psychiatry provides a foundation for a rational and constructive program of mental hygiene because it views man as a social being and his personality as developing out of the life situations which have formed his previous life. Through its application, humans who have developed psychoses and other behavior deviations are more intelligently understood and treated.

Let us consider two cases where the fundamental situations are quite similar and see what preventive possibilities arise from our present interest in viewing a patient as a product of his past life experience and relationships. One case is a man who has developed a serious psychosis, and the other is a young boy with constructive possibilities.

The man is thirty-four years old and was sent to a mental hospital because he suddenly developed a psychosis in which he pictured himself as full of purulent material, with devils chasing around inside of him. At home he had become very obstinate, refusing to take any food, and his very solicitous mother's chief reason for bringing him to a hospital was the fact that he was gradually starving himself. If one were interested only in classification it was very clear that he could be classified in the dementia praecox group. But interest extended beyond mere diagnosis and the study of this patient's development was very illuminating.

Study of his personality revealed that from a very early age he had been made the pet of his mother, who had insisted on doing everything for him. As he became older in years this relationship remained at this infantile level, and he became her constant companion, placidly accepting her solicitude and her directing and guiding influence. He continued through grammar and high school living in this sheltered atmosphere. He made relatively few friends and his interests consisted of reading, music, and staying at home. He drifted along with these sporadic interests, occasionally trying to do a few things for himself, but never did much more than help his father in his business. Finally, the death of the father and financial reverses forced him into a more active life, and he left home to attempt a business venture. During a period of six months he tried to achieve a certain amount of independence but found he had no confidence and had no foundation to start an emancipated existence. He failed in his business and sensed his inability to free himself from the emotional dependencies of his childhood. Finally he returned to the only haven he knew, — his mother, — but the solace and solicitude which she gave him was effective no longer. He had tried himself out and had failed, and the psychosis which followed expressed in its content all the pent up emotional strain which followed the recognition of the truth of his pitiful situation.

Innumerable cases of this type have taught psychiatry that the achievement of a healthy emancipation from childhood dependencies is one absolute essential for mental health. Failure to attain it in a balanced way may lead to disease. Psychiatry is utilizing these facts in guiding the relationships between parent and child and is making possible a helpful understanding of behavior difficulties when they arise out of parental mismanagement.

The second case illustrates the application of these facts. The boy was eight years old when his mother referred him to a child guidance clinic because of tantrums and inability to get along with other boys. Examinations showed him to be physically normal and he had good average intelligence. The psychiatrist listened to his story about the great attachment which he had formed for his mother. He told about his plans for marrying her when he became a man and related how he was going to provide her with a fine house and automobiles. These topics formed his

main interests, and he would not discuss his difficulties with other boys nor his tantrums at home. The history of the boy's life explained how this relationship started and grew. The father died when the child was eighteen months old and the mother loaded on this child all the love and attention which would have normally gone to the father. Her whole life was centred in the child, and she did everything for him. The child became more and more dependent upon having her sole and undivided attention; and when he did not receive it, he found that a tantrum was the effective way to get it. He slept with her and she bathed him, and when he was old enough for play she warned him against the rough boys and rough sports. On the playground he wanted his own way, and failing to receive it he would try to bully the boys; when that failed, he would run away crying and seek the solace which the mother always provided. Her solicitude for him and his dependence on her became so obvious that all the boys called him "mother's little sugar plum". Gradually he withdrew from groups because of the friction and the nicknames and in his relative seclusion derived more and more pleasure from day-dreaming about the great things he would do for his mother when he grew up.

The application of common sense directed at the correction of the relationship which was denying the child the opportunity to grow up, made a normal boy in a relatively short time. At first the mother was afraid to let him sleep alone and feared that he would not get himself clean if he bathed himself, but she decided to take a chance. The boy, when allowed to do these and many other things for himself, developed a self-confidence that was new to him and carried over into play and school life. He was soon accepted by the boys as a "regular fellow".

In these two cases there is operating a common factor, — namely the overdependence upon the mother. In the adult the problem was recognized only when a serious mental condition brought out the fact. In the boy the same relationship was recognized at a time when constructive work was possible. But it was mainly through the dynamic interest in the life history of adult cases that psychiatry has come to recognize the significance of this and other life situations as molders of the personality and as factors which make for success or failure. Psychiatry is taking

this knowledge and applying it to the guidance of individuals through the formative years of their lives.

Psychiatry has come to deal with the individual as a whole and is concerned with all factors which contribute to harmonious living. In this sense it stands in a unique position among the medical sciences. The tendency in medicine during recent years has been to subdivide the human being into an increasing number of parts and make each a topic of specialized approach. This has helped tremendously in understanding the functions and the diseases of each individual part; but it has helped many to forget that the part is housed in a living organism and contributes to its well being. Psychiatry attempts to reintegrate the individual and to focus attention on the health of the whole organism.

In making its contribution to health, psychiatry will need to use all the great advances which are making physical health a reality. All the problems of internal medicine are problems of psychiatry. Psychiatry in its broadest sense goes beyond the attainment of good physical health and is concerned with educational facts, intelligent parenthood, religion, industry, habit training, and other factors.

As in other fields of public health, the greatest contributions will be increasingly in the field of childhood. Here one has the opportunity to guide the formation of habits and attitudes and can change situations if it is desired to bring about a change in behavior. The work that is being done to understand the factors which make for deviations of behavior and personality in children is one of the most constructive movements in preventive medicine.

Let me emphasize that in this great field of medicine there is danger of overestimating what can be accomplished. Frequently the psychiatrist is expected to work a miracle, to press a button and release hidden complexes, and to provide some short cut to character and health. Much of the popular literature on psychoanalysis has contributed to this belief. The accomplishments of psychiatry toward making mental health a realized fact will not come through such miraculous methods, but can only come through a patient, careful, scientific consideration of all the facts which mold personalities and influence behavior. If psychiatry continues to advance on broad biological principles it will make the greatest contribution to individual and community health.

THE GOD OF DOSTOEVSKY

I. A. RICHARDS

A NEW current of religious speculation appears to be sweeping through the world. It may be a sign of superficiality in modern literature that our chief writers avoid it, or, if they are touched by it, become at once banal or jejune. Perhaps they are afraid of it, victims themselves of a secret dread. Whatever the reason, we certainly lack prophets. Mr. Lawrence is almost the only contemporary novelist-prophet, for Mr. George Moore in *The Brook Kerith* wrote of piety rather than of religion. But a more charitable explanation of this dearth of prophets is also possible. The problem that faces the modern writer may be for the moment too difficult. Either he must leave his work confused or he must content himself with a type of solution,—some official or unofficial creed,—which no longer satisfies.

That this is the right solution is suggested by the fate of Dostoevsky. A great number of books have been written, especially in the last few years, about Dostoevsky's religion. As so often with prophets a bewildering variety of interpretations can be forced upon him. The bewilderment arises, I believe, from forgetting that he was, before everything else, a novelist or forgetting what a novel can become in a great writer's hands. "Dostoevsky's novels are not novels at all," wrote Mr. Middleton Murry. "It is foolish to attempt to retain Dostoevsky as a novelist for it can only be done by failing to recognize him for what he is. The old expressions he charged with a content that was fantastical; his Christianity is not Christianity, his realism not realism, his novels not novels, his truth not truth, his art not art." This amounts to saying that inadequate ideas about realism, novels, truth, and art do not apply to Dostoevsky, but no more do they apply to any great author. The very same ideas which we need if we are to discuss Shakespeare, Goethe, Aeschylus, Dante, or Tolstoi are needed if we are to understand *The Idiot*, *The Possessed*, or *The Brothers Karamazov*. These ideas in fact are the clue to his work.

Mr. Murry is right in saying that Dostoevsky was not a Christian. In the creative period of his life he was not a believer.

Belief in God as a person, the faith of the Christian religion, was impossible to him for two main reasons. Here is a passage from one of his letters: —

“I want to say to you about myself, that I am a child of this age, a child of unbelief and scepticism, and probably, — indeed I know it, — shall remain so until the end of my life. How terribly it has tortured me (and tortures me even now) this longing for faith which is all the stronger for the proofs I have against it! And yet God gives me sometimes moments of perfect peace; in such moments I love and believe that I am loved. . . .”

One ground for this unbelief is that to which he alludes by saying that he was a “child of this age”, the general argument for scepticism which derives from the fact that modern man knows too much about the universe and about his own place in it. The second ground was his peculiar aliveness to and preoccupation with Pain, and is more important. In *The Idiot* Myshkin and Rogozhin halt together before a picture of Christ at the moment when he is taken from the Cross. Rogozhin suddenly says:

“I like looking at that picture.”

“At that picture!” cries Myshkin, struck by a sudden thought. “At that picture! Why that picture might make some people lose their faith.”

“That’s what it is doing,” Rogozhin assents unexpectedly. All readers of Dostoevsky will call to mind other passages which show how terribly this central fact of Pain haunted Dostoevsky. It was, I think, the main source of his disbelief. Yet, he was at the same time consumed with a desire to believe. The very fact of Pain, the fatal obstacle, itself made the need for a belief more overmastering. This emotional dilemma is one with which most people have struggled in their own experiences. But we tend to escape it either by growing callous or by handing over the responsibility. Dostoevsky did neither. He followed what is the essential procedure of the great artist and grappled with it himself in a life-long and appalling struggle. The stages of this struggle are his novels.

So far all is clear and comprehensible. The difficulty begins when we seek for particulars about this process of grappling with the emotional dilemma, for there are two ways of grappling with internal conflicts; the way of the intellect and the way of feeling

and attitude. The way of the philosopher and the way of the artist. We can either try to hit on a thought which reconciles the conflicting aspects or we can try to hit on a mode of feeling and action, — a way of life which allows the rival impulses to combine, which resolves the clash into a cooperation. Usually, of course, the two processes of thinking a problem out and working it out emotionally are inextricably entangled. This was so with Dostoevsky.

I say "entangled" to suggest that the two processes of thinking out an intellectual solution and of reorganizing our feelings can get in one another's way. There are obviously some problems which *can* be thought out and can be solved in no other way. Mathematical problems for example. This no one will dispute. But there are others which can not be solved by thought, *because they are not, essentially, problems of thinking*. And all the problems with which Dostoevsky struggled are, I believe, of this kind, together with nearly all the problems with which theologians and philosophers have been struggling as far back as our records reach and indeed far further. And, I suggest, not only can these problems *not* be solved by thought, but there is ground for believing that the endeavor to think them out has made them more difficult to solve in other ways. Yet to-day we have the habit of trying to think them out so firmly incorporated into the functioning of our nervous system that any other mode of solution seems to us fraudulent.

I suggest that long, long ago, very soon after the development of language, a disastrous attempt to *understand* the universe began. To understand it, — not in the sense of finding out how it works, that is a task in which science is being admirably successful, — but to comprehend it, to grasp what it is and what we are who are parts of it. We all know moments when we seem to grasp this, but such moments pass, and what it is that we have grasped we fail to say. If we look more closely we find that these are moments of feeling and that the "knowledge" they seemed to yield was not like our "knowledge" that fire burns and water quenches but rather an immediate sense of clarity, serenity, and energy. We build up a set of beliefs to justify these feelings, all important as they are, and persuade ourselves that it was the truth of these beliefs that we grasped in the moment of vision through which we seemed to understand the world.

This is, of course, an incomplete analysis but sufficient for the moment. I call this attempt disastrous for two reasons. First, because these beliefs tend to be overthrown whenever we find out more about how things work or about the history of the world. And since we have pinned many of our most valuable feelings and ways of behavior to these beliefs, the feelings tend to be damaged when the belief is overthrown. This has been happening lately on a large scale but we ought to realize that what has happened already is nothing to what is likely to happen if the youngest of the sciences, Psychology, should at last begin to make headway. It is probable that the whole fabric of our accredited ideas about ourselves will go down in the near future, — it is cracking already, — and if this should happen a moral chaos such as man has never experienced may be expected. Raskolnikov and Smerdyakov can be considered advance samples of this chaos.

But there is another reason for thinking this attempt to understand the universe disastrous. It is that the attempt itself has complicated our feelings in ways which are unfortunate. Originally, I conceive, beliefs of the kind I am discussing now arose as *Rationalizations* of feelings and practices which had a deep root in human circumstances and necessities. The feelings came first, and the belief is just something which, if it were true, would make such feelings seem reasonable. But the belief once established has a back-wash influence upon the feelings which were originally its ground. It combines with other beliefs of different origin and becomes distorted. It gets worked up into a system, and then it may happen, — I believe it has constantly happened, — that the feelings it fosters become *unnatural*, they no longer spring from Man's needs. The feelings fostered by a belief in Hell Fire, are a glaring instance, but there is a case for thinking that nearly all religious feelings are in this sense nowadays unnatural. They do not appear to arise in the child until he has been subjected to the influence of beliefs.

There is another side to all this of course. Probably this characteristically human aberration has been from time to time invaluable to man. Many of his best traits would never have developed without religion. But perhaps it is only those of his religious feelings which are least *unnatural*, least disturbed by beliefs, that are really to be praised. A great deal has certainly

come into his mind by the same means which he would be better without.

I am thinking of certain forms of callousness, of discontent, of homesickness for heaven, of nostalgia, of yearning after the impossible; of much pride, vain-glory, and hypocrisy; and at the same time of much cultivated and unjustified humility. These are vices of the mind which we owe in large measure to religious beliefs.

The names of three of these feelings which may be regarded as among the unfortunate products of religion are: (1) Spiritual pride or megalomania. (2) Nostalgia for the ultimate or yearning after the other world. (3) Self-abasement or self-humiliation.

They bring us sharply back to Dostoevsky. No other writer has put so much of these three into his books. All his most distinctive figures (with the exception of Myshkin and Dmitri Karamazov), are made monsters through exaggerations of one or the other of these three feelings, spiritual pride, nostalgia for the ultimate, and the enjoyment of self-humiliation, — the three are not independent. Moreover it is these exaggerations which make them unlike the characters of any other writer.

There are, I admit, forms of Spiritual Pride, Nostalgia for the Ultimate, and gusto of self-humiliation which are not religious in origin. For example the forms normal to adolescence. But I suggest that the special forms which have so prominent a place in Dostoevsky are specifically due to religion. They are the cosmic forms of these feelings and spring from the fact that he was so preeminently a "God-tormented man", one who had the feelings of religion without the beliefs and one for whom the impossibility of the beliefs was devastating, since, *for him*, it left the feelings without their justification.

With a suitable set of beliefs these feelings are *comparatively* harmless. *Spiritual Pride* can become the sense of an immortal destiny (of a life to come which will justify these exorbitant feelings of importance). *Nostalgia for the Ultimate* becomes the Love of God. *Gusto of Humiliation* can become either penitence or the Fear of God.

But without such beliefs the feelings may turn into disintegrating forces and play havoc with the personality. Their proper counterbalances do not come into play. This happens again and

again with Dostoevsky's characters and would have happened probably to Dostoevsky himself but for his power as a creative artist, a way of salvation denied to his heroes. Ivan Karamazov, it is true, tried the same way out, but Ivan was only an amateur.

Let us consider rather closely the character in which Dostoevsky carried this disintegration farthest, Stavrogin the hero, Lucifer-like in his beauty and his pride, of the book called *The Possessed* whose real title is *The Devils*. What is Stavrogin essentially? Several theories have been put forth. According to Mr. Murry he is essentially the Conscious Will which has cut itself completely loose from the life of instinct; he is the limiting point of consciousness and his suicide is the logical outcome of the purely conscious life, the end to which pure consciousness must always come. Stavrogin, by this theory, is purely a Will seeking always more and more extreme tasks to perform. A Will testing its strength to the uttermost. Therefore when this spoilt darling of St Petersburg society has exhausted the possibilities of ordinary experience he turns to debauchery, not because it attracts him, — nothing attracts him on this theory, — but because it doesn't. His debauchery is part of his policy of trying everything. And afterwards he turns to exploit the possibilities of the ridiculous. He secretly marries a lame idiot girl, he pulls a pompous clubman's nose, he bites the Governor's ear, because these feats are still more arduous tests of his strength. So finally he publicly denies his marriage (knowing that soon he will publicly confess it) and, crowning triumph, he refrains from killing his disciple Shatov when Shatov, because of the lie which Stavrogin has just told, strikes him in the face. This last act of self-conquest is for Mr. Murry the end of Stavrogin. His Will has triumphed over his pride and in so doing it has slain itself. Henceforward he is only an empty shadow, a dead man already, to whom all things are the same.

This is a very plausible theory. Unfortunately, since Mr. Murry wrote, an additional chapter of *The Possessed* has been published. I refer to *Stavrogin's Confession*, an addition which throws a flood of light on Stavrogin's psychology and incidentally on Dostoevsky's own. So far from Stavrogin's experiments in the ridiculous being supreme tests of his will power they are seen to have another source. Stavrogin himself is speaking: "Every un-

usually disgraceful, utterly degrading, dastardly, and, above all, ridiculous situation in which I ever happened to be in my life, always roused in me, side by side with extreme anger, an incredible delight. . . . It was not the vileness that I loved (here my mind was perfectly sound) but I enjoyed rapture from the tormenting consciousness of the baseness." With Dostoevsky's other books in mind there is nothing in this that need surprize as Stavrogin's lust for a consciousness of vileness links up with his pride and the two together are the key to his religious dilemma.

According to Shatov (who through his resemblance to Myshkin and Alyosha Karamazov is certainly the character in *The Possessed* who has the most authority and the best claim to speak the final word) Stavrogin is "an atheist because he is a snob, a snob of the snobs. He has lost the distinction between good and evil because he has lost touch with the common people." The true Russian is untouched by the difficulties and dilemmas of the Intelligentsia because he has his work to do.

"Listen," Shatov says, "Attain to God by work, it all lies in that. Peasants work, ah, you laugh, you're afraid of some truths."

But Stavrogin was not laughing.

"You suppose that we can attain to God by work," he repeated, reflecting as though he had really come across something new and serious which was worth considering." Shatov with his belief in Russia, in the new advent, in the Russian Christ (views which Myshkin before and Alyosha afterwards also expound and which were Dostoevsky's views also as a publicist) represents a past phase of Stavrogin. A faith which Stavrogin had himself tried in vain to hold. But even Shatov, and here he is speaking for Dostoevsky himself, can not believe.

When Stavrogin challenges him Shatov can only stammer, "I, — I will believe in God."

Not one muscle moved in Stavrogin's face. Stavrogin too did not believe in God, and as the *Confession* makes clear he had given up trying. What he is trying to do instead is to find a way of forgiving himself. He is tormented by remorse for the crime he confesses to Bishop Tikhov, a crime which Dostoevsky could invent for him to have committed. For Stavrogin at this stage God would have been primarily a means by which he could have been punished and forgiven. But he knows this and such a belief seems

to him too easy a way to forgiveness. His self-contempt is so great that, even if Christ could forgive him, he, Stavrogin, can not. This self-contempt again remarkably resembles pride.

Two years before the crisis of the story Stavrogin had two disciples, Shatov and Kirilov, both men of fine simplicity and innocence. To both Stavrogin had seemed little less than a Messiah. Simultaneously, but without either knowing about the other, he had indoctrinated them with utterly dissimilar creeds, Shatov with a faith in the Russian God and Kirilov with views which in the interval have been worked up into the conviction that it is his duty to kill himself because God does not exist. Since God does not exist he, Kirilov, must be the supreme Will in the universe, and as such he is bound to show self-will and the highest self-will is the destruction of that Will by itself. But Kirilov like Shatov has not lost touch with the common people. His social impulse is still strong. He kills himself in order to prove that man is God, and to make it unnecessary for other men to kill themselves. Once he has proved this, the Man-God will arise, the earthly Paradise will come about.

For Stavrogin this strange argument takes a parallel form, but with a difference. Since God does not exist he, Stavrogin, must take on God's functions. He must punish himself in order to forgive himself. In the end he too kills himself. But not to show the way or to inaugurate the reign of the Man-God. He is evil and knows that he is evil, in just the sense in which he himself says that Kirilov is good. Stavrogin has lost his social instincts. They have gone, together with everything else which makes life possible, in the total devastation of his personality. So he "brushes himself off the earth like a nasty insect". But originally Dostoevsky meant to save Stavrogin, to convert him and to restore him to grace. He found in the end that he could not. The decay in Stavrogin had gone too far. The artist in Dostoevsky, — something stronger than the prophet, the philosopher, the teacher, — intervened. Stavrogin's end was the only one which could be accepted by the whole of Dostoevsky's mind (as opposed to the desperate efforts of a part of his mind, — the part which struggled to believe in God).

This is what I meant at the beginning by saying that the clue to Dostoevsky is that he was an artist. All sorts of partial im-

pulses towards edification, towards optimism, towards the preaching of a premature beatitude, towards a simple salvation through faith in the Russian God, — were always tugging at him but his sense of life as a great artist, the sense of life as it came to the whole of his mind, not a part only, forced him to take another way. This, incidentally, is why he makes Myshkin, his perfect man, an idiot, a thing that has bewildered many readers. He makes Stavrogin (whom he admired perhaps even more than Myshkin) “brush himself off the earth like a nasty insect” because he felt that there was no possible way of life open to him. His pride, his nostalgia for the ultimate (taking the form of introspection), his lust for self-contempt, had eaten away everything and there was nothing left to be saved.

But to put it this way suggests that Stavrogin is no more than an awful warning of the dangers of disbelief. You can of course make him such a warning if you like, but to do so is to miss the point. Stavrogin is a work of art; we shouldn't look at him as an exhibit in a chamber of horrors or as a specimen in a psychological laboratory. Dostoevsky is not using Stavrogin in order to point a moral. He is doing something much more difficult and much more important than that. Stavrogin is there, not as an object lesson nor as an instance, he is there in order that we may imagine him and while imagining him, become more completely ourselves.

In so doing we do not necessarily become more like Stavrogin or less like him (though this will depend obviously upon what we were like before). The whole conception that art works by making us copy or shun the examples held up before us can to-day be rejected as mistaken. What happens is something more difficult to describe. In contemplating Stavrogin, the more fully we realize him and imagine him as Dostoevsky saw him, a change takes place in ourselves. We can express this change by saying that we feel in the presence of beauty. Not that Stavrogin or his suicide or his entanglements in the lives of the other characters are beautiful, far from it; but the whole thing has a combined effect upon the reader, and it is this effect which matters. It was for this that Dostoevsky created him, his history and his fate.

I know that to call this effect the sense of the presence of beauty is misleading. It is only a way of signaling that the effect is valuable in a certain way and if you ask what this way is, I can only

say that it makes a fuller and completer life more easy. Impulses in ourselves which make life difficult or narrow it down into an affair of pretences and evasions become, through such works of art as Stavrogin's story, more manageable. Feelings and impulses for which we have no better names than horror, despair, shame, desolation, pettiness, futility, doubt, and fear get, not pushed out of sight, but somehow reconstituted so as to become parts of a possible way of accepting existence. In other words we find a way of life. This is what God was for Dostoevsky. As Mr. Murry very finely says, "God was for him the possibility of acceptance, the hope of a way of life. He knew that belief in God as a person, the faith of religion as we understand religion, was denied to him forever. He asked no more than a way of life." My own view is that he found it through his work as a creative artist. At the end of his life he wrote in a letter: "There is only one cure, one refuge, — art, creative activity;" and I believe that for those who are less creative the answer is the same.

Yet in this very letter this quest for a way of life is confused once again with the problem of the existence of a Deity. Dostoevsky, never as a thinker in the narrower sense but only as a creative artist, got the two problems separated. He never understood that the way of life which he sought could be its own sanction and that it needs no sanction from a belief in God. The great dilemma which recurs so often in his work, — "If God does not exist then all things are lawful," — the dilemma which drove Ivan Karamazov mad, never gave up its secret to him, yet it is really not a dilemma but a riddle, a verbal ambiguity. If there is no God in the sense of no way of life, no scheme of values, then indeed everything is lawful. But a scheme of values, a way of life, is not dependent upon the existence of a Deity, though historically the two questions have been fused together. Our accepted values, which repose finally upon our needs as social human beings, can, of course, gain a powerful support from a belief in a Deity. But this support is inessential and it is one which Dostoevsky himself when he was most fully alive found himself compelled to do without.

HOW TALK BEGAN

SIR RICHARD PAGET

THERE is probably no single accomplishment in which man excels the rest of the animal kingdom more than in that of "putting it across", that is, in communicating his thoughts by speech and writing. All the higher animals have, no doubt, the power of making themselves understood, more or less, by their fellows. They make great use of emotional cries, — for example, of warning, challenge, fear, joy, anger, pain, or love. They also use bodily gestures for the same purpose, — as when a dog wags his tail or shows his teeth or licks his master's hand. The higher animals also explain themselves by gestures, — as when a dog pulls at his mistress's skirt to "ask" her to take him out for a walk, or goes to call for help in the case of an accident to his master and personally leads the rescue party to the spot.

It is clear, however, that the "language" of the animals is a very imperfect instrument of communication, and that only the most rough and ready messages can be "put across" by such sounds or gestures as animals use among themselves. Further than this, the animals have (so far as I know) no method of recording their ideas. It follows from this that the knowledge and experience acquired by the individual animal can not be made available to his fellows or successors.

The nearest approach, in my recollection, to a method of recording ideas is the device in use among the bees for indicating the presence of good honey (nectar) or good pollen. According to the observations of a German scientist published about two years ago, the bee who found good honey deposited near the spot a drop of scent to advertise the find and returned to the hive, where she performed a ceremonial "honey" dance. Whereupon, all the other workers who required honey went out and searched for the scent mark. If, on the other hand, the original worker bee found good pollen, she scented the spot as before, but, on returning to the hive, performed a different kind of dance which signified finding pollen. Here then, is a combination of a gesture or sign language with a method of recording by marking the site of the objects referred to by the signs.

According to Professor H. F. Osborn of the American Museum of Natural History, — and there is no better living authority, — man has led a separate existence on this planet for something like two million years. The beginnings of his invention of the art of speech are, therefore, almost unimaginably remote. Yet it is possible, by the study of speech, even as we have it to-day, to form some idea of how it began. By experiment as to the actual nature of the various speech sounds and by comparing the sounds with the “posture” or “gestures” of the tongue, lips, and other vocal organs, a rather surprising conclusion is reached.

It appears that in listening to human speech we are not really interested in the *sounds* of the speaker's voice. What we are actually listening for are indications of the movements, — postures or gestures, — the speaker is making with his organs of articulation, that is to say, his lips, tongue, soft palate (which opens and closes the passage to his nose), and the other movable parts of his throat. In other words, it appears that when we talk, we are symbolizing our thoughts (or such of them as we intend for publication) by making a kind of sign language, and that when we listen to another person talking we are reading his sign language “by ear”. Our method of understanding speech is, therefore, exactly the same as that of a deaf person who has been taught “lip-reading”, only he lip-reads by eye, while we do the same thing by an unconscious process of decoding the sounds of speech back into the sign language of tongue and lips which produced them.

The method by which the sign language of articulation was originally developed can, of course, only be guessed at, — and by a big guess at that, seeing that we have to guess across a million years or two. But the case is not hopeless. Let us imagine that man, in his most primitive state of civilization, behaved not unlike the higher animals now, and that he expressed his emotions by emotional cries and explained himself by gestures of his face and limbs generally. As he became more and more engrossed in the arts and crafts, — chipping flints for knives, axes, and arrows; pursuing the chase; making bone needles; piercing shells for the use and ornament of his lady friends, and so on, — his hands would obviously become more and more occupied. It became inconvenient to be always using his hands to “explain” himself;

he tended to make his sign language more with his face and finally with his mouth and throat.

Then he made a great discovery! He found that if he produced his sign language *entirely* with his tongue, lips, and throat, and made an emotional cry at the same time, the emotional cry acted as a "carrier wave" for the gesture of the mouth and throat, so that the gesture itself could be recognized by ear, — even in the dark or when his correspondent was far away or even out of sight.

So far so good. But how did our primitive ancestor decide on the appropriate gestures to make with his mouth and throat? Such an entirely new art could hardly be "invented" in the popular sense of the word; it must have grown up by a gradual and natural process out of something which existed before. The answer, I believe, is that man started to speak by imitating with his tongue and other vocal organs the gestures which he had previously made with his hands, or rather with his hands and face together.

Let us see how such a plan would work out in practice. His old, original gesture for "little" would be to represent something small with his hands. His corresponding speech gesture would therefore be to make a small mouth, bringing his tongue forward near his lips and partly closing his lips so as to make a small cavity. His hand gesture for "big" would be one which represented something big; so his speech-gesture would be to make a big mouth, with large opening of the jaws and tongue far back.

It is not necessary to run through his whole vocabulary; but two other instances may be cited for the sake of the sequel. To represent the idea of "dig" or "digging", our primitive friend would no doubt try to dig with his tongue, unless he preferred to represent the idea by imitating the action of a badger, — which is what the Red Indians actually did in their sign language. Let us take the first alternative and try to dig with our tongue. I imagine that we start with the tongue as high as possible, touching the roof of the mouth just behind the teeth, and then drive it down vigorously till the tip of the tongue is behind the lower teeth; then for the upthrow, we jerk the tongue up and slightly backward till it just touches the roof of the mouth again. This series of movements makes a fairly good imitation of a digging gesture.

Lastly we will take the idea of shaking, like shaking a mat. That is simple: the tongue is just shaken up and down inside the mouth so as lightly to touch the roof of the mouth and the floor of the mouth behind the upper and lower teeth alternately.

Now let the reader try these "signs" for himself and see what kind of spoken word results when the gesture is accompanied by a humming sound made by his vocal chords to act as the "carrier wave". The little mouth now makes a "word" like *ee-ee* or *ii-ii* (as in French), according to the extent to which we close our lips. The big mouth makes a word like *aw-aw* or *oh-oh*, in the same way. The digging gesture sounds like *tab-dee* or *tab-ree*; while the shaking gesture makes *olly-olly* or *orry-orry*.

The interesting fact was brought to my notice by Dr. Neville Whymant, — an expert on the Polynesian, Japanese, and Chinese languages, — that in certain early forms of those languages the word for little is *i-i* (pronounced *ee-ee*); big, *o-bo*; dig, *tadi* (pronounced *tah-dee*); shake, *ore-ore* (pronounced *orry-orry*).

It can hardly be supposed that these four words have all lasted for a million years or more and really represent the first human efforts at mouth pantomime as a means of expressing human thought. The more probable explanation is that the method of making symbolic or pantomimic gestures with the human mouth and throat is as natural to *bearing* man as the making of corresponding gestures with the hands is to those who are born deaf. If that is so, the same sort of gestures would tend to be invented in succeeding ages. I lately came across a case which gives definite support to this idea. It was that of a boy who, up to the age of three and a half or four years, had not learned to speak his mother tongue (English) but used a language of his own. In that language little was called "*ee-ee*", big was called "*oh-oh*"; a dog was called "*ba*", probably made by imitating the action of a dog in barking; and so a big dog was "*oh-oh ba*" and a little dog was "*ee-ee ba*".

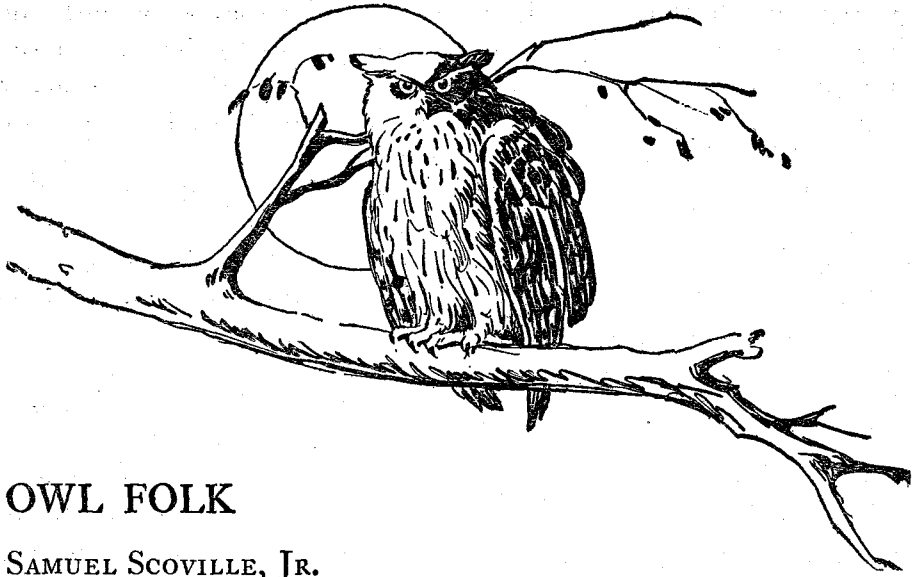
Many others of the invented words used by children, which have been recorded by such students of language as Professor Otto Jespersen, of Copenhagen, one of the leading authorities on the English language, appear to me to have been formed in this way. The widely used child word "*ta-ta*" for good-bye is especially interesting in this connection, for it results from a

gesture which can be made either with the tongue or with the hand. To say "ta-ta", we lift our tongue up to the roof of the mouth and drop it down rapidly twice in succession; to signal "ta-ta" we lift our hand up as high as it will go (without moving our wrist) and drop it down rapidly twice or more in succession. The two methods of hand sign and mouth sign still live on side by side!

It is not necessary to limit ourselves to Polynesian or baby language. Our own English of to-day still bears evidence of the same method of word formation by means of pantomime gestures of the "organs of articulation". A very large number of our English words can be traced back to what is known as the Aryan or Indo-Germanic family of languages, from which Sanskrit, Greek, Latin, and most of the European languages are derived. Thus the English words anger and anguish come from the Aryan root *agh* or *angh*, meaning to choke or strangle. Let the reader try for himself the gesture of the tongue which produces the sound *agh* or *angh*. Is it not a choking or strangling made by the back of the tongue against the back of the throat?

Or take the words "apt" or "adapt", which are derived from the Aryan root *ap*; meaning seize. What is this but a seizing gesture, a sort of snapping, made with the lips and jaw? Our word "car" comes from the Aryan root *kar* or *kal* (R and L are caused by very similar tongue gestures), meaning to move, speed, run. Another root of the same sound means to curve or to roll, whence our words "circus", "circle," etc. In these and many other words the consonant L, which is produced by a rapid flick of the tongue, denotes movement of some sort; while R, which is a similar gesture but with a certain amount of bending back of the tongue, denotes bending, binding, or enclosing.

About one in every seven or eight of the Aryan roots listed by Dr. Walter W. Skeat in his well-known Etymological Dictionary of the English Language, will be found to bear traces of this same method of formation. The tongue and lips performed the appropriate symbolic gesture, and a "call", made by the vibration of the vocal chords inside man's Adam's apple, converted the gesture into the spoken word.



OWL FOLK

SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.

Drawings by Herman Palmer

TWO of the fiercest and least known of our birds of prey are the barred and the horned owls. My acquaintance with the first named of those deaths-in-the-dark goes back to a day many years ago when I traveled down to Maryland with the Banker on a search for the nest of the prothonotary warbler, that bird of burnished gold, who builds a home of green moss in a deserted woodpecker's hole.

All day we had poled a leaky boat over a mill-pond and a flooded marsh, while prothonotary warblers with golden throats, heads, and breasts and blue-gray wings flew here and there through the curling mist and gave their loud, ringing notes which sounded something like that of the Kentucky warbler. I found the first nest in a hole in a little red birch stub sticking up in a corner of the pond. It had just been built of fresh green moss with brilliant yellow feathers imbedded in the green. The Banker found the second nest with four young prothonotaries in it, and we sat for a long time watching the parent birds feed them May-flies.

I had just learned the squawking note of the blue-gray gnat-catcher, "like a mouse with a toothache," as Chapman describes it, and had caught a glimpse of the little gray birds in the

high treetops, with the long feathers in their tails, when a tragedy occurred. An overhanging bough knocked off my glasses, and they sank in the black water of the pond and stayed sunk in spite of my frantic groping after them. Without them I could see nothing and the rest of the day I learned how the blind galley slaves felt who were chained to the oar in the Carthaginian days. The Banker kindly described the sixty-five different kinds of birds which he identified in that marsh as I rowed him back and forth.

That night we stayed at the miller's house and ate the worst supper that money could buy. The miller's wife had evidently been born a bad cook and by careful practice had become worse. It was over at last, and the Banker and I retired to a room under the rafters which contained one window and a mountainous bed. The rest of the space was taken up by mosquitoes. I undressed, jumped into bed and sank out of sight. The Banker located me by my muffled cries for help and pulled me to the surface just in time to save my life.

Thereafter we molded a conical crater in that feather bed and carefully fitted ourselves in, leaving a large air-hole at the top. It was a hot night. The mosquitoes bit steadily and that feather bed was a furnace seven times heated. All night long a barred owl hooted under our window, over three million times, — the Banker said that he counted the notes. By the time morning came, I had learned the call for life. It sounds much like the hoot of the great horned owl, which goes, "Who, hoo — hoo — hoo — hoo," keeping the same pitch throughout, the note usually being repeated nine times, so that in some parts of the country he is known as the "nine-hooter". The call of the barred owl, however, always ends in a deep, hollow note with a downward cadence, which may, perhaps, be written, "hoo-aw." The cry of either of these large owls in the darkness, even from a distance, has a curiously weird, menacing quality.

My next meeting with a barred owl came while I was camping with one of my oldest and best friends in the depths of the Maine woods. Because of his phenomenal and unrestrained appetite, we found one day that our provisions were running low, although we still had a week to go; and I highly resolved to eat everything that I could catch or shoot. The next evening I saw several ruffed grouse start to roost in the top of a spruce tree and then fly out

OWL FOLK

again. By the time I reached the tree with a gun there was apparently only one partridge left, a large, plump bird perched in the very topmost branches. Drawing a careful bead, I fired, and down he came. I rushed to pick the bird up and the next moment a set of curved talons sank deep into my hand. The ruffed grouse turned out to be a barred owl, who stared at me weirdly out of his cavernous black eyes and hissed and snapped his beak threateningly.

When I brought the dead owl back to camp, although it was my friend's night to do the cooking, he refused to have anything to do with it. He said that he had heard of boiled owls but as far as he was concerned he would neither boil, broil, nor fry that one.

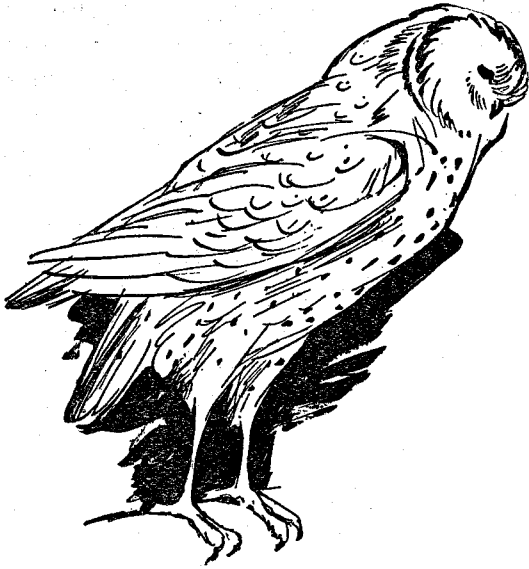
It was not until April 6, 1919 that I had my next experience with a barred owl. On that day three of us were birdsnesting at Salem, New Jersey. It was a gray, warm morning full of field-sparrow songs, the mourning of the wood doves, and the mellow "Wheep! wheep! wheep!" of cardinal grosbeaks. Everywhere was the croon of toads on their annual pilgrimage back to their marsh and the clattering click of cricket frogs, while overhead soared and circled scores of turkey-buzzards. The first find of the day came to my lot in the shape of a woodcock's nest, in which were three velvety brown little chicks with the pips still on their soft, flat little beaks.

A little later a flying squirrel soared away out of a flicker's hole, and after that we found two young gray squirrels in a nest made of bark, rolled up in a round fuzzy ball. I put them in the pocket of my shirt to keep them warm and they snuggled up together and whimpered like any other babies when disturbed. One of my friends took them home and gave them to a tame mother-rabbit



BARRED OWL

THE FORUM



BARN-OWL

who brought them up properly and they are still the favorite pets of his little boy.

Later on I climbed up a tree in a swamp and stared down into another hole, where I hoped to find the nest of a wood-duck, that beautiful purple-crested little duck which nests in hollow trees. There was no duck in that tree, but in the bottom of the hole I saw two eyes like pools of flame staring up at me and found that a female

raccoon had made her house there, so I came away hoping that later she would safely rear a family of little raccoons. Then I found a crow's nest in a tree only fifteen feet up with six eggs, five sage-green and one light blue and speckled. Beyond the marsh, a black duck suddenly flew out quacking from a dry bank and there, under a laurel bush, we found her nest, lined with down from her breast and containing thirteen gray-olive eggs.

The great adventure of the day, however, came to us in a black-gum swamp. We splashed our way through mud and water until we came to a couple of large hollow trees not fifty feet apart. In one was the nest of a barred owl containing two eggs in a hollow about twenty feet up, while in the other tree a barn-owl had made her nest in a hole some fifteen feet from the ground and laid there six round white eggs about the size of a crow's egg. Both nests contained dead field-mice while in the barred owl's hole was the wing of a screech-owl and the feathers of a marsh-hawk, which that fierce sky pirate had evidently killed and eaten. While we were staring up at the trees, the female barred owl came skimming like a gray shadow through the woods and, approaching the nesting-hole, suddenly plunged into it, apparently without slackening her flight in the least. One of my friends secured a

snapshot of her as she entered her nest and the camera showed something which our eyes were not quick enough to follow and gave the explanation of how so large a bird could plunge into a tree at full speed without receiving any injury. When the plate was developed it showed that just as she reached the hole she turned a somersault and reversing her wings, checked her flight for an instant and slid in feet foremost, a bit of aeronautics which I fancy only the most skilled fliers among the bird-folk can perform.

Not six feet from that barred owl's tree was a hollow log where a month later a turkey-buzzard nested, that strange, sinister bird who usually lays her two enormous, spotted eggs either in a cave or a hollow log. These three nests all within twenty feet of each other constituted the most extraordinary combination that I have ever seen. Usually the larger owls will not allow any other bird of prey to nest near them but in this case these three had lived side by side in peace and amity for a number of years.

The barn-owl which flew out of the tree from her nest while we stared up at it, was one of the strangest looking of all the owls. Her face was concave, giving her a strange monkey-like appearance, and when she flew her long legs trailed out behind and her light mottled plumage seemed almost white. One evening I saw a pair of barn-owls at Haverford, Pennsylvania, where I live, hunting and quartering over a field after field-mice, and they looked in the moonlight like two enormous white moths.

Up at Oaks, near Audubon's old home, I first heard the barn-owls' note at dusk, a grating call, as if some one were sharpening a rusty saw with a file. I have also heard the same note in a patch of woods not far from my home and the bird is probably far commoner than we suppose. The barn-owl is undoubtedly the most useful of all the owls as it kills an enormous number of rats and mice every year and rarely, if ever, kills a bird, — which is more than can be said for the rest of the family.

My last adventure to date with the barred owl occurred as recently as the fifteenth of March, 1926. On that date I started with the Collector to explore a patch of woods in New Jersey, where on April sixth a year before he had found a nest of the barred owl containing two young birds and an addled egg. Half a mile away, a red-shouldered hawk had been nesting. That

tigress of the air, the barred owl, would not brook any rival raptorees in her woods and one night attacked the mother-hawk on her nest and literally tore her to pieces, the tree being covered with feathers and fragments of flesh and bone.

It had been a month of freezing cold. The thermometer was only sixteen above when we started, and it did not seem to me that any sensible bird would dare to start housekeeping in such weather. At a little station not far from Princeton we alighted and, making a long detour through the frozen woods, had come within fifty yards of the nesting-tree when suddenly from a wide, shallow hole in the trunk, a great, concave face with a hooked beak and black, staring eyes thrust itself. Through the side of the tree the bird with her microphonic ears had heard us coming.

In another instant she pulled herself up to the edge of the hole and with a flap of her wings shot away like a gray cloud, a big, burly bird, who looked enormous as she flew. Moving back among the trees, we sat down on a log and awaited her return. Ten minutes later we saw a shadow moving towards us among the distant tree-trunks, and a moment later the owl alighted on a limb not far from where we were sitting. With her gray feathers fluffed by the wind, she looked like a ragged hornet's nest hanging from a limb. Like all the owls she was unable to move her eyes and consequently kept turning her head from side to side with a curious, peering, human-like gesture. Each feather of her plumage was edged with white and buff, and there was much black and brown coloration, but at a distance the whole effect was gray. The most impressive thing about the bird was her cavernous black eyes, unlike the molten golden ones of the great horned owl. These stared hollowly out from the sunken disc of her face, like the eyes of a spectre.

As we watched her, she suddenly flew directly to the nesting hole, her great wings, muffled with down, making not the shadow of a sound. Arrived at the hollow she sat on the edge and then sidled in head-first, her barred tail feathers showing for a moment over the edge. A moment later she came out again and flew away as the Collector climbed up to the hole. The nest itself was a hollow only a foot deep and had no lining other than a few dried oak leaves and a few feathers. It contained three round white eggs about the size of a small hen's egg. As we moved away we

heard the sudden furious cawing of a number of crows in the distance and my last view of the barred owl that day was the sight of her fleeing through the distant treetops, closely pursued by a pack of cawing crows who followed her like black hounds of the sky.

It was under a soft, rain-gray sky full of April showers and streaks of robin's egg blue where clouds of mist washed the face of the woods and played hide-and-seek with emerald-green patches of early wheat on distant hillsides, that I found my first long-eared owls. Close to the road along which I walked, grew a little grove of white pines, planted by some forgotten tree-lover long years ago. The ground beneath one of the trees was white with chalk-like droppings, and on the ground were gray pellets made of mouse-fur and full of little skulls and bones. So plain were the signs of an owlery that I marvelled again, as I have so often, at the unseeing eyes of those who had passed that tree all winter long and never suspected what it contained.

High up among the branches perched, from dawn to dark, five long-eared owls. Although each one sat up over a foot in height, yet so cunningly did they blend with the twigs and branches that one had to look close to make them out. As they perched there in the dusk of the treetop, when they lowered their high tufted ear-plumes and moved their heads back and forth, they looked with their gleaming eyes like angry cats. Their eyes were round and yellow and staring with large black pupils, while between them showed an angle of white feathers. Their faces were orange-brown, and the rest of their bodies showed a mottled gray. These birds made no sound, but up on Cream Hill, at Cornwall, Connecticut, I have heard their call, a sudden abrupt note like the barking of a distant dog.

It was in a very different country that I had my next experience with one of the owl-folk. In the west the afterglow, all amber and lune-green, still barred the violet dark which flowed like a flood across the Barrens. One by one the pitch-pines marching in sombre rows across the white sand were blotted out. Then as the last gleam of sunset faded, there came a sudden brightness in the east and a rim of raw gold showed above the edge of the world. For an instant that lonely wasteland lay still as sleep. Then, as the full moon climbed the sky, from far-away bogs and gold-

green pools came the clear voices of the hylas like tangled chimes of tiny silver bells, while in the wet thickets wood-frogs clattered and quacked and honked.

Suddenly, in the distance sounded the ghostly call of a great horned owl, "Whoo, hoo-hoo, hoo, hoo," and a few moments later across the moonlight drifted a shadow from whose depths two dreadful eyes flared like fire. It followed the windings of a silent stream stained brown and steeped sweet by a million cedar roots and vanished in the branches of a sweet-gum which overhung the water. The next instant a great owl some two feet high sat perched on a dead limb of the tree. Its plumage was a blending of black and gray and tawny with a broad white collar, while an angle of black feathers on its forehead gave a scowling effect to the bird's glaring eyes. When he saw me he drifted away across the Barrens like some great moth. In the moonlight his shadow, black, contorted and threatening, swept on ahead of him, a veritable shadow of death to all the brown bunnies abroad that night and a warning to all wandering night-folk to crouch and freeze and cower until he had passed.

One day in March on the shores of Delaware Bay, I visited a great horned owl's nest. She had adopted an old fish-hawk's nest as her own, and had laid there one round, white egg about the size of a hen's egg. The next year a bald eagle used that nest in March, and in May the osprey who had built it carried on her housekeeping there. So that in the space of about fifteen months there had been three different occupants of that popular home. That day, although we approached the tree with the utmost care, yet the great owl saw us and while we were still two hundred yards away, slipped through the snowy air like a brown shadow. Instantly there was a chorus of caws, and from all points of the compass clamoring crows pursued her as she tried to hide among the treetops. Only when she returned to the nest did they stop chasing her. There, although her long ear-tufts showed plainly above the flat, piled-up mass of sticks none of her pursuers approached the tree and the clamor of the black flock soon died away.

Crows have good reason for their hatred of the great horned owl. On bitter winter nights they must sleep with their heads under their wings; otherwise the unprotected flesh around their

OWL FOLK

III

eyes freezes, and the bird so afflicted eventually goes blind. Any crow, however, who so passes the night with eyes and ears muffled, takes a dreadful chance of being caught by a horned or barred owl. It is no wonder that, when they find one of those vampires abroad by day, they seem to go into a perfect fury of rage.

Once, in the deep woods of northern Pennsylvania, I was searching for a pileated woodpecker's nest with a friend who had



GREAT HORNED OWL

learned to imitate the hoot of a great horned owl. Seeing some crows in the distance, we hid under the drooping boughs of a hemlock while he gave the deep-toned hoot of the owl. The effect was surprising. At the first sound every crow within hearing distance gave a screaming caw and in less than five minutes the sky was black with them, hurrying from all points of the compass. In ten minutes there must have been a thousand crows flying frantically through the trees and peering in and out among the thick boughs, trying to locate the bird which they so feared and hated. At every fresh hoot a perfect bedlam of caws and croaks and screams would burst from the enraged flock. Finally we crawled

out from our hiding-place and instantly there was absolute silence and the black army disappeared as swiftly as it had come.

Sometimes crows find it dangerous sport to bait an owl, even in broad daylight. Another friend of mine followed a flock which was attacking a great horned owl, who finally took refuge in the deep woods where the light was so dim that the owl's sight came back to him. When my friend arrived at the great bird's hiding place he found him with eyes blazing like fire and ear-tufts standing up like horns, flitting back and forth through the shadows with a dead crow in either foot, while the flock shrieked their horror at a safe distance.

The ears of a great horned owl are quite as keen as his eyes. A naturalist of my acquaintance once had a tame one, which he kept in a box in the yard with a small peep-hole in the back. Sometimes at night, when there was a gale blowing, my friend would creep up to the leeward of the box and peep in at the owl. In spite of the wind, the owl always heard him coming no matter how quietly he would approach, and he would invariably find two flaring eyes fixed on his. This same owl would skin a dead rabbit as neatly with his crooked beak as a man could with a knife and after eating part of it, turn the skin back carefully, and hide the remainder under the straw for a future meal.

The great horned owl is the first bird in eastern America to start housekeeping, the mating season being in the early part of January. During the courting period the female sits on a branch half turned away from the male who approaches her cautiously, as well he may, since she is considerably the larger and has a most uncertain temper. Stroking her gently with his bill, he then bows solemnly, rubs his bill against hers, and bows again, sidling all the time nearer and nearer. She receives his attentions bashfully but when once mated she rules the roost and woe be to him if he does not carry out her bidding and bring food to the nest, — and even take his turn on the eggs when she feels the need of exercise.

He is always a good provider, for the great horned owl is the most destructive of all of our birds of prey. In one nest which was examined there were found stored away one meadow-mouse, one muskrat, two eels, four catfish, one woodcock, four ruffed grouse, one rabbit, and eleven rats, weighing all together more than eighteen pounds.

One of my friends, who is a confirmed collector of birds' eggs, once found where a great horned owl had made her home in a hole in a tree. He climbed up to collect the eggs but while his arm was thrust into the hole, his climbers slipped and he found himself dangling by one arm unable either to recover his footing or free his arm. He was in a lonely place in the woods and he soon realized that there was only one way to escape from his terrible predicament. Gripping his imprisoned arm with his other hand, he pulled himself up as far as he could and then let himself drop, breaking his arm but releasing it only to fall twenty feet to the frozen ground below spraining his ankle severely. Though thus disabled he managed to hobble and crawl far enough to obtain help, but was in a hospital for several months before he finally recovered, the moral of which is not to rob birds' nests, — at least not alone.

The owl most frequently seen and heard, even along our city streets, is that little singer of the night, the screech-owl, who may be either red or gray and has ear-tufts like his big brothers, the long-eared and the great horned owls. Never was a bird worse named, for his call is not a screech but a wail, the saddest and sweetest of all the notes of the night. It is easy to imitate. When that is done the little owl will always answer and, if the call is repeated, will drift through the darkness on silent wings like a great moth to where the call is being given.

One winter night I had a group of Boy Scouts out for a camp-fire in a beech wood a few miles from Philadelphia. After supper, as we sat around the fire, I told the boys that if they would keep perfectly quiet I would try and call something up. Then I gave a call of the screech-owl. As the last notes shuddered away through the darkness, from clear across the valley it was answered. Again and again I gave it, with the answering call sounding each time louder and nearer, until suddenly on silent wings a black shape with gleaming eyes crossed the circle of light made by the fire and came directly towards me.

That was too much for some of the younger boys. They grasped me around the knees and entreated me to "send it back", convinced that I had called up some power of evil out of the darkness and it was some time before I could make them believe that our visitor was only a little screech-owl.

My last adventure with a screech-owl came one Christmas

night when I was reading in front of the fire after a long day in the open. Suddenly there came a loud S O S from one of the children's rooms and when I went up I was told that there was "a 'nangel flyin' round the bed".

I hurried to turn on the light, for angels flying or sitting are rarely included in my bird-lists. There on the picture-molding sat a little screech-owl. When I caught him, at first he puffed up his feathers and pretended to be very fierce but at last he snuggled down contentedly into my hand and was only with difficulty persuaded to fly out again into the cold night.



SCREECH-OWL

WHAT IS ART?

Forum Definitions — Fourteenth Series

THAT there are as many views of Art as there are beholders would be a natural, though not original, conclusion from a study of the definitions submitted for THE FORUM's fourteenth word, — Art. Whether order could be introduced into the situation fortunately does not fall within the Definition Editor's province, and as might have been expected the chief conflict of opinion arose in connection with the scope of Art. "Broadly speaking, skill in the performance of any specific task is Art, but, in a limited way, imagination and taste applied to painting and sculpture is the general conception of this term," says Mr. R. C. Haddock (Rock Island, Illinois). Thereby he covers both those who deplore the decline of the Art of Cookery, and those who tend to write articles on Art and Architecture.

To some Art has fallen on evil days: "Art, thou art to be pitied in this year of our Lord nineteen hundred twenty seven! To artists thou art a goofy combination of cubes; to musicians thou art St Vitus Dance or woozy Hawaiian moonlight; to Hollywood thou art a wow." (E. Henry Johnson, Minneapolis, Minnesota). To Professor Herbert R. Grossman (Washington, D. C.) it is "petrified nobility", to Harvey Husted (White Plains, New York) it is "a cherub standing between the naked and the nude", though others might feel that only a tabloid could stand successfully just there.

The function of rules and laws in Art was frequently discussed: "In order to transmute knowledge into Art it is necessary to follow established rules," thinks Mrs. W. C. Cobb (Brainerd, Minnesota). The verbal element was also frequently in evidence, and for Mr. R. E. Roehl of the Incarnate Word College, San Antonio, Texas, "the image of accordant personal and universal consciousness, mediate between mind and universal consciousness, is constituent of beauty in details and organization." So too the metaphor of the "prism of the human mind, receiving the one white ray of truth and throwing it back on the screen of our imagination in a thousand shimmering reflexes of beauty" (O. F. Page, Fredonia, New York).

The great majority of our competitors apparently still believe in "the esthetic sense". Howard Elsmere Fuller (Loxley, Alabama) also holds with another, and usually a different, group that "the end of art is to reproduce nature". It was once believed that we recognize beauty by our sense of beauty (esthetic sense), that the artist is one who recognizes beauty readily in nature and reproduces it in Art, so that the ordinary mortal, who generally has a sense of beauty strong enough to recognize it only in an ideal and concentrated form in galleries, may benefit by the artist's revelation. This was about eighty years ago; but meanwhile writers on esthetics have distinguished fifteen other explanations of beauty, most of them more plausible than the above; and the whole story has been told in simple language (with illustrations) in *The Foundations of Aesthetics* (International Publishers, New York) by a FORUM contributor, Mr. James Wood.

All sixteen views have been adopted by one or another of the competitors; in brief, Art *may* be regarded as "anything that has been or will be called by that name", but if bent on serious discussion, you may prefer to take your choice, — or at least to read what the estheticians say before you add to the confusion. The following is our selection of prize-winning definitions:

1 Man is born into a scheme of Nature not created for him. Against his instinctive desires and activities Nature's environments are inadequate to satisfy him, thus giving rise to his deliberate control of Nature. Art broadly is the activity of man by which he realizes his ideals. The soaring airship, defying the laws of Nature, is an expression of industrial art, whose motto is "efficiency"; the exquisite paintings of a Murillo are the products of man's imaginative play diverted into channels of esthetic beauty. Through this double aspect of Art, man attempts to minimize the harshness of his world. (*Leo A. Diamond, Gary, Indiana*).

2 Art is where you find it, what you will, and as you like it. Some find it in the Five-and-Ten, others in the Louvre. It is all a matter of taste. Philosophically considered, all that Art can ever possibly be is the pleasing, harmonious reaction that an *objet d'art* is capable of stirring in you, the observer. Art, then, exists only in your appreciation and is not a quality intrinsic and inherent in the object itself. Moreover, Art must have its proper setting. Nonsense? Well, try hanging the Mona Lisa in the Five-and-Ten. (*George W. Lyon, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania*).

3 Art is the imagined interpretation of event or fact conditioned by the subjective experience of the individual; it is produced by a conscious process based on an artificial uniqueness, as opposed to acci-

dents of Nature. Art activity in America is now chiefly manifested in machine design. (*Muriel Draper, New York, New York*).

4 Art is the expression of the Universal in the Concrete. In the work of Art the individual, freed from the prison house of his own individuality, the narrow sphere of the pleasures, the joys of his personal experience, escapes into the experience of the joys of all the world, the Universal joys. These are the Artist's gift, the window which he opens in poem, picture, play, giving substance to dreams, vague longings, undefined visions that prophesy to the individual his brotherhood in feeling with all men, a brotherhood which Tolstoi has said it is the office of Art to create. (*T. B. Stork, Germantown, Pennsylvania*).

5 Inductively, an object which has Art embodies these qualities: unity, absence of futility, appeal to primary likes (rhythm, bright color, etc.) It should give lasting pleasure, — "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." Let us remember, however, that standards of Art change in an evolving world. All this is from the standpoint of the consumer of Art. From the producer's standpoint, Art is pain. It is also play. It is a kind of play that induces sleeplessness and nervous sweat; that gnaws at the artist's vitals; that has beauty as its shining goal. (*John S. Gambs, Washington, D. C.*).

6 Art is applied to those human accomplishments which skilfully crystallize in definite form, or sublimate in harmonious expression, our abstract, and often vague, conceptions of beauty, virtue, character, and majesty. Art objects, therefore, are not merely copies of evident realities, but symbols created by keen and sensitive minds to bring out in high relief the somewhat obscure, yet true, ideals of perfection from the deeper recesses of our emotional selves. (*Julius Matz, Fortuna, Porto Rico*).

7 Art can best be defined in terms of its *modus operandi*. It proceeds from the elementary physical to the intellectual; from the intellectual to the exalted. The latter stage tends towards a harmonious synthesis of all sensuous activity. Its materials may be anything; it may connote natural attributes through perceived reality or conceived fancy, or both; but the results remain mere impressions of Nature, true or false. (*R. F. Sullivan, Seattle, Washington*).

8 Art is the embodiment in an objective medium, of experience on which unity, harmony, vitality, and self-sufficiency have been imposed by the personality which was the subject of the experience. In its subjective aspect, Art is the goal toward which emotion and imagination yearn and in which they find rest; in its objective aspect, it is a portion of reality so molded that it becomes a symbol to human beings of this goal and a communication to them of this yearning and this satisfaction. Art is man's way of fulfilling the saying, "Behold, I make all things new!" (*F. Cudworth Flint, Princeton, New Jersey*).

Next word to be defined: — TRUTH. Definitions, not exceeding one hundred words, should reach the Editor not later than July 25. A five dollar book prize for each winner.

NEGRO POETRY

JIS' BLUE

JIS' blue, God,
jis' blue.
Ain't prayin' exactly jis' now, —
tear blind, I guess,
cain't see my way through.
You know those things
I ast for so many times, —
maybe I hadn't orter repeated like the Pharisees do;
but I ain't stood in no market-place,
it's jis' 'tween me and you.
And you said, "Ast," . . .
somehow I ain't astin' now,
and I hardly know whut to do.
Hope jis' sorter left, but Faith's still here, —
Faith ain't gone, too . . .
I know how 'tis, — a thousand years
is as a single day with you.
And I ain't meanin' to tempt you with, "If you be —"
and I ain't doubtin' you.
But I ain't prayin' to-night, God, —
jis' blue.

— *Etta Baldwin Oldham*

HELL FIRE

SINNER, I's heah dis mawnin' ter say
Hell fire is a-burnin' fo' you,
An' it won' be long befo' de Jedgment Day,
An' Hell fire a-burnin' fo' you.
An' lessen you repent you of yo' sin,
You can knock at Heaven's gate but yuh won' get in,
You'll jes' turn around an' see de Debbil grin,
An' Hell fire a-burnin' fo' you!

*Dat's de trufe, good Lawd, I knows it, good Lawd,
Hell fire is a-burnin' fo' me!*

Dem fires is a-blazin' green an' red,
Sinner, dey's a-cracklin' fo' you,
De flames dey leap up higher dan yo' head,
Sinner, dey's a-cracklin' fo' you!
Dey'll burn off yo' fingers an' dey'll burn off yo' toes,
Dey'll burn off yo' years an' dey'll burn off yo' nose,
Oh sinner, I smells de scorchin' of yo' clo'es,
Fo' dem fires is a-cracklin' fo' you!

*Ob brudder, dey's a-cracklin', sister, dey's a-cracklin',
Dem fires is a-cracklin' fo' me!*

Sinner, you'll burn forever an' a day,
Dem fires is a-cracklin' fo' you,
An' den dey'll rake yuh out an' th'ow yun away,
An' dem fires is a-cracklin' fo' you.
You gwine ter be de soot in Hell's smoke-stack,
You gwine ter be a cinder on de angels' track,
Oh brudder, can yuh hear me an' not turn back,
W'en dem fires is a-cracklin' fo' you!

*Dey's a-cracklin', good Lawd, I hears 'em, good Lawd,
Dem fires is a-cracklin' fo' me!*

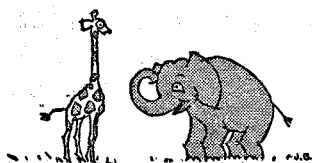
So sinner, I's said whut I come heah ter say,
Hell fire is a-burnin' fo' you,
An' it won' be long befo' de Jedgment Day,
An' Hell fire a-burnin' fo' you!
Sinner, you chooses de way you goes,
An' why you choose de wrong way, no one knows,
But remember, in Hell dere ain't no fire hose,
An' dem fires is a-burnin' fo' you!

— Julia Johnson Davis

FOOTPATH AND HIGHWAY

BY THE PEDESTRIAN

PASTIME AND RECREATION



ECONOMISTS, philosophers, scientists, and Henry Ford seem to be pretty well convinced that with labor-saving devices the working day will soon be reduced to four or five hours; and no one, so far as I am aware, predicts any important change in the length of the solar day. That means an increasing amount of free time. Some wags call it "leisure", but Americans evidently have no notion of mistaking free time for leisure; once their toil is done, they are busier than ever. Still, even if it is not treated as leisure, it is a period each day in which work is not a bread-and-butter necessity; and the pertinent question is already being asked by inquisitive folk, — "What are people going to do with so much free time?"

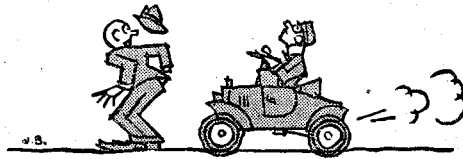
The answer to that is easy: "Nobody knows." It is interesting, nevertheless, to guess from manifest tendencies what people are likely to do. Indeed, it is a most important question if our free time is to go on increasing till earning a living becomes almost as brief a gesture as shaving or brushing the teeth. It does not take a very imaginative mind to picture the day when a man may transact his entire business in a horrible ecstasy of concentration at his radiophone while friend wife is pushing in a few magical plugs to accomplish household necessities (to connect the baby up with its automatic feeder, for instance); whereupon, about nine o'clock in the morning, the two of them call it a job and set about the more important business of spending their free time.

A perverse people we must seem to foreigners, a people who work feverishly and invent devices so that we may win leisure which we don't appear to want. Then, too, we have such a curious way of worrying about it. It might be well if we could just sit down and "rest our hands and face" or, better yet, if we could just play without keeping time or score. In fact, a fairly reliable measure of civilization is not what work a nation does, but what it

does when it doesn't have to work. Has it learned to live as well as to make a living? By that measurement, the Spanish would appear to put some of the more energetic brethren to shame. They will be ready for their leisure when it comes!

But in America the question presses. Call us uncivilized if you like; we are nevertheless worried by it. The favored few, we are sometimes told, have always known more or less how to amuse themselves, to do to-day what could perfectly well be put off till to-morrow, but what will the great army of people, hitherto saved by drudgery from a leisure problem, do to amuse themselves in their new freedom?

Now a cynic walking along our roads might easily predict that these people would spend their freedom in going up and down and roundabout, for that seems to be one of the chief occupations of those, already numerous, who have free time to spend. But that is only one part of the picture, complete and menacing as



it appears to your wayfaring cynic. Public tennis courts, golf courses, beaches, and skating rinks are crowded by people whose grandparents passed their spare time in far less healthful ways. In fact, the privileged few who can indulge in expensive pastimes and who have so much leisure they don't recognize it do not seem to get more real fun out of their games than the hilarious mob that knows Coney better than Dixville Notch. And when it comes to indoor entertainment, — say dancing, movies, radio, cross-word puzzles, cards, — there does not appear to be any great distinction, either; both groups, if a line can be drawn between them, go in for about the same kind of thing with about the same kind of restless avidity; they are all as "busy as a dog after a snake".

The sport side of this renaissance in pastimes is most of it good and should produce not only a better race physically, but a race enlivened and ennobled by a tincture of "sporting spirit". Consider for a moment what sports were common two generations

ago. There was baseball and football for hardy youth, a little tennis, and so little fishing, hunting, and boating that the devotees had the wilderness and the harbors to themselves. Bicycling came and went, but the older sports have grown enormously in popularity. Add to these Winter sports, till recently the sole delight of small boys and of tourists in Switzerland; add swimming, camping, golf; and add also, in that it means exercise outdoors, the great spread of gardening, especially among women.

A good deal may be said, perhaps, against the spectacular side of sport. Americans do inordinately love a spectacle and will pay handsomely to attend a so called "game" about which they must read the next day in the papers, in order to see what they saw. But if the cheap love of spectacle seems to be increasing, the lively participation in outdoor games is increasing faster and should win in the end.

From sports one turns to the indoor activities with apprehension. But even sports, stripped of their chief virtue, have, as we take them, much in common with our indoor activities. Both are too often treated either as serious business or else as mere pastimes, too rarely as recreation. No harm in pastimes, of course, if they do not wear us out; but that, to a Pedestrian way of thinking, is just what a good many of them are doing. In the one case, we take the pastime too hard; we are not really *playing* at it. In the other, we use it solely to dispel ennui, to get us on without fatality from one damned thing to another. That isn't altogether a bad practice, to be sure; for there are incontestably damnable moments which ought to be killed. One may rightly suspect the virtuous soul who never squanders a moment, who is always ready to snatch a book from his pocket and improve what he pretends is a shining hour. But imagine leisure enormously increased, not only in point of hours, but in the numbers who have it to enjoy or to waste. Clearly, within a few years, it may not be so true that "we lay waste our powers" in "getting and spending" *money* as in getting and spending *leisure*. If pastimes do not amount to recreation, if they are to be only business or amusement, it were better to destroy our machines and return to bondage. In the new day, when the works shut down at noon, a man will be in a perilous state if he must kill time daily till coma sets in.

It is not so important, then, to invent new pastimes for new leisure as to convert pastimes into recreation. Now recreation means fun, but it means primarily *work that is fun*. It was Sir Walter Scott, I believe, who said that a new kind of work was sufficient "refreshment to the machine". I am not at all sure that the man who loved his work in the old ten hour day did not get more genuine recreation out of it than many do out of pastimes. If he didn't, the reason probably lay in the fact that he did nothing else; he developed only in such ways as his business made possible.

It is about time, perhaps, for a reference to "a liberal and a learned leisure", for an advocacy of liberal education, of reading which shall not get us forward, but sideways. At all events, hobbies are clearly indicated. A prime feature of a hobby, besides the fact that it is both fun and work, is variety from the regular job. I "communicated" with Francis Bacon on this point and I must say I had more success than those whose messages from their feeble-minded dead are generally irrelevant and trivial. "He who maketh golf his avocation," tapped the sage, "had need be a great reader; he who maketh old books his hobby, had need be a great golfer."





Woodcut by Dorothy P. Lathrop

At First Sight

A Novel in Four Parts — II

WALTER DE LA MARE

Cecil Jennings, who lived with Mrs. Le Mercier or "Grummumma", in Galloway Crescent, had picked up on one of his pilgrimages along the London streets, a small, dove-gray, sweetly scented glove. Because of a peculiar affliction the boy had never been able to raise his eyes above a few feet, and consequently his search for the owner of the glove proved difficult. But a hem of a blue skirt, shoes he recognized, and one bare hand crossed his vision at length, and, — he made a rendezvous with life.

UNTIL that now remote day when Cecil had picked up the stranger's glove, his secrets had been only of an inward kind. His outer life, his funny little groping ways and traits and fads and interests and everything he possessed, including his tailor's and hatter's bills, — all this Grummumma had shared to the full. Not that she ever openly intruded. Not that she exacted confidence. There are other methods of opening a lock than by forcing it. But apart from that, it is difficult to associate ladies of unusually ample proportions with the activities of the spy. Cecil knew perfectly well, and had been again and again assured that anything Grummumma might do would always be kindly meant. She invariably had his happiness at heart, and watched over it, too. It was her very nature not only with Cecil but with the world at

large. Indeed, those fine black eyes of hers appeared to have so extensive a range that attempts at concealment would be a mere waste of ingenuity.

What passed within was another matter. By steadily following the path of least resistance, — though he was candor and openness itself by impulse, — Cecil had tended as he grew up to become more and more secretive concerning anything that happened in his mind. It had thus become the queerest of little refuges all his own. To watch him *there* was almost like watching the innocent inmate of a private lunatic asylum or a novice in a nunnery. None the less, this "closeness" was due, not to the inability to say anything, but to the want of anybody to say all that he wanted *to*. The garden itself was choked to overflowing; at times he felt he *must* just jump over its wall and bolt.

So it must have been simply because Grummumma was not really interested in his mental states that she now failed to notice anything unusual. She remarked, it is true, at luncheon that morning, glancing at him over a forkful of green peas, that he seemed a little out of sorts.

"If I may venture, Cecil, upon a little piece of advice," she said when the peas

had been safely steered to their destination, "and it is none the worse because, as you know, I have long since acted upon it myself, I should eat a little less meat."

He made no reply; and it was perhaps unfortunate that, as usual, she was unable to see his eyes, — eyes which were bent at that moment on the small slice of lamb on his plate with an expression so absent of any particular interest in it that she might for once in her life have been tempted to speculate on what he was thinking about. As a matter of fact, Cecil's whole being was tossing at that moment upon a positive sea of the unusual. He was incredibly, immeasurably out of sorts. A complete convoy of ideas, fancies, interests, circumstances that had hitherto accompanied him in his voyage from one eternity into another, had simultaneously foundered before his very eyes. Had foundered in an ocean immense, unimaginable, — its crested billows of a dazzling whiteness, — its arching skies of an unplumbable blue.

It was odd indeed, though he hadn't realized the oddity, that in his imagination no effort was needed to survey whatever heights and depths had suddenly revealed themselves. He had merely just seized his opportunities, including Grummumma's advice. He deliberately set aside, untasted, two-thirds of his slice of lamb, and even the two new, innocent, little potatoes that accompanied it on his plate. It seemed as though every single hour of his life, — or at least of all its solitude, — far from affording any particular opportunities in themselves, had been merely waiting for this morning.

Grummumma, — with that charming, crooked little finger of hers to her plump white hand, — tossed off the last drops of her customary glass of sherry; and the crumbs of her Bath Oliver having been already neatly brushed up into a heap on the damask table-cloth, she rose to her feet.

"This afternoon," she explained, with a last hasty brush of her table napkin over her lips, "I have to see Colonel Sprigge with reference to my Home." Her Home, — that was for Girls; not the one whose roof so capaciously sheltered herself and the young man still seated at the table. "And what are *you* proposing to do?" She archly wagged her head at him.

Cecil's head with its peaked shade, as it slowly veered round in her direction, had a peculiar resemblance to a search-light, though a search-light has no cowl.

"I thought, you know," he said, "of looking over my arrow-heads. Or I might, perhaps, take another little stroll."

"Well, my dear boy, no matter," returned Grummumma, in her ample fashion that somehow always seemed to suggest a tinge of magnanimous impatience, "do exactly what you please. And don't fatigue your eyes with those dreadfully uninteresting, and I am sure, perfectly murderous, scraps of flint. We can imagine to what dreadful blood-thirsty uses they must once have been put. And if you *do* take a walk, keep out of the sun. Tea then, in your own room, at half-past four. If my talk with Colonel Sprigge permits it, I shall be home about six."

She was gone, silks, voice, presence, and all. And Cecil was left alone with his gooseberry tart and cream, and his thoughts. He sat on until he heard the large varnished door emphatically shut. For a few minutes even after that he remained absolutely still in his chair, until the skirts of the parlormaid sounded at the door. Then he rose and, seizing his gray felt hat and his malacca cane, followed Mrs. le Mercier out into the afternoon sunshine.

He had armed himself with the key to the gate of the little gardens, the freedom of which Grummumma shared with her discreet neighbors. Following a winding, bush-screened, gravel path, he came to a seat beside a patch of ornamental water; and there he sat down.

An immense dejection, hardly due to any heedlessness of diet, had taken possession of him. All that he had intended to say to his stranger, — all, rather, that deep down in his mind, even though unexpressed in words, he had hoped to make clear to her, — welled up into remembrance. All that he had actually said and done, — those clumsy, stuttered speeches, the absurd, motionless way in which he had stood, that conceit about his own silly name, the hideous discourtesy of refusing to share hers after practically asking her to tell him it, all that miserable meaninglessness, — the whole scene came flooding back to remembrance.

He did not mind the young woman's thinking him anything she pleased, except only the feeble nincompoop he had shown himself to be. The clear, cool voice re-echoed in his mind, — her openness, the frank, matter-of-fact tone in which she had claimed the missing glove. He knew exactly how she had stood there, poised and still, searching him with her eyes. Why, he hadn't even offered her his hand when he said good-bye. Had he even raised his hat? His thoughts whirled impotently in a vortex. He longed to go fumbling off once more into the High Street with the faintest shadow of a hope that she might by a miracle be there. And to think when she had appeared, he had been gloating into a hatter's! And now a whole day; and that quiet voice echoing on, — unnaturally quiet, surely, for her age. Supposing she was ill or, — why, anything might happen to prevent their meeting again! And he hadn't even the smallest notion where she lived!

Perhaps she was just being kind to him, and hadn't the smallest intention of meeting him again, or being made conspicuous standing there in that vile crowd of sightseers talking into a kind of green cardboard funnel. Perhaps she just wanted to be rid of him. No, no. Nothing mattered. He must just wait. Just wait for the chance to put everything right; to *tell* her that nothing mattered, except only that she must not let him be any kind of a trouble; that he would never bother her again. And might he perhaps . . . ?

The strained eyes shut for a few moments, and when they opened again, a solitary swan that had somehow managed to retain its pride and beauty even on the muddy shallows of this "ornamental water", had floated in close under the bank, as if in need of company. Cecil stared at the creature from under his shade. Its virgin snow burned in the sunshine at least as purely as that on the far mountaintops he would never see. The plumes of its wings were gently mantled. Its dark-webbed feet were softly paddling beneath the greenish oil-like water.

It was an awful thing to sit there looking at it, and be so unhappy. He was torn to pieces with longing. He didn't want to live any more. If the first real miracle

that had happened in his life could leave him as miserable and dejected as this, what of the rest, of the years that remained? If only he had had a little worldly wisdom, he might at least have known what *not* to say. He could at least have shown more courtesy. Why, she must have scarcely any money at all, not even to buy a new pair of gloves with, and he had blundered in on her confession like the most unutterable of cads.

But there comes an end at last even to self-abasement. A wan and rather sickly smile had come over Cecil's face as he continued to watch this sequestered bird on the water. He took the scapegoat glove out of his pocket and examined the little, round, worn hole in the first finger of it. A sigh that was uncommonly like a sob shook him. "May God bless you for ever and ever!" he muttered in an anguish of sentiment, and pushed it back into his pocket again. And as if the swan had been positively tarrying in the narrow creek beneath him for this precise benediction, it now unruffled its snowy wings and, steering into the blaze of the sun, oared itself out of his sight.

Cecil turned home. There was one thing to be thankful for. He had a latch-key, to save the servants. He turned the key very quietly in the lock. It was twenty minutes to five, though how on earth his watch had managed to deceive itself into making an hour of five minutes, completely baffled him.

His tea was awaiting him in the large, white sitting-room that adjoined his bedroom. He poured it out, — a tepid, rich, red brown, and there under the cover of the dish was the particular kind of scone with a trace of butter within it that he had detested the taste of ever since he could remember. And there was the slice of plum cake. And out *there* the chirruping of sparrows at the window. Everything was exactly the same as it had always been; and he himself, — gross, clumsy, dull-witted, — merely a thing in a dream that had already come to an end. It was monstrous, this "life"!

He put down his cup, rose to his feet, tiptoed out of the room, and having reached his dressing table, took up the brushes he found there. But that was pretense of course: he had not come to brush his hair. He had come to see as much

as possible of the self that she had seen from top to toe. For a minute or two he stood listening, then raised his face by a painful inch or two to peer in at what was confronting him in the wide mahogany looking-glass. And almost before the slightest sensation of the agony that would ensue, if he persisted, had made itself felt, — almost before he had time to realize the fatuity of the attempt, he had turned abruptly away and was presently nibbling his buttered scone, and, despite Grummumma's warnings of the perils of indigestion, had poured himself out an even richer and redder cup of tea.

However, the sparrows continued to chirp, and the western sunlight to pour into the room. But the waft of steam with its gentle gyration on the surface had long thinned away and the contents of the handsome Dresden cup were stone cold before Cecil came out of his second long reverie that day. It was not a happy reverie; for one tiny memory that had been steadily skulking at the back of his mind had at last gnawed its way out. And the process had left him with a deadly hollow ache beneath his heart. Grummumma might be a jealous goddess, but until this instant Cecil had never been conscious of such pangs. Yet, as he gazed on in memory at the shoes, the skirt, the sleeve, and the bare hand that had for an instant touched his own, he was conscious of but one corroding doubt, — that ring! — a ring of discolored turquoises that he had seen encircling the third finger of that left hand.

Yet when he raised his head at last, something very like serenity had returned into his mind. He would explain everything to-morrow. He would be perfectly calm and collected. He would give back the glove and at least prove that he was gentleman enough, however queer a specimen, to withdraw out of the stranger's life with a little more courtesy and less confusion than had accompanied his "butting in".

To judge from Grummumma's *sotto voce* remarks to the parlormaid during their solitary dinner that evening, the consultation with Colonel Sprigge on the affairs of the Home had tried her patience. Apart from this, the courses followed one another in silence. And the occasional diamond-like effects of Grummumma's

eyes in her rather wax-like countenance, owing to this preoccupation, were otherwise engaged than in scrutinizing the young man that sat opposite her. . . .

When next morning Cecil glided rapidly past under Mr. Flaxman Smith's drawing-room window, the pretty parlormaid, glancing down at him, discovered two things, — to her consternation, too, for to-day was her afternoon out: first, that it looked as if a storm was coming on, and next, that her kitchen clock had once more and quite unaccountably lost at least ten minutes.

But it was Cecil who paid for them by finding himself at his trysting place at least that much before his time. He hated being a spectacle, and yet this morning it did not seem to matter; and waiting gave him the opportunity, too, to get cool again and to recover externally, at any rate, his usual fastidious serenity and aloofness. If only his thoughts would follow suit! If only he could breathe equably! If only he could truly and surely believe that she would come!

So helpless and motionless the figure of the young man showed at last, standing there like a sentry close up against the private doors of the tobacconist's and the ironmonger's shops, that a tender-hearted young mother, supposing him to be an unfortunate aristocrat who had come down in the world, had actually pressed a threepenny piece into the loose, dangling hand as, with every attempt to conceal this charitable action, she sped rapidly on. Little actions may have large effects. Cecil's icy-hot chagrin had instantly given way to an almost childish amusement. Threepenny-bits are for luck; and Cecil actually lifted the coin to his lips as if to spit on it before pushing it into his waistcoat pocket. He had obtained money under false pretences. He might at any moment be "run in". A shudder of sheer daredeviltry coursed down his spine. Let come what would, — if only it were she! A peculiar smile was still hovering over the lower part of his face when, indeed, the young woman, as punctual as May Day or Michaelmas and as unexpected as a miracle, was once more in his company; and Cecil actually found himself in gentle motion at her side.

The young man's grotesquely intense face of the day before could not so much

as have hinted at the joy that now somehow radiated from cheek, lips, and chin, — from his very finger tips. It deflected by a hair's breadth the mind she had positively made up. None the less, "Look here," she was saying breathlessly, "I have been thinking over what happened yesterday. And what first I can't understand is why you shouldn't have given me my glove then and there."

Cecil's fingers holding his cane managed somehow also to clasp tight the three-penny-bit in his waistcoat pocket, while his other hand kept guard on the glove. His good angel was smiling at him from over his narrow shoulder.

"Why, you see," he said with a sort of instinctive little bow that might have graced a Spanish grandee, "it seemed so horribly public, and I knew you hated being looked at. Besides, you said I might keep it. Of course," he added as if almost driven into a corner, "I ought to have gone at once to the Police."

"The Police, *that!*" echoed a hasty but slightly mollified voice. "You must have found it very, very quickly. I came back instantly to look for it, and there was nothing and nobody there, — besides all this, I mean. It seems so odd to me you didn't *notice* who had been so stupid. I am always losing things; though I really don't see why I should be reminded of it by, — by strangers." There was a pause, and then like a flash and sharp as a dart came the question: "Had you ever seen me before?"

Cecil faltered. "If you are going to be angry," he said, "I don't think I shall be able to do or say anything at all. All I want is just to explain myself and to give you the glove back. At least I don't, I mean, *want* to do that, but must. It was hateful of me to keep it. You see, I hardly know anybody, and I don't know why, — I wanted to know you. I had never, never seen you before, — and even now, not much. And yet, do you know, I can scarcely believe that's possible. I know I've thought of nothing else since."

The dark, attentive eyes had slipped over his delightfully tasteful apparel, head to heel. How little it told her! And yet that "I don't know why", and the quiet, restful sigh that followed his last word had suddenly stilled the cautious, suspicious mind within.

"You don't know anybody! Then in that case how can you possibly *want* to know anybody you know absolutely nothing about? Why you haven't even, —" and again she could almost have bitten her tongue off at such clumsiness, — "you haven't even," she rapidly corrected herself, "asked me my name. Quite the contrary. What is more, I can't stop talking to you in this hateful mob of people. Probably you don't know how they stare and don't care. But *I* have got appearances to keep up."

In extremes of hopelessness, humanity somehow manages to keep a perfectly astonishing balance.

"If you could possibly be so very generous to me," — Cecil was blurting, "is there anywhere we could go to be quiet for a moment? I only just want to say, however absurd it may sound, that I do know you, — I didn't know I could know ever anybody like that, — and that it was utterly mean of me not to give you back your glove at once, — and to keep you like this being stared at! If you only knew how I loathe these horrible legs scissoring round us, you would at least realize I didn't mean to do *that*."

A curious, crooked expression, — expectation, incredulity, longing, dismay, — hung over the young woman's face.

"Look here," she said, "I didn't mean to be a pig about it. I don't suppose —" she flung back her head a little, "I don't suppose you have ever so much as guessed that you are not the only young fellow loafing about on the 'parade'. It is hateful to talk here, and I'd like to explain a little, too. What's more, by God's help it happens to be early-closing day. I'm in a linen-draper's shop, you know, — serve out the gloves I can't afford to buy. There is the River. Shall we go there? It won't take very long."

At least a dozen considerations came cluttering into Cecil's mind. To become the busiest of conspirators needs very little practice in conspiring. There was Grummumma, and luncheon. There were the private gardens. There were the grounds of the Rectory at the corner where you turn in by the bridge to the tow-path. To put anything off might be absolute disaster. Above everything in the world he wanted not to be remembered as one of the "young fellows on the

parade". The vista appalled him. Skunks, muskrats, and boa-constrictors couldn't have a nastier taste. Could he possibly get to the River without being seen? And supposing — ? Could he possibly take anything of a look round? And then, in an instant, nothing seemed to matter. He was at peace and at ease.

"I can walk quite fairly fast," he replied cheerfully, "if you would just let me keep you in the corner of my eye while we are crossing the road. May it be the River?"

It must be confessed there was comparatively little odd in the appearance of the two as, busily talking, they steered their way across from Messrs. Ewart's & Sons', the Ironmongers', to just past the Post Office, and then on down Unicorn Street round by the sawmills, and, skirting the Bagshot orchard, were presently breathing the sudden, cool sweetness of the air by the riverside. Its meadows on the one side were a-nod with meadow-sweet, and its banks above, on this, green-tented with blossoming lime-trees; while nearer the water, glassing themselves in its flowing dark, hung the whispering gray of pollard willows.

Why this young stranger almost hurried past a seat with a sloping back to it hardly more than a few paces from the water and under a willow, which the authorities had somehow refrained from polling, and chose instead a low, hard, oak one almost full in the sun, Cecil did not even attempt to guess. His one hope was to keep off the thunderstorm, which, in spite of the freshness of the air around him, compared with that of the High Street, was obviously completing its preparations; and to say all that he wanted to say, and to hear as much as possible that he wanted to hear, before it was too desperately near the stroke of one.

There then, these two seated themselves. And the young woman, leaning her bare hands on either side of her on the hot wood, with narrow head inclining a little to the left, began questioning Cecil so fast that he could barely draw breath to follow her up.

"I don't want to know who you are," she once more repeated, "or anything like that. Not a bit. I *believe* you about the glove. I don't believe you are saying

anything that is not the absolute truth. So if you do make anything up, you know now that I shall believe it. So it will be *my* responsibility. And yet I don't believe you will do that either; though I shouldn't blame you if you did. I never knew any that didn't, anyhow. If you would like to keep the glove, keep it. There is not too much in this world, I can tell you, that seems to me to be much worth having. But if you had told me two or three days ago that I should be sitting here this afternoon, when I had promised to have lunch with a cousin of mine, — well," the dark eyes roamed over the now strangely shadowed scene of Junetide spread out before her on the opposite bank of the stream, — "well, I shouldn't have believed myself. Not that I very often have any occasion to do so."

And yet, though she was almost imploring Cecil not to tell her who he was, "or anything like that," he was presently pouring out very little else. As usual, his mind began to run about in what she had been saying like a terrier rabbiting in gorse and bracken: Where next, and where next? Perhaps it was the sound of the word "cousin" that at last drew him out of these confessions. His lips closed a little tighter.

"This is a horribly personal question," he said at last, "but would you mind telling me — " He pointed a forefinger to within an inch of the turquoises that showed bluer, it seemed, because of the gray of the oak that surrounded the finger which they encircled. "Would you mind telling me if you are engaged to be married?"

His companion positively gasped. A sudden scarlet mounted into her face. She flung her hands into her lap. "And so you *think*," she cried, stooping forward a little over them and glancing up almost under the very rim of his shade, "you *think* I should be sitting here with you if the man I was engaged to was waiting to lunch with me? My God! It just shows what horrible mistakes one can make. I don't say a girl shouldn't do as she pleases," she went on even more rapidly, and stooping closer over her lap, her eyes fixed straight in front of her on the sheep grazing in the opposite meadow. "I am free to do just what I like, but if you think, — after what you have said, that

I could do a thing like that, — when I positively kept my promise to the very minute to be fool enough, after all I've gone through, to come and speak to you *there*, — well, I can understand exactly the kind of an old lady the one you say you live with *is*."

Apart from whatever else this impassioned speech might contain, it shot a bleaker shaft of light on Grummma than Cecil even in his most discontented moments had ever so much as conceived possible. It seemed to be his only way of escape, the only possible way of keeping his explosive, enigmatic stranger sitting there beside him in the paradise in the gathering gloom for just a few minutes longer.

"I assure you, I swear to you," he said, "that she is not so bad as that. She has been immensely kind to me. How would you like to have to take charge, or whatever you like to call it, of a person who can't, — well, like myself. I know perfectly well you must hate the thought of being seen with me. You needn't suppose I don't know what they have done for me in making me like this. But I swear, I *swear* I always supposed a ring on the third finger meant an engagement." He groped round as if immersed in an inextricable mathematical problem. "And after all it *is* on your left hand!" A complete silence fell between them. The hands in the blue-serge lap gently clasped themselves together. The young woman never stirred.

"Wasn't that funny of me?" an almost unrecognizable voice a minute or so afterwards replied. "Goodness me! if I *was* engaged to my cousin, — though he happens to be a she, — why, pray, shouldn't I be sitting here putting things right with you and keep him waiting a bit? I have precious little time to myself. He wouldn't keep me long engaged if he made a fuss about that, I can tell you. I just, — and if you must know the truth, — I just wear this ring because I prefer to be alone. I'm sick of the way they, — well, *that's* why. And now please don't think I am asking this for any, — for any horrible motives. But if you *did* see this ring yesterday, why didn't you give me my glove?"

Throughout the comparatively few years of his sequestered existence, Cecil

had been accustomed, for motives that might or might not have been described as "horrible", to being catechised. But not exactly like this. Unlike most such experiences in the past, however, his one effort now was to share every least little bit of the truth that was in him; and he succeeded so well at last that the two of them had presently abandoned all misgivings and were exchanging every least little thought and experience that happened to poke out its happy head in the warren of their minds.

Theirs was indeed a friendship like a game of chess. Could it possibly be only yesterday morning that the pieces were first set out in cold, formal rows, blankly staring at one another across that empty, dangerous country in between! And before that, nothing, — scarcely nothing; yet everything. And then that funny, clumsy opening gambit, and now, — why every single piece on the board was being looked at and examined and challenged and talked to by every other. Not that chess was a flawless game, — or friendship without an occasional check; which, alas, might come not from either player, but from outside.

Indeed even now, practically every one of their fellow townspeople who happened to be sharing the banks of the river with them that morning had long since retreated. Not a single human soul was to be seen near-by. And for obvious reasons. But though Cecil was capable of leaping blindly to conclusions on what for most people would be the most superficial grounds, though even one glance at the sullen surface of the water, one moment's attention to the torpid quiet that was now hanging its ever thickening veils around them, would instantly have warned him of what was coming, he was far too intent on their talk to heed. And his companion did not care. Never, never could either of them have guessed what an immense volume of water had lain treasured up and concealed in the reservoirs of their memory. One odd twist of the hand that now lay gently on the stranger's lap beneath his very eyes, — why, even her empty glove, — had suddenly turned on the tap. It seemed the flood would never cease.

As for herself, a kind of courageous, if not daredevil heedlessness of the future was her unrealized philosophy. She knew

well enough the storm was coming. It was in her blood, in her brain, in her bones. She was its centre, its very eye. And the sudden dartings of her dark glances to and fro drank in the whole menace of the scene with avidity. As she had herself suggested, "young fellows" of the utmost assurance and resource were to be found in full display morning and night, — parading the pavements of the High Street. And yet the young man that now shared this river seat with her, with whom she was actually talking, indeed, as if they had shared the same nursery, had somehow managed to stay clean outside that dashing category.

He was as different in appearance, in talk, in manners, in the complete, odd effect he had on her mind, as a bare coral island is from darkest Africa. She knew "a thing or two" as well as any "thing or two" can be known. And the knowledge had sufficed for most little crises in what had been a fairly lively but what could not have been described as a lavish existence. She had even so much as confessed to Cecil only a moment ago that though the cousin already mentioned had had nothing to do with it, except as a confidante, she had herself already been, as she supposed, in love. And then, with another sudden, unseen touch of scarlet in her cheeks, she had only just managed to refrain from expressing her sentiments concerning the young man who had been responsible for the experiment.

She could at least play fair even on behalf of a creature who hadn't the least notion of what the phrase meant, and she had instantly twisted what had first sprung to her lips into: "I didn't see as how I could go on caring for him. There isn't much in me, but I believe in trying to be, — if you could understand what I mean, — all of oneself there is. It was no fault of his, not at least that he'd know of, but — " Once more those dark eyes stole over the flat, lovely, luring meadows that lay beyond the flowing water: "Well, there, you may think me a beast, if you like, but in time I came to hate him. And I hate him now. I couldn't bear being shut in. I didn't see what ever would come of it but just a sort of suffocation if . . . "

Cecil had waited patiently for the end of the sentence.

"Well, if we had got married, I mean," she ended crisply. "It sounds absurd, I know, as my friend said at the time; but I don't care; even if it does. I am *glad* it came to nothing, even though it did make me wretched at the time. I'm *thankful* I'm not married; and never shall be." And the fixed wide eyes which the rejected young man had never really seen, and Cecil couldn't, were the very straightest of witnesses to her tongue.

When at least half a dozen thoughts are entangled together in one's mind, it is difficult to express any. And Cecil had been utterly unable to make any comment on this statement before the young woman had swiftly dropped the clue. She could not imagine why her cheeks hadn't the sense to keep their natural color this morning, nor why it mattered what they did when that funny green shade prevented anybody worth looking at them from seeing them.

"Here I am," her voice ran on, like a peal of bells, some of which appeared to be a little out of tune, "here I am, running on when you are telling me nothing at all about yourself. And soon there won't be another chance."

"Another chance!" cried Cecil in guttural tones. "You mean you won't see me again! You can't mean that! Why, here *I* am, seeing you now, — if" he added dismally "if seeing is the right word to use. And yet I still keep on saying to myself, 'It's not the ten thousandth part.' Please do understand: I want to see *you*, — *you*, — your very self."

"Why, what can you mean?" returned a faint and rather shaking voice. "There's nothing in me. Besides, that would be seeing me double."

"But it's what I mean," said Cecil stubbornly. "I don't believe it's possible for me ever to know you enough. Everything you say leads me on. I can't explain. I never knew there was such a place to be in as where we are now, and yet, — you are nothing but sign-posts."

The dark eyes pondered. "I think," she said, "if I thought you were not meaning every syllable you say I should never hold up my head again."

The thin, delicate face was now averted; the narrow left hand had instinctively turned itself palm upward on her knee. Even a young man twenty times less

accustomed to looking down than Cecil might have noticed it. But if he did, he made no movement, — merely sat a little stiller.

"I don't know, I don't know," he said, as if in utter perplexity. "Why, even to be seen with a creature like me must be a, — an imposition." His head stared round on its shoulders. "I assure you," he said with a sudden gleam of humor, "it's an imposition even to me."

Hardly had the little rill of answering laughter sounded out in the sullen air, when a headlong rush of wind swept over the motionless meadows beyond them, turning their rich brown to a livid green, and sweeping the placid waters of the stream into a rippled shield of beaten metal. Dry leaves were flying in it. The tree above them was swept as if by one vast, multitudinous sigh. There came a pause; and then out of the blue-black, cloud-vaulted heavens above their heads, a thin river of light suddenly flickered like the fangs of a serpent. And as if at a signal, the solid globe beneath this day-benighted couple shook beneath a rattling crash of thunder.

Of the two, the young man must have been the least prepared for this assault. He showed not the faintest trace of being startled, however, but just gently laid his hand on the upturned palm and in his haste almost whispered, "Quick, how high is the tree above us? I don't know this place. You are frightened. Where shall I take you, for safety?"

The fingers beneath his remained perfectly passive. The laughter that came in reply seemed almost as meaningless as a child's, and as full of gaiety.

"It's the littlest tree I have ever seen," she answered. "Just a bush. And they go like a row of umbrellas right along the bank. So unless they are really aiming at us up there, nothing will matter. Please understand, I love it all. It's only the rain I am thinking of. What happens to me never, never matters. But what will your, — what will the lady you spoke to me about think if you get back wet through?"

"Will you *please* not talk like that. Please not to. It's you I am thinking of, and —"

"And here it comes," cried the young woman triumphantly. Her "it" was neither lightning nor thunder, but a league-long veil, part hail, part rain, that was sweeping over the all but blotted-out expanse of country before her eyes. Its *avant-coureurs* smote ferociously and with a clear tap, tap, tap on Cecil's silk shade. The wind swept over them as if it were perceptibly condensed against their bodies. An enormous confusion filled the air.

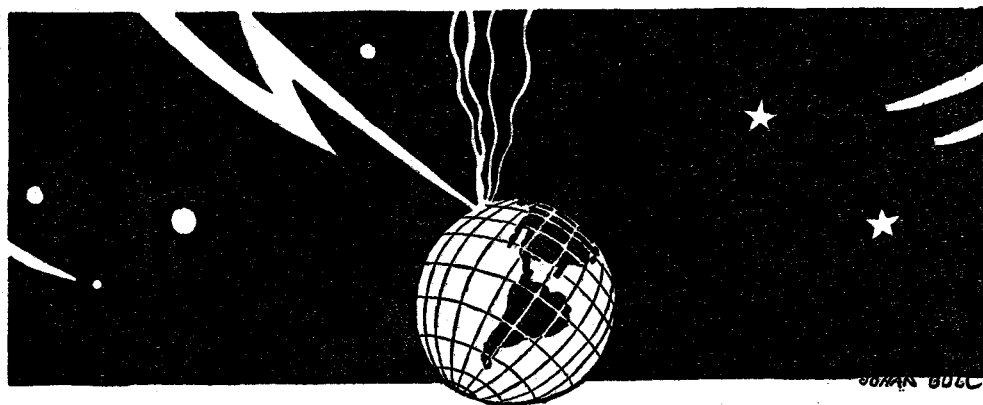
And then, well, indeed you never knew what this odd young man would be doing next. At this moment he was unbuttoning his coat. "You must take this," he was saying; "you have got only the flimsiest things on. Why I can see your arm through the silk."

"Please, please," she cried catching both his wrists in her entreaty, "don't do anything so utterly stupid. Oh please, — just think, if only of appearances! And what a perfectly horrid cold you'll get. It's a lime-tree over us; it will be blossoming very soon. There's nothing to do, I swear, but just to stay underneath it until the rain's over."

Quite apart from the haste with which she panted these sentences, the clamor of the storm now almost drowned her voice. But action speaks louder than words. Cecil struggled no more. And the two of them cowered as close as they could against the dark, smooth bole of the young linden-tree now tenting her bright green branches over their heads.

When Nature is in one of her passing fits of hysteria, poor little humans must just sit still and smile. Nevertheless, any chance observer of one of these young faces, and of all that was visible of the other, would hardly have described them as smiling. There is a happiness of the spirit that seems to draw an almost grotesque mask over human features, and yet to irradiate them, as if they were made of glass, from a light within.

TO BE CONTINUED



THE WAR AGAINST THE MOON

ANDRÉ MAUROIS

(Continued from page 27)

WE control information, — and consequently all public power. Only we mustn't be fools enough to have it happen in some place easy to get at. We shouldn't choose an avenue in New York or any place in Paris. Suppose we picked out a little village in Turkestan or Alaska. They wouldn't go there to check it up, would they?"

"No, you're right. They'll believe it. And then what?"

"The same kind of thing in China, the next day in Australia. Bigger and bigger headlines, of course: 'MYSTERIOUS FOE! WHO IS ATTACKING THE EARTH?' General dismay. Already the squabble over windy territory is slipping over on to second page. Do you get me?"

"I am beginning to be interested."

"After eight days of this kind of thing, we could give them interviews with scientists. I know some men in England who won't refuse this little service when they understand it is the only way to save the World. You have some of them in France, Kraft has some in Germany. All the scientists will agree that by following up the path of the rays it can be proved that they converge in a common point of origin, which will be the Moon, — or Mars, if you prefer."

"No," said Rouvray, "I like the Moon better."

"Ah?" said Douglas in surprise. "On the whole, thinking it over, I should have liked Mars. They haven't been told very often that the Moon is inhabited."

"I know," said Rouvray, "but all the same I am sure they'll believe it is. That's one thing we can rely on."

"All right," said Lord Frank. "Then the Moon is the starting place for this mysterious attack. After that begins our campaign against the men in the Moon, and if every youngster in the World is not convinced within three months that every inhabitant of the Moon is a monster, and that the first duty of every Terrestrial is to hate and destroy the Moon, then I'll fire my editorial writers. But I am not worried about that. They know their business."

I had been observing [writes Brun] the Chief's face during this conversation. He had begun by being somewhat annoyed. He had not liked what he thought was the daring wit of the Englishman, indulging in these paradoxes, in view of the terrific tragedy which impended; but little by little he had taken on an air of interest and at length of satisfaction. When Douglas finished he got up and shook hands with him.

"I am with you. It is crazy, but it is probably our only chance."

He gave me orders to arrange a telephophone conference of the Council of

Five and to warn the Hertzian Police. (Brun. III. 160 and 164).

The Campaign Against the Moon. Even to-day, in spite of the progress that has been made in applied psychology, it is hard to reread accounts of the W. N. A.'s 1963 press campaign against the Moon without admiring their certainty of method and the richness of their invention. The campaign followed roughly the course mapped out by Douglas and Rouvray in the conversation we have described. It included three main steps:

(a) The creation by fear of belief in the mysterious and harmful phenomena.

(b) Attribution of these phenomena to an unknown agent and the search for that agent.

(c) Determination of the enemy and the great campaign, so called, against the Moon.

(See André Dubois, *La Campagne Anti-Lunaire*. Paris, 1982).

The results were remarkable. One month after the campaign began, a frenzied fury against the Moon burst out among all the peoples of the World. The newspapers of the W. N. A. had been able, without any protest from any source, to adopt a standardized headline:

THE WORLD FIRST!

The squabble over windy territories had been adjusted as if by magic, the whole agitation having been the work of jealous financiers who had tried to drag their countries in the wake of their own interests. Terrified by the movement of world-wide patriotism which transformed their struggles into a crime, they suddenly discovered that nothing was simpler than to establish a World-wide Wind Company which would absorb the Windmill Company and the United Mountain-Top Concern and would guarantee the administration of Mont-Ventoux by an international commission. The general staffs, — which in July were still busy getting ready their war plans against one another, — no longer thought of anything except collaboration and were busy with war plans for common defense. A Chinese military commission had been cheered in Berlin and escorted down Unter den Linden by a group singing the new "Hymn of Hate against the Moon". In Japan a number of people had com-

mitted hara-kiri to avenge the insult upon the honor of the World. In London the war madness took a curious form. In the music-halls, in the streets, and in their houses, men, women, and children were singing the same refrain: "Oh, stop tickling me, Man in the Moon, stop tickling, stop, ah! stop!" In the United States the sum of \$100,000,000 was voted by Congress, — in spite of the opposition of two pro-Moon Senators, — for any scientist who could find a way of getting a message through to the surface of the Moon, or if not a message, any missile which would be effective for reprisal.

Ben Tabrit's Attitude. Among the articles published at the beginning of this campaign by the W. N. A., one of the most remarkable was that of Ben Tabrit, Dean of the Faculty of Science of Marrakech University and inventor of the wind accumulator. Most of the scientists who had collaborated in the campaign were among the personal friends of one or another of the five directors, and, realizing the desperate position of the planet, had consented, — although with regret, — to make themselves accomplices in this well-intended deception. But such was not the case with Ben Tabrit, a gloomy man living a retired life and seldom emerging from his laboratory, who nevertheless created a sensation by the vigor and originality of his ideas when he at length took a hand in the debate.

In this particular case he had written an article in reply to a pamphlet by Professor Baxley of Cambridge. Baxley had asserted that before fighting the Moon men it was desirable to try to change their minds. Ben Tabrit in his reply raised the following question: "Is it possible for living beings to exist on the surface of the Moon? Not if we understand by that term collections of cells similar to those which make up our bodies, breathing, building up tissue, and breaking it down as we do. But why should we limit life to a single type? It may well be that these beings consist of stable groups of radiations, of volitional centres, which we can not understand and never shall understand, but which, — for some unknown and inconceivable reason, — have at length made up their minds to destroy us. After all, if the Moon men exist (and

the phenomena which have for some weeks been observed by the Earth seem to indicate that they do exist), they must necessarily be monsters,—that is to say, creatures so different from ourselves that the idea of entering into relations with them and sending them messages of peace is simply madness. The attempt to combat them has one meaning only,—that is, to attempt to transmit to the surface of the Moon rays of such power that no combination can, in their presence, continue to exist.”

Conflict of Rouvray and Douglas. Lord Frank Douglas had read Ben Tabrit's article with amusement. He was delighted to see an idea which he had once thought so absurd, stirring up the best brains on the Planet. Rouvray, on the other hand, had for some time seemed curiously uneasy. More than once he had telephoned to Douglas and Smack asking if it wouldn't be better to give up the campaign. (*Journal de Brun.* III. 210). The desired effect had been produced. The World-Wide Wind Company had been established. Why keep it up?

“There are three reasons,” replied Douglas. “It is a bully good game. If we bring events to a sudden close, we shall make our campaign seem improbable. Moreover, the squabble over the winds was merely one incident explaining a state of mind which was, as you so aptly put it, a general condition of hostility. We have given them this craze about the Moon as a toy to keep them busy. Let us be careful how we take it from them. What are you afraid of, anyhow?”

“I may seem very naive to you,” said Rouvray. “What I am afraid of is that the Moon men may exist after all.”

In the apparatus you could see Lord Frank's face dissolve into a hearty, boyish laugh.

“There you are! The greatest triumph of applied psychology yet! You have convinced yourself!”

“Don't laugh,” said Rouvray. “I am genuinely upset. Yes, that's it,—upset. What do you expect? I have just been reading over the scientific history of the War of 1914 and the War of 1947. Have you ever considered the almost incredible progress that has been brought about, under pressure of hatred and

necessity, since those two periods? Consider what aviation was like in 1914 and what it had become in 1918. Consider what we knew about the energy within the atom in 1947 and what our knowledge has become in 1951. And suppose that if to-day — ”

“But my dear Rouvray,” said Lord Frank, “even if Ben Tabrit or somebody else should discover,—by some miracle that I cannot imagine,—apparatus for exploring the Moon or reaching some part of its surface, what earthly importance would that have, since nobody is there?”

“Who knows about that? You have read Ben Tabrit's article. There is no being there of the kind that we have hitherto understood by the phrase ‘living being’, but may there not be, as he supposes, certain conglomerations of energy which are individuals in their own way and which may react, reason, or fight?” (*Brun.* 212, 213).

About this date, according to Deline's *Life of Smack* (Leipzig, 1975), there was an exchange of radiograms between Rouvray and Smack. The latter's reply proves that Rouvray's arguments had not impressed him in the least. We give the exact wording, which is very characteristic: “Must go ahead and let B. T. go to the devil. Hope you are well and happy. Ditto Madame Smack.”

At the next meeting of the Council of Five, Rouvray again advanced the same ideas and was assailed by Douglas, who easily got the upper hand. It was the general opinion that the passions they had aroused would be directed against some Earthly object, if the hatred against the Moon men was suddenly abated.

Ben Tabrit's Discovery. The entire autumn of 1963 was filled with the emotion aroused by new outrages, of which the newspapers gave more and more exact details, and by processions, meetings, and demonstrations in favor of World Unity. Countries which had heretofore been at sword's points exchanged delegations; in every school on the globe, Planetary patriotism was taught. A cartoon of a Moon man, created by an artist on the staff of “Punch”, became popular and could be seen on walls from Timbuktu to Benares.

In November, 1963, Ben Tabrit, who

had been silently at work in his laboratory for several months, requested the W. N. A. to announce that he had discovered:

- (a) a ray capable of destroying by its passage any combination of atoms, and
- (b) a transmitting apparatus powerful enough to send a ray thus produced to the surface of the Moon.

When this letter was communicated to the Council, Rouvray, in terror, proposed having Ben Tabrit come to Paris and there telling him the true situation. Douglas and Dr. Kraft were vigorously opposed. "We all know Ben Tabrit. He is a scientific fanatic. If we tell him that some of his colleagues have consented, even for the benefit of Humanity, to publish inexact observations, he is quite capable of stirring up a public scandal. If he does that, all the authority of the W.N.A. will vanish in a couple of minutes, — and our authority is all that stands between peace and a general massacre. What danger is there in letting Ben Tabrit go ahead with his investigations? Let him shoot his rays at the insensible matter in the Moon, if he wants to! He will have to persuade the governments to put at his disposal the necessary funds for constructing his apparatus, and that will be a new and excellent food for public curiosity."

All Rouvray could get was a decision that in the papers of the W. N. A. the outrages of the Moon men should happen a little further apart. It was decided provisionally to have them about a month apart, — at irregular intervals, of course, for probability's sake, — and after several trials of Ben Tabrit's process, the press campaign was to come to a definite halt. It would then be possible to explain that the Moon men, — terrified, no doubt, by the Moroccan scientist's ray, — had given up their crimes. The people of the World would have the joy of triumph and it would probably be possible, thanks to this wave of feeling, to prolong World unity for a certain period.

Next day Smack's newspapers announced in screaming headlines:

MOROCCAN SCIENTIST TO FIGHT THE MOON

The Catastrophe of February 1964. It had been easy enough to get from the governments funds sufficient to construct Ben

Tabrit's apparatus, and by the end of January the distinguished scientist had collected at Marrakech all that he needed.

The first experiment took place February 2. It was plainly a success. Through powerful telescopes it was possible to observe the ray's effect on the surface of the Moon. Craters of dizzying depth were hollowed out in a second. These attacks were made at three widely separated points on the flattest surface that could be found on the Moon, and next day all the newspapers of the W. N. A. published triumphant articles on the possible extent of destruction, with enlarged photographs: "Condition of the Moon before the first attack. Condition of the Moon after the ray had passed."

Who then imagined how soon there would be another opportunity to consider, — on the surface of the Earth, itself, — destructive attacks of the same kind?

The third and the fourth and the fifth days of February passed in the greatest calm.

On the sixth, at five o'clock in the morning (Brun. IV. 17), Kraft called Rouvray on the telephotophone. Rouvray, who was half asleep, went to the apparatus and found Kraft's image rather vague.

"My dear friend," said Kraft, "I have terrible news for you. The city of Darmstadt was completely destroyed last night."

"I can't hear you very well," said Rouvray.

"I am talking from my aeroplane. The city of Darmstadt was destroyed last night in a way that can't be explained. I am flying over the ruins at this moment. My projectors show that in the place where the city stood, there is nothing left but glowing calcined rock. It is so hot that you can not go down nearer than five hundred metres. Unfortunately, there's no doubt about it. The Moon is conducting reprisals."

"Horrible, horrible!" said Rouvray. "My fears were too well founded, and the men in the Moon —"

"Look out, Rouvray!" said Dr. Kraft. "At this hour in the morning I can not guarantee the secrecy of our wave. Be so kind as to call a secret meeting of the Council."

"How will 8:15 do?" asked the Doctor. (Brun. IV. 19. 20)

The Council of War on February 6. When the Council met, Dr. Kraft told his colleagues his story of the catastrophe. The village had been completely destroyed in the centre; in the suburbs a certain number of houses had been reduced to ashes. Others seemed to have escaped. There was no way of knowing whether the ruins sheltered any survivors, but it was scarcely to be hoped. The heat, which prevented aeroplanes from landing, must have finished off the injured. From villages outside of Darmstadt, it was possible to learn a little. The Moon men's attack must have been delivered not long after midnight. The sudden heat had awakened a good many people near the zone attacked. None of them had seen any light. The Moon men were evidently using a dark ray. All day long, the place where the city had been, when observed from the sky, looked like craters of an immense volcano.

Douglas opened the conference with a speech disclaiming responsibility for the catastrophe. All he had ever thought of was starting a harmless and even amusing delusion. The event showed that the idea of a planetary war could not be employed without danger to the World's domestic affairs. Rouvray, who seemed rather distracted, replied that they all shared the responsibility, that the whole Directorate had joined in this dangerous game with the best intentions, and that the question now was not to fix responsibility but to find remedies.

Dr. Kraft observed that although, within the secret circle of the Council, it might be worth while to admit a common fault, their attitude, so far as public opinion was concerned, must not change. In fact, from that viewpoint, the situation had not changed at all. The outrages had become real instead of imaginary. That altered their physical importance, but not their metaphysical value. As for their value as propaganda, it had even been increased, and it was necessary to derive

from them all possible advantage, for the safety of the World itself.

Smack, who spoke next, said that all the evening editions were discussing war credits. Since Ben Tabrit was the only man who owned a weapon that was good for anything, he must be persuaded to reveal his processes, and unlimited funds must be put at his disposal in order to finish up the Moon.

"May I be permitted to offer an opinion exactly opposed to Mr. Smack's?" asked Rouvray. "It is extremely disagreeable to me to come here to triumph over the realization of a prophecy which I hardly believed when I made it. Nevertheless, it seems to me the unfortunate result of our efforts ought to be a warning to us. It seems clear enough to me that the more means we place at Ben Tabrit's disposal, the more we shall increase the force of the attacks and the vigorous reprisals that will result from them. Why not let the Moon men alone? They never bothered us until we imprudently annoyed them. It is impossible they should feel any lively hatred of us. Why, they hardly know us!"

"That, my dear Rouvray, is not clear reasoning," said Douglas. "One doesn't really hate any one unless one has very little acquaintance with him. On the other hand, does the word 'hatred' have any meaning on the Moon?"

"Well," went on Rouvray, "if we wish to give the most complete satisfaction that we can to public opinion and employ our credits in interplanetary undertakings, why not use these credits to get into communication with these beings? After all, in this undertaking our good faith was always complete. We thought we were striking a world in which there was no life. Is it possible to make the Moon men understand that?"

"Quite impossible," said Douglas. "Remember Ben Tabrit's article. We have neither ideas nor vocabulary nor sense organs in common with these creatures. How could we communicate with them?"*

In the end all of them, even Rouvray,

* This phrase of Douglas's, so often quoted in our scholastic manuals as an example of false reasoning, is less absurd than is ordinarily supposed. It must be remembered that in 1964 there was no conception, even of the vaguest sort, of the theory of sensory equivalents, and Douglas could not imagine the transpositions of language which to-day render interplanetary communication so easy. Consult *Sensory Equivalents*, published by the League of Planets, Venus, 1990.

admitted that he was right and that there was nothing left but to go to war. Again the dreadful word was pronounced. It was decided, however, to let the Moon alone and not to make any new attack if the Moon left the Earth in peace (Brun. IV. 33).

Death of Rouvray. The events of the next two days are not very well known. The phonophotographic record of the Council meetings show that there was some question of having Ben Tabrit tuned in on the collective apparatus. Smack, who was well acquainted with the Moroccan scientist and had at one time collaborated with him, objected, urging that one member of the Council go to Marrakech in person. Rouvray was naturally chosen, since it was he who had asked for temporary cessation of the attacks.

On the evening of the sixth, it was learned that M. de Rouvray's aeroplane had not reached Marrakech. At five o'clock, the central news council of the W. N. A. was advised that the floating fragments of the plane had been discovered near the Balearic Islands. Rouvray was drowned. Many historians assert that the old Frenchman had committed suicide. (See especially, Jean Prevost's *Life of Rouvray*. Paris, 1970). It is obviously hard to prove the falsity of this theory. Rouvray always traveled alone, in a little monoplane which he drove himself. It is certain that since morning he had shown signs of unusual agitation, and then, too, the hypothesis of an accident is scarcely probable; for the aeroplane was of the general gyroscopic model, invented in 1962, and its stability was proof against any error of manipulation.

The suicide theory was not accepted by Brun or Douglas, both of whom had had conversations with Rouvray before he left. He seemed so impressed with the importance of his mission, had expressed so much hope of saving the World by immediate stopping of the attacks, that

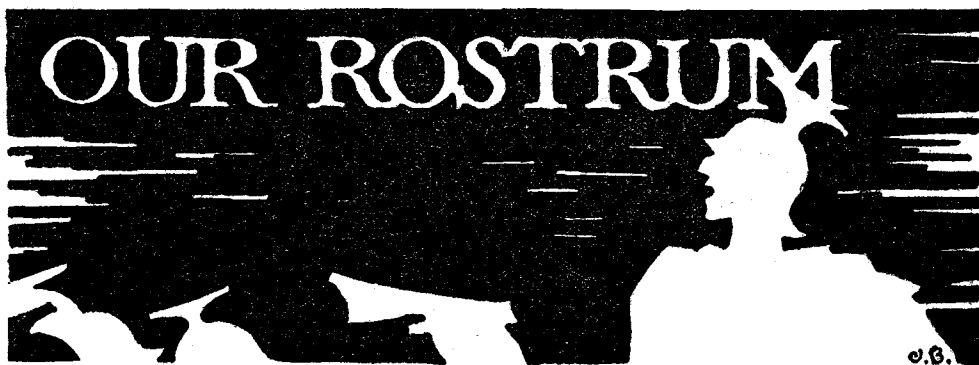
it is difficult to believe that he would have killed himself while he was engaged in what he believed to be his duty.

Brun (IV. 210-250) sets forth at length his own hypothesis, which is that Rouvray was assassinated by anti-Moon fanatics. It is certain that from 1964 on, the destruction of aeroplane controls from a distance was very easy, but it must be admitted that in Rouvray's case there is no proof of any such crime. It is certain that anti-Moon fanaticism had attained tremendous violence in many minds; and it is impossible not to be impressed by the hatred with which a certain number of writers attacked Rouvray's memory with the epithet "Pro-Moon". On the other hand, however, his attitude at the Council on February 6 was unknown to the public at the time of his death. The meeting had been secret, and there is no way of determining who had decided on the crime, organized and executed it. Suicide, accident, or assassination, Rouvray's death was a disaster for the planet.

The behavior of Ben Tabrit was no less mysterious. Did he, as he claimed, fail to receive the radiogram directing him to suspend any new attack on the Moon, or was he unable to resist the temptation to make further tests of his apparatus? The question is highly controversial. (Consult *The Responsibilities for the Inter-Planetary War*. Jerusalem, 12 Vols.). At any rate there is no doubt about the facts themselves. During the night of the sixth and seventh all astronomical observers on the Earth observed that a new hole was being burned into the Moon by Ben Tabrit's ray. Retaliation was not long in coming. On February 7, the cities of Elbeuf, France, Bristol, Rhode Island, and Upsala, Sweden, were burned to ashes by the Moon. The era of Inter-Planetary War had begun.

Chapter CXVIII THE FIRST PLANETARY COALITION . . .





That Third Term

Republicans Take Up the Cudgels

The open letter to President Coolidge with which THE FORUM, following its traditional procedure, began a series of articles on the third term was, of course, a rhetorical question so far as the President himself was concerned. It needs no great familiarity with the political situation to discern the considerations which at the present moment make a reply of any kind risky tactics from a strictly political standpoint. But the President's own strategic silence has not prevented other Republicans from answering the series of pertinent and respectful questions which Mr. Carter asked last month.

Our most significant letter is from the well-known Washington correspondent, Mr. Carter Field. The whole subject of the third term will be discussed in a debate in the August number.

Editor of THE FORUM:

From end to end of this country the business man, and in many instances his employees, are so eager for a continuation of the present prosperity that they wave aside the third term bugaboo as utterly insignificant and academic. Disregarding the great mass of voters who always vote for the same party, and considering only the independents who swing from one label to the other and frequently split their tickets, there is a very much larger proportion of pocketbook voting than is generally suspected.

Most of the country is prosperous, and very eager to stay so. Older business men

remember that generally boom times such as the country has been enjoying since 1922 have been followed by very hard times,—usually starting with a panic when inflation was somewhere near its peak. A few assert that the creation of the Federal Reserve Board has made panics impossible. But the business man, whatever he may think about that, knows there were pretty hard times for a while after the post-War boom and he remembers that not until the Harding Administration was in the saddle did times get back to anything like normal.

The country voted heavily for Coolidge in 1924 because it believed that Coolidge in the White House would mean a continuation of prosperity, whereas the throwing of the election into Congress would, or at least might, spell economic disaster. As this is written, the country wants four more years of Coolidge for precisely the same reason. So far, there is no such threat as there was in 1924, but fundamentally there is no difference. With Coolidge still in the White House, business profits will go on, wages will continue to be paid, and the country will generally be prosperous and happy,—or at least so most of the country believes. With Al Smith, or McAdoo, or any one else defeating Coolidge and succeeding him in the White House, there is at least risk.

Now, most business men who have studied the effect of elections on business

conditions know perfectly well that it does not make so much difference what the real facts about a candidate or a party are. It is what the people believe that makes the sensitive barometer of good or bad times leap about. Very few would suggest that if John W. Davis had been elected he would have done anything which would have seriously hurt business. His whole training was against it. His connections had been with corporations, and, indeed, William Jennings Bryan, arriving in New York just before the Madison Square Garden convention, declared that "we might as well nominate J. Pierpont Morgan himself".

Yet when the election returns were in, showing the overwhelming defeat of Davis and the election of Coolidge, Wall Street started on a bull movement which is still remembered. Buying orders poured in from the West. There was complete confidence that business was going to boom, and therefore no one held back to wait for lower prices or to take advantage of some one else's distress. There was prosperity.

It may be that the very poor showing of La Follette's third party, much poorer than even the Coolidge people had anticipated, demonstrated that the radical movement in this country was not so dangerous as had been suspected. But the important thing is that Coolidge was supported in the campaign because it appeared to the business element of the country that his election would encourage business, and his defeat would discourage it. I am not saying there were not other reasons he was supported; but I firmly believe, — after constant traveling and inquiries all over the country during that campaign, — that the desire for prosperity was overwhelmingly more important than any other simple issue.

There are those who seem to believe that the business man is always on one side, and his employees on the other, politically and economically. They can cite plenty of instances, of course, but it is an interesting fact that this very seldom, if ever, works out in an election. In presidential elections, especially, the factory workers and the traveling salesmen, the clerks and stenographers, seem to be influenced by the same intelligent selfishness which affects their employers. Con-

fidence is the one thing the business world wants, and uncertainty is the thing it fears more even than adverse conditions, if they are known thoroughly in advance. To business men, four more years of Coolidge mean four more years of comparative certainty, — four more years of administration along the same lines as those of the last six years. There has been prosperity during those six years, and the country wants more of it.

The antipathy of the average business man to politics helps rather than hinders this tendency. He wants to make big profits for his firm or corporation. He wants to continue paying wages to his help. As a rule he regards what happens at Washington as of only academic interest, save as it may or may not affect his own line of industry. But he knows that the election of a new President *may* destroy the present confidence in continuance of the business boom which has been going on for nearly six years. So he does not want a change.

It is possible to trace closer connections between some lines of business and the Federal Government, but I am speaking of the average business man, big and little, all over the country. Of course, in certain tariff-protected interests there is intense fear of a change in the schedules on their products. The mere thought of a Democratic tariff sends cold chills down these business men's backs. They remember the Underwood-Simmons law, — the last until the present act. They remember that hard times seemed about to clamp down on the country in 1914, when the War intervened and erected an artificial barrier against foreign goods higher than any conceivable tariff.

I am not going into the merits of the protective tariff system now. This is no occasion for that. I am merely trying to emphasize the things which, rightly or wrongly, have had a profound effect in bringing about the present utter indifference to the question whether Coolidge's stay in the White House shall exceed that of Washington or Lincoln.

To the sentimental objection to Mr. Coolidge's being thus honored, — if one should put it that way, — more than the Father of his Country or the Great Emancipator, I have heard no answer. To the more logical argument that to give any

man more than eight years in the White House is running a grave risk of self-perpetuation in office, there is an answer.

But the curious fact is that neither objection to another term for Mr. Coolidge is apparently going to swing more than an insignificant percentage of the total vote if Mr. Coolidge runs again, — as there seems very little doubt that he will run. Self-perpetuation in office is a very grave issue in Latin America. But it never occurs to the average American that if a man stayed in the White House longer than two full terms he might so organize the political machinery, or the army, or what not, that it would be impossible to eject him at the next election. Despite all the clamor about election frauds and the corrupt use of money at elections in this country, there seems to be no real fear of a dictatorship.

While indifference to this aspect of the third term issue is due largely to the intelligent selfishness of those who want business conditions to continue good, there is also a very considerable element of trust in President Coolidge. The country is thoroughly convinced that President Coolidge has not only a very definite sense of right and wrong, but that he is extremely scrupulous about exceeding his legal powers. He has leaned over backwards from his first day in public office to avoid short cuts to results which he desired but which might have been regarded as extra-legal. It is difficult to imagine, for instance, Mr. Coolidge's following the example of President Roosevelt in the Panama Canal problem. The same tactics, applied to the Mexican situation, would have long since ousted President Calles, but Mr. Coolidge has not thought it the proper thing to do, and he has stood the criticism of extremists on both sides.

It is difficult to conceive of a dictator's appointing cabinet members and then letting them virtually run their own departments under general supervision only, and allowing them practically a free hand so far as appointments under them is concerned. It is difficult to imagine a dictator's not playing favorites, — refusing to pay off the obligations involved in his own climb to power or continuance there at the government's expense. Mr. Coolidge has withstood the

amazed anger of leaders of his party on whom he might have to depend for renomination and reelection and has permitted Secretary of State Kellogg to promote service men to heads of legations and embassies. For years such appointments have been recognized as the proper legal tender with which to reward heavy contributors to campaign funds.

It is interesting to note that there was no jealousy on Mr. Coolidge's part to accomplish this reform, — if it is a reform. It was the idea of Mr. Kellogg, whose own appointment by the President had been almost entirely personal. The interesting fact is that Mr. Kellogg, — whom no one accuses of being an astute politician, whatever his abilities or lack of them in other directions, — has been given a free hand by the President, so far as appointments are concerned. This is true of almost every other government department, bureau, and commission. There has not been the slightest trace of building up a big Coolidge political machine. It may be, if there were evidences all over the country of the construction of such an organization, there would be resentment, and fear of self-perpetuation in office, — which of course is the fundamental objection to any man's staying in the White House longer than eight years. But it is obvious that the country has no such fear, and is far more interested in the full dinner pail than in the precedent that no man shall serve in the White House more than eight years.

It has been urged that Mr. Coolidge should make a statement now saying whether he is or is not a candidate for another term. It would be extremely unwise for him to do so, and he is not addicted to making unwise statements. As he once dryly remarked to a friend: "I never heard of a candidate's being defeated by what he didn't say."

To say that he was a candidate would mean criticism of every move and its motives. Of course, this criticism will come anyhow, but it would be given more point, — and certainly more weight with the country, — if the President had come out, announcing his candidacy. Such a statement would be virtually a bid for support. It would interfere seriously with non-partizan consideration of various measures the President has in contempla-

tion for the next Congress. Imagine the criticisms, for example, should he advocate tremendous internal improvements with a view to preventing the recurrence of the Mississippi flood disaster! It would be said that he was attempting to bolster up a fading prosperity by pouring out the Government's money. For him to say that he was not a candidate would interfere just as seriously with his influence on Congress. As a matter of fact, this is the private opinion of most Democratic as well as Republican leaders, not one of whom really expects a statement from the White House on this question for a long time to come.

There is no real doubt among most of the leaders of both parties that Mr. Coolidge will be a candidate to succeed himself, and so far as one can now feel the political pulse of the country, the people are very well satisfied with the prospect.

CARTER FIELD

New York City.

An Open Letter to Mr. Carter

Scarcely had it become evident that President Coolidge would, for the present at least, make no reply to Mr. John Carter's questions when Mr. James Francis Burke, a Pittsburgh Republican who is General Counsel to the Chamber of Commerce, dashed to the defense with an open letter to Mr. Carter. We quote the most salient paragraphs:

Dear Sir:

Frankly, I do not believe the President should engage in the controversy you invite, despite your high standing in the journalistic world. To use your own phrase, he would "infringe the dignity of the Presidential office" by doing so. But there need be no uncertainty about the correct answers to your several questions.

You first ask, "Do you believe American Presidential tradition hostile to a substantive third term?" The answer is plain. If the American people were mere slaves to tradition we would still be riding in stage coaches by day, reading poor print by candle light at night, and Ben Franklin's Almanac would still be our calendar. For a century and a quarter tradition forbade many things we have to-day. The election

of Senators by the people violated tradition; the collection of Federal Income Tax violated tradition; woman's suffrage violated tradition; National Prohibition violated tradition; travel by air, the transmission of voice by wireless, and piercing the seas in submarines violated tradition. Still we have them all and the world survives. The fact is, we are moving onward.

Sincerely yours,

JAMES FRANCIS BURKE

Pittsburgh, Pa.

Public Comment

Press opinion is widely divided on the third term question, varying usually, as one might expect, with the party to which the writer belongs. We cull a few samples from wide editorial comment:

Involving as it does a principle hitherto strictly regarded by the American people, it is a wholly pertinent question to ask of Mr. Coolidge. It is a matter of regret that the White House door has been shut upon a question which any American has so clear a right to ask of any public man and, most particularly, of any President. — Dayton (Ohio) "Journal".

THE FORUM letter to President Coolidge, which "challenges" him to declare his attitude toward a third term, has the flavor of sensationalism and impertinence. — Cincinnati "Enquirer".

As we understand it, this was not a more or less impertinent demand for the President's personal intentions as a candidate. He was asked to give his views on the precedent set by George Washington and hitherto strictly adhered to, which restrains any one man from occupying the presidency for more than eight years. — Dayton (Ohio) "News".

The presidential office should be above and beyond approaches such as this. — Marion (Ohio) "Star".

Really it isn't unreasonable to ask the President of the United States whether he thinks Washington and Jefferson were right on this question. It is a public question, it is timely, and promises soon to be lively. — Omaha (Neb.) "Herald".

A foolish as well as an uncivil question.

The dignity of the presidential office can best be maintained by ignoring such impertinences. — Beloit (Wis.) "News".

The "Ask Me Another" epidemic has spread to the magazines. . . . The sign is good. The magazines are not only making detached scholarly comments; they are in the field with banners. — Richmond (Va.) "News-Leader".

Since open letters can lead only to pain and bickering, the less we have of them the better. — Philadelphia "Evening Public Ledger".

Thanks to pussyfooting politicians, the discussion of public matters has been almost wholly abandoned in this country. . . . It may be, as we have said, impossible to smoke out President Coolidge. His political advance has been made by the system of avoiding issues rather than facing them. But a brave effort like that of Mr. Carter should be commended nevertheless. — Baltimore "Evening Sun".

There is certainly no obligation resting on the President or any other public man to reply to every inquiry made of him. Though it may be true that a wise question is half of wisdom, it is also true that even a fool can ask questions which a wise man can not answer. — "New York Times".

There are some questions which require an answer and in this instance the answer can come only from Mr. Coolidge himself. It is to be hoped that he will give this answer frankly and boldly. — Asheville (N. C.) "Citizen".

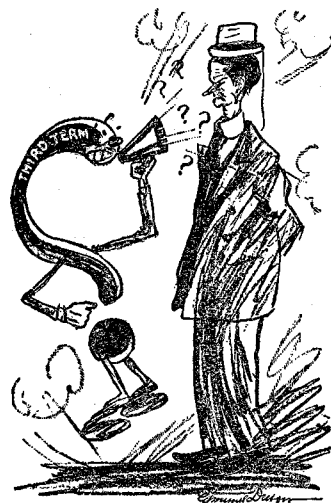
There are three courses which the President can justifiably follow with respect to the letter lately sent to him by Henry Goddard Leach, of New York, editor of THE FORUM. He can answer it by declaring whether or not he contemplates running again in 1928, he can leave it unanswered, and he can say, in effect, "I dunno." He would be justified in following any of these courses. — Springfield (Mass.) "Union".

The last thing Mr. Coolidge wants to say anything about just now is the third term issue. That he wants to be sent back to the White House next year is taken for granted by those best qualified to know his mind. Shrewd politician that he is, the President knows well that he would gain nothing and might lose a great

deal by a statement at the present time. — Providence (R. I.) "News".

Should Mr. Coolidge consent to answer the challenge that will be directed at him by THE FORUM magazine, a new order in politics may be said to be definitely established. Whether its effect ultimately will be to clarify political situations or to foster endless debates is problematical. — Flint (Mich.) "Journal".

Why should the advocates of removing the tenure limit not welcome and them-



DUFFY IN THE BALTIMORE "SUN"

selves ask the views of the President on the subject? — Brooklyn "Eagle".

As to the President's intentions, nobody has any right to demand a statement from him until he gets good and ready to make one. He has the privilege of changing his mind, and also of taking his time to make it up on this question. The views the President holds on the third term are a fair subject to inquire about. But it does not follow even if he has scruples against breaking the two-term precedent that any time is a good time to say so. — Topeka (Kansas) "Capital".

Mr. Coolidge's future plans are of course public property and it is not conceivable that the President can expect to keep silent on this subject indefinitely, leaving the nation to conjecture. . . . The atmosphere would be greatly clarified if President Coolidge would tell the nation whether he expects to be a candidate again. — Saginaw (Mich.) "News".

"Awaiting The Last Word"

Thanks to THE FORUM, I am getting much clearer ideas about birth control; but I am not going to adopt a final line of conduct until I shall have heard the words of all who are still to speak through your columns.

A PHILADELPHIA BACHELOR
Philadelphia, Pa.

When Did They?

A "Life" editor scores one for this quip on Lord Astor's article on Prohibition in the February FORUM.

"One reads with interest Lord Astor's observation that the American people are not likely to resume the general use of intoxicants. His lordship might enlighten us further by telling, for instance, when they stopped."

On Pedestrians

Mr. Curtis is the youngest member of the Harvard Corporation.

Editor of THE FORUM:

"Never a man's thought in the world keeps the roadway better than" the Pedestrian's. Moreover, he can "walk and not faint", a far more difficult thing to do, as Professor Munro of Harvard once said in Appleton Chapel, than to mount with the eagles of evangelism or even to run without weariness as does the Roman Church. But walking is unfortunately considered too common an accomplishment to get excited about, and the Pedestrian Protestant cause lacks the stuff that leadership feeds on, an element of exaggeration. He is too humble. For he protests only his wish to be let alone: "I may not be right; I may be doing it all wrong; you may even know better than I. But let me be as I want to be."

However, the issue is not in religion alone. It is in politics. Over the heads of these protesting footmen ring the shouts of the Radicals against Mussolini and his gang and the screams of the Fascists against Lenin and his crew. Both these have causes and both know it, but neither seems to know that theirs is a fratricidal war. They are political brothers and their causes clash only in their purposes. For they both want to rule, in their own way and to their own ends, the vast multitude

of Pedestrians who are courageously and patiently and hopefully walking along the roadway up the valley between. The issue is not whether Fascism or Bolshevism will win, but whether "liberal" democracy will survive.

CHARLES P. CURTIS, JR.

Boston, Mass.

Strong Words

This clears the New York "Daily News". Evidently, in the case of faked composite photographs, as in most things, "some do and some do not."

Editor of THE FORUM:

At this writing I have the good fortune to be functioning as editorial writer on the New York "Daily News", pioneer tabloid. I have just read the debate on tabloid newspapers in your April issue, between Messrs. Villard and Weyrauch. I note that in your Rostrum department Mr. Roy W. Howard, of the Scripps-Howard chain, is allowed a column in which to shake his skirts free of any tabloidian dirt which might have been thought to adhere thereto, and I am wondering if you won't let me do something of the sort for the "Daily News". You will? Many thanks. You won't? Why, you poor palooka!

My moan about Mr. Villard's article traces to this passage, lifted from page 486 toward the bottom: "The indictment of the tabloids has nothing whatever to do with the fact that they print pictures, — about every daily in the English-speaking world now does that. It is the character of those pictures, — the unblushing admission that they are so frequently 'reconstructed' after the event or drawn by 'our special artists after the description of eyewitnesses', — that they serve no other purpose than to lure the pennies," etc.

Mr. Villard refers here to the "composite photographs", i.e., posed fakes, invented and carried to their nauseous nadir of perfection by a tabloid which is not the "Daily News". If he has made that detailed study of the tabloid press which he should have made before debating the subject in THE FORUM, he knows that the "Daily News" does not brew composite photographs. Yet he fails to clear up this point throughout the stately course of his philippic, and so manages to heave a large fistful of undeserved sauerkraut at the

"News". Why a man of Mr. Villard's established reputation for fairness in argument should permit himself such a caper is beyond the power of this correspondent to make out.

REUBEN MAURY

New York City.

From the Farmers

We have had many reactions from farmers to "Agriculture and Moneyculture", and this solution of the "agrarian gordian" comes from the far West.

Editor of THE FORUM:

The fatalism pervading "Agriculture and Moneyculture" by Mr. Virgil Jordan in the March FORUM mars what might be otherwise characterized as a fair literary effort. The word "literary" is used advisedly for the writer is evidently unsympathetic if not unfamiliar with rural life and rural problems.

This is the doctrine of the Middle Ages whence this manifest intellectual's inspiration springs. It has the tang of John Locke's constitution for the Carolinas and harks back to the time when producers of food and raiment were villains, peasants, serfs, or peons and lived by sufferance of feudal lords.

Let us consider a few cross sections of this melancholy diatribe of Mr. Jordan's: neither Rome with her Caesar nor Hellas with her Pericles and her Socrates solved the agrarian gordian, hence how can we? No, neither did Xantippe ever listen in on a party telephone line to the gossip of her neighbors, nor did Pericles ever strike a lucifer match on the sole of his esthetic sandal, nor yet did imperial Caesar ever flip the ashes from a fragrant cheroot, but we achieve it all immeasurably. And they never rode on steamships, railroads, trolley cars, automobiles, or aeroplanes, but their failure did not act as a bar sinister to our success.

Mr. Jordan is evidently appalled to see all of these epoch-making devices for man's delectation and convenience democratized to the level of a "hayseed". They should be the exclusive possession of "urban culture". Fresh air, song birds, and sunshine should suffice "yokelism". Symphony orchestras and grand opera for the Lord's anointed! Now look at this

oracular utterance: "Farming has never been and can not be more than a home and a job."

With one stroke he puts the farmer in the same class with his work animals, for Dobbin has both a home and a job, but still there is a difference; Dobbin will, but the farmer *will not* stay put.

Once more: "Current agrarian agitation is not an effort to save agriculture so much as to help industry and the city." Mr. Jordan's logic it seems is incapable of conceding it may be good for both.

P. T. ANDERSON

Cherry Patch Ranch, Mont.

Another versatile farmer takes a shot at Mr. Jordan!

Editor of THE FORUM:

I have just read Virgil Jordan's article on "Agriculture and Moneyculture". I think I perceive his one idea, — that American agriculture should sink to European peasantry, that twentieth century civilization would ruin country folk. I was born on a farm about the middle of the nineteenth century, 1862, and now own and operate a farm but teach school to get money to educate my children. Friend Jordan better read Lincoln, "A house divided against itself. . . ." Nineteenth century civilization for Agriculture, twentieth century for City.

His "one unpardonable sin" was dragging in poor old Socrates to prove that sauce for the goose is sure poison for the gander.

H. C. MCCARREL

Nebo, Ill.

Here is a riddle to solve.

Editor of THE FORUM:

In debating whether to continue our subscription to THE FORUM through the summer season, it was not the desire to read it that I feared might be lacking, nor yet the wherewithal, with which you no doubt have heard it rumored the farmer is not overly blessed; but that scarcest rural commodity of all, under the present rigorous economic system, — time. Yes, time even like I used to have; jostled by commuters on the crowded trolley, one could at least scan the headlines then. But I have seen no scheme yet devised whereby one

may read his favorite magazine while guiding team or tractor across his mortgaged acres, or whereby at eventime, when seated precariously by some none too gentle milch cow, he may note down the noble thoughts which rustic meditation brings.



I have just read Mr. Jordan's brilliant article in the March FORUM. I submit this query: How, if the farmer is not economically stable enough to earn the necessary surplus cash or find the necessary leisure time, is he going to reap the spiritual blessing or experience the intellectual quickening which only a reading of THE FORUM gives?

WENDELL S. CLAMPITT

New Providence, Ia.

This letter to the author from another farmer sheds a different light.

Dear Mr. Jordan:

Beyond doubt you have made a great contribution to thinkers all over the world in "Agriculture and Moneyculture" in the March FORUM. The writer (now seventy-two) for thirty-five years has foreseen the trend and the great disadvantages under which the farmer has labored. There never has been a fair representation in National or State Agricultural Departments or a Congress that had the vision to see the whole matter from an economical standpoint. The tragedy is that the farmer has lost confidence in his government and is submerged into a petty grafter himself. He is certainly entitled to some of these luxuries after all his years of sixteen hours of labor for himself and family for a mere existence, a new pair of boots for himself, and calicos for the others. Stop his efforts and let the money gougers feed on their gold awhile and see where they land.

HORACE ANDREW KEEFER

Linglestown, Pa.

A Cause for College Suicides

Is it inadequate and faulty preparation in school?

Editor of THE FORUM:

One reason I have seen put forth as a possible cause for suicide among college students is that the courses are too difficult. Does not the fault lie back of this? Our big system of education, after all, is our public school system. The sum of money spent annually is stupendous and the preparation for college is, in most cases, inadequate.

How many high schools can show a decent percentage of graduates who can successfully pass college entrance examinations? I know of heart-breaking efforts made in college by boys who were most successful in high school.

Unquestionably one great fault lies here: inefficiency of our high school system, the system on which a very large majority of our boys must depend.

HELEN W. MARCY

Cape May, N. J.

Sonnet to S —

Parke Cummings is a frequent contributor to the "New Yorker". We take pleasure in welcoming him to the company of Our Rostrum, where he makes his debut with more or less of a love sonnet.

I am indifferent to your lips and eyes
(To some extent). I *was* sublimely free.
Alas! I sing of Wisdom's sad demise.

You scored when you stuck out your
tongue at me.

And so I make this point, till now deferred:
A woman's tongue, methinks, is like a child.
To wit: Most often better seen than heard,
In action bitter, but in silence mild.

Permit another simile, fair maid.

(A poet's fancies ape the shifting weather)
A tongue, like lovely Venus, is displayed
To most advantage in the altogether.
Your wisdom and your beauty stay
unsung.

— Not so the magic of your out-thrust
tongue.

PARKE CUMMINGS

Westport, Conn.

High Time

The former American Vice-Consul in Mexico and in Cuba starts the ball rolling in a discussion of our Latin American policy, which will, we hope, be continued with other articles later.

Editor of THE FORUM:

For the past several weeks the newspapers and periodicals have devoted considerable space to the matter of our relations with Nicaragua and Mexico. All of the accounts have been very obscure as to our exact relations with those countries and have given the reader a very confused idea of just what our policy is toward the Latin American countries. In fact, the more one reads, the more is one forced to the conclusion that we either have no Latin American policy at all, or that what appears to be something of a policy is no more nor less than camouflage on the part of our State Department to keep the American public in ignorance as to the real motives behind our dealings with the Latin American countries.

All of the countries of Latin America are united as one in declaring that we are imperialistic, and judging by the actions of our State Department quite recently, they would seem to be fully justified in making such an accusation. If they were not somewhat convinced that ulterior motives ever lurk behind our constant meddling in their internal affairs, under the guise of protection of American rights, preservation of the Monroe Doctrine, and other equally absurd mockeries, they could not be so unanimous in their denunciation of America's policy toward them.

It is high time that the American public be fully informed regarding our Latin American policy, and that it know whether our warships, marines, and sailors are sent to Latin American countries for the sole purpose of protecting American interests against actual danger, or if they are sent there with the idea of forcing our "interests" upon unwilling peoples. It is time that our State Department change its policy toward Latin America, if it have any, and adopt one based more upon terms of friendship, justice, and equality.

HARRY W. PASCOE

New York City.

Two Kiplingites

The joy of discovery is all the pleasanter when one can share it.

Editor of THE FORUM:

The joy of discovery must eventually pall unless it comes to be shared. Therefore the Pedestrian's appreciation of Kipling comes most opportunely to fan into still brighter flame the fires that burned in honor of my private discovery and enjoyment of Kipling.

The amazing thing is that more of Kipling has not been set to music, for his verse almost sings itself. Perhaps I shall be considered an improper parent if I mention the fact that I chant "A Song to Mithras" to my children. But is there a song to the Christian God to compare with it, not in piety or devotion, but in color and romance? The children listen with shining eyes to "The Feet of the Young Men" and ask for it again, though I don't suppose they understand the words at all.

Never, I think, have I felt as if the wings of adventure have beat so closely as when I lost myself in *Puck of Pook's Hill* and *Rewards and Fairies*. Charmed chapters of a magic past, they move as lightly as fireflies, and yet they represent a wealth of research. I have not yet, in an earnest search for local Indian lore, discovered as much about Red Jacket as Kipling knew.

MABEL GILLESPIE

Glenolden, Pa.

A Thing of Beauty

Editor of THE FORUM:

What a pleasure it is to read *Death Comes For The Archbishop* by Willa Cather, now running in THE FORUM. Each section is like colored wine in a delicate glass, held up and shining clear against the sunlight. I believe Rebecca West has said *A Lost Lady* is the best thing of its kind in generations. Of its kind, — it is not a new subject. But *Death Comes For The Archbishop* is a thing apart, there is nothing like it, and I am indeed happy to have found anything so manly, yet written by a woman, and so beautiful and unique.

P. B.

Yonkers, N. Y.

Religion In or Out of the School?

Last month's debate on the question of religious education in the public schools has aroused interest quite as great as did the instalment buying question in May. We print below a symposium of the opinions that have reached us. The question was: "Shall We Force Religion into the Schools?" Answers are evenly divided:

YES

Personally I grew up on the Bible and it was the reader for the Fifth Reader Class. My father, Brigham Young, founded three church schools; and in the deed of trust he provided that the Bible, Book of Mormon and Doctrine and Covenants should be text-books of these schools. The schools would become godless if our children felt that we were afraid of man-made interpretations of the word of God. Let us read the Bible in our schools.

SUSA YOUNG GATES

(Genealogical Society of Utah)

Salt Lake City, Utah

I would agree with those who say that religion should be taught in the home and the church or by them, but it seems to me it should be taught by the school where an emphasis can be given which can not be given in the same way elsewhere.

CHARLES L. CANDEE

Wilmington, Del.

The Bible should, of course, be studied in school along with similar records of other primitive peoples showing the historic development of the human mind. It need not be made a compulsory study, because if properly presented it can be one of the most fascinating courses in any curriculum.

CYRUS LE ROY BALDRIDGE

New York City.

I would not think of training these boys committed to our care without the use of the religious element in our life.

FREDERICK S. CURTIS

(The Curtis School)

Brookfield Centre, Conn.

The plastic age with God left out in the modeling is given only clay feet. The Bible should at least be an elective study, — the course mapped out without any denomination's chart.

BONNIE BUSCH

Miami Beach, Fla.

If Religionists will not cooperate in teaching these elements in which all believe, then it would appear inevitable that the responsibility for the appalling ignorance growing at a ghastly pace among young and old rests with the religious people, and the theists, and not with the irreligious and the atheists.

ALBERT GLEAVES

(Rear Admiral, United States Navy)

Washington, D. C.

There would be very little scepticism, materialism, or bigotry in our colleges or schools if the Ten Commandments artistically framed be placed in a conspicuous wall space in every class room.

CORNELIA GAFFNEY

New York City.

NO

Nothing should be taught in our public schools that would infringe upon religious liberty, diminish religious tolerance or interfere with the attempts of parents to give religious guidance to their children.

HEBER J. GRANT

(President, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints)

Salt Lake City, Utah

I would suggest, however, that in so far as any outside group is allowed to encroach on school time for its pet hobbies, the Anarchists, Communists, Socialists, etc. ought to demand that such children as they control should likewise be turned over to their tender mercies for a suitable indoctrination.

ARTHUR W. CALHOUN

(Director of Studies, Brookwood Labor College)

Katonah, N. Y.

I do not see how "religion" could be introduced into the schools without dogma, — or how dogma could be introduced into the schools without running counter to the intention of the first amendment of the Constitution.

RALPH BERGENGREN

Scituate, Mass.

I am unqualifiedly opposed to the invasion of the public schools of this country by religious instruction.

J. E. JENKS

(Editor, Army and Navy Register)

Washington, D. C.

Absolute separation of Church and State and a public school system free from religious domination is the only hope for our country.

ANTHONY FIALA

New York City.

Compulsory religious training in any form in schools supported by taxpayers seems to me to be contrary to the highest ideals of American democracy.

EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

(Author of "Tarzan of the Apes")

Reseda, Calif.

So long as there is no general agreement upon even the essentials of religion or the meaning of the Bible, there can be no compulsory study of the Bible or of religion in the public schools. Such enforced study would violate the historical principles of America. But I think that elective study should be encouraged.

VIRGIL L. JONES

(Professor of English, University of Arkansas)
Fayetteville, Ark.

YES

I am in favor of voluntary religious instruction in connection with the public schools.

NORMAN F. COLEMAN
(President, Reed College)

Portland, Ore.

We have reached a stage in American life where the supremely necessary thing is more character rather than more knowledge. If the home and church can not give this to the people then to insure the nation's perpetuity, the State must accept a share of responsibility for the task.

CARL G. DONEY
(President, Willamette University)

Salem, Ore.

I should like to see the use of the Bible and other religious literature in the schools if it could be used as literature, subjected to criticism and comparative study, and not regarded as a basis for dogma; but I consider that as impossible at present.

ARTHUR R. CURRY
(Librarian, Texas Christian University)
Forth Worth, Tex.

I am in favor of week day religious education and believe that it should be entirely administered by the churches, and that the children should be excused during school hours for one hour a week, or such time as may be agreed upon, to attend such instruction.

C. EDWARD JONES
(Superintendent of Schools)
Albany, N. Y.

The antibible teaching crowd would take away something for which they offer absolutely nothing in its place. In the final analysis the teachings of the Bible are a matter of morals. If there exists a better book from which to teach morals, let them name it.

WILL C. BARNES
Washington, D. C.

Under prevailing conditions in this country, and our existing educational system, it is not practical to force religion into our public schools, and yet I believe that religion should be a part of every child's education.

THOMAS ROBINSON DAWLEY, JR.
New York City.

Granted that religion is an affair of the home and the church, it would appear to be, under our system, an affair of the school also. This does not imply that methods of presentation should not be modified to suit changing conditions; nor does it mean that sectarianism should intrude.

GEORGE S. BRYAN
(Author, "Edison, The Man and His Work")
Brookfield Centre, Conn.

Religion, in its Arnoldian phase, as "morality touched with emotion", should be taught in the schools as a basis for conduct. But neither creeds or sectarian views should be taught there.

MARY D. CHAMBERS
Boston, Mass.

NO

I am firmly of the opinion that religious teachings should be excluded from the public schools.

JACOB GRAMMER
(Managing Editor, "New Yorker Staats-Zeitung")
New York City.

I would regard it as a dangerous departure from our national principles if we were to include the teaching of religion in the regular program of our public schools.

EDWIN BRANT FROST
(Director, Yerkes Observatory)
Williams Bay, Wis.

If I were desirous of destroying the public school system and substituting for it a dozen or more independent systems of schools supported by different sectarian groups, I would be a strong advocate of the proposal to force some plan of religious instruction into all of the public schools.

J. B. EDMONSON
(Director, Division of University High School Inspections)
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Bible study as literature should find a place in our public schools; but Bible instruction as religion would be a veritable trouble-breeder. Such a move would be a pitiable pedagogic blunder.

THEODORE HEYSHAM
(Author, "The Birth of the Bible")
Norristown, Penn.

Why not begin now by having in the schools instruction in a philosophy based on scientific truth, instead of the instruction the churchmen want?

JOHN FLANAGAN
New York City.

Religious freedom is usually accepted as one of the foundations of our country's institutions. It is difficult to conceive of any scheme of religious instruction in the public schools which would not violate that principle.

J. L. EDWARDS
(Vice-President, Atlanta, Birmingham and Coast Railroad Company)
Atlanta, Ga.

The school should not be a party to narrow indoctrination of any sort; it should rather provide the child with that basic experience from which he might derive in some degree his own religious faith. All sectarian instruction should, in my judgment, be reserved to private agencies.

GEORGE S. COUNTS
(School of Education, University of Chicago)
Chicago, Ill.

In general I suspect that because of our poor human intolrances we not only have to leave religious instruction as such out of our school programs; what is stranger still, we can't even include the Bible simply as one of the immortal literatures.

ARTHUR DEERIN CALL
(Editor, Advocate of Peace)
Washington, D. C.

Are We Instalment "Sold"?

The debate on instalment buying in the May number of THE FORUM provoked comment far and wide. Bankers, automobile manufacturers, and other business men have exercised the reader's immemorial privilege and "written to the editor about it," some of them echoing Senator Couzens's proposal to stop instalment buying, but most agreeing with Mr. Hanch that it is, on the whole, a good thing. To the question, "Shall We Stop Instalment Buying?" they answer:

I am afraid, if instalment buying is allowed to expand in the way it seems it is now being rushed, that ere long it may become a curse to the purchaser instead of a blessing, as well as a bad thing for the country at large.

J. CLARENCE RASBACH
(President, First National Bank)
Canastota, N. Y.

We believe the instalment buying in this country has brought about a condition that will take its toll in the next few years, as the result of its abuse. It is necessary, but it must be curbed in some manner.

DON HOGAN
(Don Hogan, Inc.)
Denver, Colo.

There is no denying the fact that the extension of instalment credit to people not deserving it, or the extension of credit to individuals, who have obviously obligated themselves to pay more than their income justifies, is an abuse of this system. However, this ill carries its own remedy: it *spells* loss for the lender. Therefore, these abuses eliminate themselves.

JOHN E. DAVIS
(President, National Guarantee and Finance Company)
Columbus, O.

About one-third of our Packard Sales are on this basis and we have not lost a cent or found a case where our customer found it burdensome to meet his obligation.

F. M. MITCHELL
(President, F. M. Mitchell Motor Company)
Jersey City, N. J.

I think instalment buying must be all right, for at our church for several years we have been following a practice of paying for our religion on the instalment plan. We have a yearly budget of more than \$50,000.00 paid in weekly pledges. And never at the end of the year have we ever been in debt since we tried this plan. If this is a good way to pay for religion it surely is the right way to pay for other necessities.

J. T. CRONKHITE
(President, Empire Securities Corporation)
Wichita, Kans.

A good deal of hysteria has been noted by conservative, orthodox, financial writers on the subject of instalment selling, but I am wondering if any one of them would care to eliminate deferred payment buying in its entirety, going back to the old order of things, to smaller productions, contraction of volume of sales and the unsatisfactory

conditions characterizing this country some twenty-five years ago.

G. G. SELWIG
(General Manager, People's Discount Company)
Detroit, Mich.

Where would the automobile business have been to-day if it weren't for the instalment plan?

W. L. HUGHSON
(W. L. Hughson Company)
San Francisco, Calif.

It is reasonable to assume that the great mass of men who are using the instalment plan to better their sphere of living and to provide themselves and their families with the comforts and some of the luxuries of life are not going to commit themselves to carry out obligations that are going to bring discomfort and unhappiness to themselves or those who depend upon them.

WILLIAM L. COLT
(President, Colt, Stewart and Foy, Inc.)
New York, N. Y.

I am firmly convinced that the great American tendency to live beyond our means and attempt to keep up with the Joneses has been one of the biggest factors in the amazing prosperity of America.

DAVID R. ERWIN
(Assistant Director of Advertising, Cadillac Motor Car Company)
Detroit, Mich.

The prosperity of the automobile industry is in no danger from credit inflation from this source, in my opinion. While a high percentage of sales is made on time payments, losses are extremely small and credits are extended on a sound basis.

A. R. ERSKINE
(President, The Studebaker Corporation)
South Bend, Ind.

We can rely and depend upon the American merchant's good horse sense to keep him within the bounds of safety as concerns instalment selling.

WILLIAM SCHMIDT
(Merchants' Securities Corporation)
Newark, N. J.

It has been the selling efforts put forth in behalf of such agencies as those in which Senator Couzens, protestant, is interested, the low priced auto, which made him millions, that has led the public to abuse of the privilege of instalment buying.

GUY FLENNER
(Idaho State Editorial Association)
Boise, Id.

OPINIONS ABOUT BOOKS



JOHAN BOLL

They swayed about upon a rocking-horse, and thought it Pegasus. — *Keats*

THE FORUM BOOK REVIEW BOARD

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In this department there will appear each month a signed review by at least one member of THE FORUM BOOK REVIEW BOARD, reviews by special assignment, and an occasional unsolicited review. The last are paid for upon publication at the rate of fifteen cents a line. They are limited to 300 words.

Democratic Lord Bryce

IN the generation that is now passing away, Lord Bryce had no peer among writers on the science of government. His pen worked overtime for almost sixty years on the long stretch of political experimentation from the imperialism of medieval Rome to the democracy of modern America. Meanwhile, and in addition to all this, he was an active parliamentarian, a public administrator, a diplomat, a professor of civil law at Oxford, an incorrigible traveler to the ends of the earth, and an assiduous correspondent with many friends on several continents. Assuredly a man of parts and of patience.

It is no wonder that H. A. L. Fisher's *LORD BRYCE* (2 vols., Macmillan, \$8.00) begins with an assurance that the reader is being let off easily in these six hundred pages. The story of a life so long, so versatile, so full of interesting contacts, could have been spread over twice that space without padding. Let us begin, therefore, by rendering thanks for the literary restraint here exemplified. In a day when the lives and letters of men are being regularly sprawled into tomes of pitiless bulk,

such an expression of gratitude is by no means out of place.

Good biographers know what to omit, but not all of them have the courage. Mr. Fisher qualifies. He is a master of condensation. Though he writes of a man who spent twenty-seven years in the House of Commons, he does not use twenty-seven pages in telling about it. This phase of the Bryce career gets little attention, and rightly so, for it was in no sense outstanding. Profundity and depth of political erudition have never made much impress upon the mother of parliaments, not even from a regius professor. Nor was Bryce a conspicuous success as a member of the British cabinet. His flair was not administrative or forensic. He was just a political philosopher, with a pragmatic turn and a literary touch which gave both concreteness and distinction to all he did. Bryce might readily have become a good American, had the fates permitted, for he had the earmarks in embryo. And as a matter of fact he understood America and Americans far better than did any other Briton of his day. It was this understanding that made him an international figure and entitles him to a biography in two volumes.

Quite logically, then, a considerable portion of this biography is devoted to Bryce's life in the United States, his interest in American institutions, his methods of studying them, and his letters on current topics to Americans of all types from Presidents to college professors. Bryce liked America, partly because he was a questioner without stint or limit, and he found Americans a talkative people. He fished for information everywhere,—in the hotel rotundas and in smoking cars; even the waiters at his dinner table were laid under contribution. Newspaper men who came to interview him were themselves pumped dry. Above all others of his time he exemplified the art of learning by listening. It was always easy to secure an audience with Lord Bryce when he was British ambassador in Washington,—but he would be the audience, and he would heckle you soundly in true British fashion. He was a glutton for facts, and as William James once remarked, he regarded all facts as having been created free and equal.

Bryce would have delighted Socrates, for his questions sifted chaff from wheat like a fanning mill. They came at you in drum-fire array. At least four-fifths of the material which he used in his *American Commonwealth* was captured by this process of interrogational bombardment. That is why it was, and still is, a great book. Even to-day, forty years after its publication, it remains unsurpassed. These two volumes deserve their rank as classics, for they embalm in print the moods and manners, the hopes and fears, the ideas and ideals, the bunk and buncombe, of mid-Victorian America. They put the national consensus on record for posterity.

A few years before his death (and somewhat unhappily as it proved), Lord Bryce undertook to write a survey of democratic government on a world-wide scale. The outcome proved to be something of an anticlimax. For Bryce, in his full measure of years, was no longer the good mixer with men nor the prober of politicians' souls that he had been. His *Modern Democracies* did not enhance his reputation. It is prosy in spots, shaky in its grasp of the facts at times, and smells of the lamp. Only here and there does the old-time brilliance of comment and patness en-

lighten the pages. The Bryce of *Modern Democracies* is not the Bryce of *The American Commonwealth*. His biographer thinks he is, but all students of political science know differently.

On the whole, nevertheless, Mr. Fisher is modest in his claims and fair in his appraisals. He is shy of superlatives,—as Bryce was. And like his hero, he prefers platitude to paradox when there is no third alternative. Like Bryce, again, he has a sense of humor. All of which has enabled him to give us a biography which mixes vividness with discrimination in fair proportion. A book so well constructed, and so readable, should give both profit and pleasure to many.

WILLIAM B. MUNRO

When Ladies Were Ladies

ROBERT DE LA SIZERANNE, who for so many years has tempered his keen and illuminating criticism of contemporary art and artists by his wit and sympathetic understanding, has brought forth a delightful book, *CELEBRITIES OF THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE IN FLORENCE AND IN THE LOUVRE* (Brentano's, \$3.50), which brings us into the company of eight or nine women and many men of the Italian Renaissance. It is a rare pleasure to read an author who moves so easily in his subject, one who wears his intellectual clothes so gracefully and unconsciously. The ladies and courtiers, the poets and painters he describes would certainly have found Monsieur de la Sizeranne fully as charming and congenial as he finds them.

His people are not newly discovered, nor does he bring out any particularly new facts about them, scandalous or otherwise. Lucrezia dei Medici, that extraordinary mother, watchful, able, self-effacing, "the man of the family" as her father-in-law, the great Cosimo, called her, who guided and controlled her sons without their suspecting it; that younger mother, Eleanor of Toledo, so devoted to her pearls; Bianca Cappello, most fascinating of adventuresses; Tullia D'Aragon, most poetical of courtesans; Giovanna Tornabuoni, whose happiness was so brilliant and so brief; the gay and much loved Simonetta; and above all Isabella d'Este, to whom nearly half the book is

devoted, — these form a group of women fascinating and charming, to-day and forever. Indeed this charm is the quality that dominates the description of them all. The same is true of the only man given equal importance in the group, Baldassare Castiglione, the author of *The Courtier*, who was loved and admired for his qualities of mind and body, but above all for his loyalty and the delight of his companionship.

Each of these women and men is immortalized for us in some famous and familiar portrait or painting of the Renaissance, and about this picture Sizeranne groups his study and creates a word painting vivid with the wit and the gaiety, the tragedy and the instability, of that gorgeous and disturbing period.

To-day, when our magazines are full of the life stories of executive women, and the reminiscences of queens and scullery maids are read with equal avidity by the public, it is particularly refreshing to mingle with this group of ladies of the Renaissance whom men loved and admired for their charm, their beauty, and the delight of their companionship, and whose influence, now as then, from the canvas or from these delightful pages, is one of beauty and of civilization.

FREDERICK S. HOPPIN

Enough Rope

THIS reviewer, somewhat helpless before Dorothy Parker's wise, deep, yet gay book, *ENOUGH ROPE*, (Boni & Liveright, \$2.00), is in danger of hanging by quotation. For once started, there'd be no end but the rope's end. So the only safe way is to eschew citation, and take refuge in comment.

Dorothy Parker is extraordinary in many ways, not least in this: though much of her verse springs from the w.k. broken heart, it is blessedly free from the false sentimentality in which such verse is often so fatly embedded. Under the clever lightness of rime and epigram, hers is an honest, self-knowing, humorous wisdom, — a relentless clear-seeing eye, — a deft irony, never overdone, often bitter, but never sour, — a rare sophistication, because it is without hardness.

Perhaps, sometimes, she is a bit too gayly defiant, which, however, is a good

fault. And may she never lose her bounce! A superfluous wish. So skilful a wielder of the lariat can rope and throw and tie and brand Tragedy, and though she may get a little knocked up in the process now and then, she'll plaster the cuts neatly with light verse and ride on undaunted to the next encounter.

It must be a grand and glorious feeling to have written *Enough Rope*.

VIOLA PARADISE

France Dissected

MR. SISLEY HUDDLESTON has been for many years a very keen observer of everything that happened in Paris and has collected a great number of facts about France. He knows France, French history, French politics, French diplomacy, French ways and habits; and he is able to look upon things French from a friendly and affectionate point of view which does not prevent him from being clear-minded and critical at times. His big book written for the Modern World Series and entitled *FRANCE* (Scribner's, \$5.00) impresses one at first by its great honesty and accuracy. One can rely on his statements and accept his figures and statistics, for Mr. Huddleston has compiled the best dictionary I know on French civilization.

I regret he has not written it as a dictionary, but, instead, has tried to make a book of it. As a book it must be reckoned a failure. The reader feels that Mr. Huddleston has been overwhelmed by all he knew and meant to say. The evidence shows that where he should describe and organize, he gives up and simply quotes. He worked painfully to find some logical way to assemble all these details and put them in an order which would make them look like a "story". The only result, as far as I can see, is that he offers to the public a chaotic dictionary. Moreover, his zeal and hurry to mention facts carry him so far that he does not have time to give adequate explanations, and consequently, many of the events and names he cites are left completely void of meaning and interest. Why, for example, does he feel obliged to give us (page 550) a list of the French playwrights, if he can not describe their works or their talents? It will help nobody to know that among these non-

descript dramatic gentry there was one "Henry Kistemaeckers" or another "Charles Méré", whose plays one will never see and should never try to see if one has any sense.

Mr. Huddleston is a newspaper man and, as such, has spent his life catching facts and selling them, making his living out of them. This calling is highly honorable, but intellectually dangerous. The Anglo-Saxon mind has a strange liking for facts, and at times is inclined to worship them without realizing that facts, — "cold facts", — may be misleading, even more than theories. All over the world, in all countries one finds about the same facts about armies, churches, schools, political parties, elections, and so on. From this material point of view French civilization is hardly different from English or American civilization. Excepting prohibition and skyscrapers, a French provincial city looks very much like an American Middle-Western city.

The main difference does not lie in facts or in things, but in the way people use things, in the logic with which each nation thinks and feels and acts. What is essentially important is not so much the civilization of a country, but the attitude of a people toward their civilization. Mr. Huddleston seems to have missed this point. It is too bad, because it spoils a book which could have been very interesting and useful, but which, owing to this defect, can only be of service to people who already know France well. Others should be careful not to accept all Mr. Huddleston's judgments: the facts on which he bases them are real enough, but the conclusions he draws from them do not follow the French way of reasoning. This is particularly true of the chapters on literature and art.

After all, it is comforting to find that man is still a diversified and mysterious animal, even after Mr. Freud, the psychological tests, and the League of Nations.

BERNARD FAÏ

Napoleon's Star Rises Again

A FASCINATING biography is Emil Ludwig's *NAPOLEON* (Boni & Liveright, \$5.00). It derives its fascination from the fact that Herr Ludwig is no less

a novelist and a dramatist than a historian. He need not have written a single novel or play to be termed a dramatist, for this biography is instinct with the dramatic sense, — as, indeed, was Napoleon's life itself. In penetrating the material of history with the method of drama, he has achieved a rare triumph: we read this biography of a man with whose beginning, middle, and end we are already familiar, as if it were a novel of passion the outcome of which has yet to be related. In short, Herr Ludwig has injected into his history the element of suspense.

Suspense and sympathy are the keys to Ludwig's method. Thus he explains his use of the latter quality in the *Envoy* of the book: "With his own sympathy he (the biographer) forces the heart of the man to reveal its sympathy." Accordingly, he has written the life of Napoleon from the inside, not from without. His is a pro-Napoleonic biography. When the Emperor is victorious or vanquished or betrayed, the reader experiences the same fates vicariously. Herr Ludwig's use of the material of history is simply uncanny.

This biographer has ransacked the archives of Napoleana. The generosity with which he quotes from the innumerable reported conversations of Napoleon, from his vast correspondence, and from the many memoirs written by those around him, gives the reader not only proof of the biographer's diligence, but a sense of contemporaneity, of the many-sidedness of the man, of his humanity. And if there is one aspect of Napoleon which his latest biographer is disinclined to stress, it is that of the soldier, the general, the conqueror. One feels that Herr Ludwig wants to lose that part of the man, or to justify it.

It must be borne in mind that this great dramatic biography is reared on as firm a foundation of historical data as the very dullest could be. (Only the interesting historical study, be it noted, is suspected of inaccuracy.) Herr Ludwig's dramatic method has its dangers, however, — dangers of imitation, — for in less skilful hands it would produce a work that would be both sensational and meretricious. As it is, he resorts to one device upon which orthodox historians will frown: he puts within quotation marks the thoughts which he presumes ran

through Napoleon's head on certain occasions. As Ludwig employs it, however, it must be admitted that this device adds a touch of reality without distorting the essential truth.

It is a pleasure to add that the translation by Eden and Cedar Paul is so excellent that at no point does it bear the usual marks of translation.

HARRY SALPETER

Jungle Tales

SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR., author of *Everyday Adventures, Wild Folk*, and many charming nature essays in the magazines, is known perhaps to a still larger audience as a writer of animal stories notable always for their swiftness of action. *MAN AND BEAST* (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.00), beautifully illustrated by Charles Livingston Bull, in whose artistry truth and drama, accuracy and action are so happily combined, is a collection of these stories, most of them tales of the South African jungle, while two deal with wild life in the North American woods.

Mr. Scoville is a master of swift narrative. It would be hard to find in any book of animal tales anything more compelling, more vivid, than the account in "Three Who Met Again" of a troop of five hundred chacma baboons crossing an African river swollen by the rains. It would be hard to find a more gripping episode of man and beast than the Zulu elephant hunt in "The Coward". But in this book there are even better things: his memorable word pictures, as when the old Malay, Ahmad, following a twisting path through the jungle, sees in the trail ahead of him an emerald and silver peacock, and suddenly, between himself and the jewelled bird, Ahmad beholds the gigantic head of a great white tiger, cream-white with stripes "like the watered pattern of moiré silk", thrust from the underbrush.

And note this picture of a fox. "Just as he (the fisher or blackcat) reached the ground, a magnificent red fox loped by with the swift, easy gait of his kind. In the winter sunshine he was a mass of blended tawny pinks, russets and yellow-browns, set off by old-gold, dull silver, and the shining ebony of his slim, trim legs."

Thus the stories in *Man and Beast* are

crowded with drama, vibrant with action; and Mr. Bull's eight full-page illustrations are splendidly alive. Full of the quick action of the woods, this book should duplicate the success won by Mr. Scoville's other books and his stories in the magazines. It is good to learn that this Spring we are to have a new volume of Mr. Scoville's essays, revealing the other side of this talented writer's art.

HERBERT RAVENEL SASS

Re-casting the Melting Pot

IT is not improbable that Lothrop Stoddard's *REFORGING AMERICA* (Scribner's, \$3.00) may become a best seller. It is an important and thought-provoking book, which should be read by every American who is interested enough in his own country to read about it at all.

Stoddard knows his public. And he writes for it in a beguiling and sonorous prose. He appeals directly to the patriotism of the native American and of all those citizens who have become truly Americanized, whatever their origins may have been. But his book should also be read by the intellectual leaders of the unassimilated alien groups, by all educated negroes, and by those radicals who inveigh against the dominant native-American majority. For Stoddard is pre-eminently the spokesman of that majority which molds the national will. His book is the call to arms of the awakened solidarity of the American majority. It is a clear warning to the alien minorities that their aspirations are futile and doomed.

But Stoddard is not in the least bellicose or intolerant toward the alien and radical minorities. He is firm but never truculent. Indeed he goes to great pains to be reasonable, just, polite, and even sympathetic. He never once proclaims the superiority of the native and the inferiority of the alien. Not even in dealing with the Negro does he refer to superiority and inferiority. He stresses and reiterates "differences". Certain groups are alien because they are different. America, for good or ill, is what the native American of colonial stock and North European immigration has made it. Its institutions and culture reflect the psychology and need of this American. He insists upon our right to

keep America American and proclaims our determination to do so at any and all costs.

Stoddard begins by calling attention to the basic fact in our history (ignored by most writers), that the colonial period was longer than all the years that have elapsed from Independence to the present day.

His treatment of the Revolutionary and Civil War periods is original and provocative. According to Stoddard, neither the Revolutionary nor the Civil War was inevitable. Both were major disasters. Separation from Britain and the abolition of slavery could and should have been achieved without bloodshed. The first third of the book, dealing with the first forging of America, is filled with fine and original thinking and brilliant writing. Thereafter, until he comes to the Negro problem, I found the book less interesting, less sound, and somewhat marred by repetitiousness.

Stoddard oversimplifies and overemphasizes the racial hypothesis. Certainly the economic factor, which he almost ignores, was the chief cause of the *dégringolade* which followed the Civil War. Racial homogeneity is not indispensable to national unity. There is France, the least racially homogeneous of the great nations, and yet one of the most integrated in culture and *mores*. What has injured America has not been racial heterogeneity, but the continuous impounding of alien groups, which, deprived of their roots, lost their own culture before they acquired ours, thereby producing a menacing, cultureless element.

There can be no argument about the paramount importance of the year 1924 in our history. The closing of the gates saved us from irretrievable disaster. Even those who deny the existence of races, even the most militant environmentalist, should concede the point on cultural grounds. It is a pity that prejudice against Stoddard's racial hypothesis may blind such persons to the fundamental and unassailable truth of his main conclusion.

Throughout *Reforging America* Stoddard reiterates that nationality depends upon "like mindedness". One agrees, of course. But nowhere does he adequately define his term. Many readers may fall into the egregious error of supposing that

like mindedness means that we should think alike, that is, have similar or identical opinions upon all important questions. This sort of like mindedness animates our Babbity, and if long continued, must tend toward an intolerant regimentation of thought whose end is intellectual atrophy and cultural bankruptcy. Stoddard is too intelligent to believe this sort of like mindedness essential to the national unity of America or any country. What he undoubtedly means by like mindedness is a *similar way of thinking*, of arriving at opinions whose end is as far apart as the poles. It is a subjective and not an objective like mindedness; it concerns thought processes and not the ends or external manifestations of thought. Thus, Englishmen are like minded, but the range of their thoughts makes their culture one of the richest on earth.

Stoddard closes his book with a discussion of the negro problem so temperate, so realistic, so honest, that we can only hope that he will devote his next book to an expansion of these two admirable chapters. His suggestion of bi-racialism as a *modus vivendi* should enlist the active support of all intelligent Americans, North and South, white and colored.

If you are searching for an explanation of many things in American life which may have seemed puzzling or obscure; if you are looking for a statement of the national point of view of the American majority; if you want sanctions for your own half-formulated opinions, you will find them and much more in this sincere, realistic, deeply stimulating, and always vividly readable book.

A. WASHINGTON PEZET

The Glass House in Politics

IN the first three chapters of his well-told story of the legislative creation of the Federal Reserve System, *AN ADVENTURE IN CONSTRUCTIVE FINANCE*, (Doubleday, Page, \$3.00), Senator Glass has had "the time of his life". In literary history one must go back to the famous controversy of Cardinal Newman and Charles Kingsley to find anything as delightful as the Senator's spirited treatment of the scholastic editor of Colonel House's *Intimate Papers*. We are glad that

neither Cardinal Newman in his famous *Apologia* nor Senator Glass in the volume before us chose to follow the conservative advice of critical friends and omit their introductory chapters. Both men in their respective ways have shown their mastery of slashing language and pungent wit, although one was a great nineteenth century churchman and mystic, and the other is a twentieth century political leader with the constructive vision of a statesman.

Senator Glass's three chapter headings, — "Romance in the Garb of History," "The Unseen Guardian Angel," and "The Diary of Things Imagined," — contain in themselves a complete criticism and valuation of the *Intimate Papers*. They will remain as permanent and adequate designations of those amazing volumes. As to the remaining chapters, they are written with dignity and reserve, and constitute a most valuable contribution to the history of Woodrow Wilson's first administration. They do indeed "tell a constructive" and (we may add) a romantic story, and they are "a devastating refutation" of the things with which the first three controversial chapters deal.

ROLAND S. MORRIS

Chapman's Dante

MUST the *traduttore* always be a *traditore*? No longer can one respond with a confident yes, after reading John Jay Chapman's little DANTE (Houghton Mifflin, \$2.50). Yet here is a test as hard as test can be: a genius as difficult as he is beautiful, and as remote as he is difficult. To translate him, however, a real poet has arisen, and the result is very far from justifying a verdict of treason. In *terza rima* he has done it, too, with (to be sure) occasional departures from the standard scheme, — though not nearly so many as the versifier's warning would lead us to expect. For all that, an unpretentious booklet, just a rendering of a dozen or so of Mr. Chapman's favorite passages, equipped with the least bit of coyly disguised exegesis.

At the beginning and the end of the volume are some general observations on Dante, considered as a poet for to-day. Here again one's faith in an ancient adage is shaken, — the adage, namely, that what

is true is not new and what is new is not true. For here we find, as we found in the same author's backward look at Shakespeare, a good dose of novelty infused with quite as much truth as resides in the many-times-said. Taking his start from a contrast between Alighieri and Shakespeare, Mr. Chapman stresses Dante's reverence for the poet's mission, his high seriousness, the constantly personal character of his writings, his intensity, his loneliness, — the "solitary egoist", Mr. Chapman calls him.

But the translation's the thing. Let it be said at once that there are no prosy spots. Even terrifying lists of proper names need have no terrors for readers of Mr. Chapman. Is it Dante? Occasionally: as often, perhaps, as any poet can hope. Is it near-Dante; does it convey to the twentieth century something of the tingle which the original sent down the marrow of the fourteenth? Pretty consistently. Is it ever Dante twenty miles away? Very seldom, and only when Mr. Chapman's fiery Pegasus gallops him off for a moment into faerie fields unseen from Dante's casement. In other words, the few divagations are due, not to sterility, but to a Dantesque fecundity. Granting that the ancient Florentine might not have approved, for instance, the translator's Browninglike apostrophe to Filippo Argenti, he surely would have enjoyed a Miltonic amplification such as this:

More than a thousand seraphs, that from
the skies
Had poured in blackening torrents to
become
Hell's denizens, were perched before my
eyes
Above the gates.

All the same, the new poet is generally at his highest when he is nearest the old. Witness these snatches:

True love, that ne'er says nay to love that's
true. . .

The agonies of doubt 'twixt yes and
no

Had gone to buffets in my giddy brain.

Fiercely the dust-cloud ploughs its way
on high,

While bird and beast and shepherd flee
before.

There let us leave him; for every poet
should be judged by his best.

CHARLES HALL GRANDGENT

The State in Transition

IT is well in this day and in this country that some one should undertake to reexamine and redefine the relations of the individual to the community of which he is a member. Professor W. E. Hocking in his latest book, *MAN AND THE STATE* (Yale University Press, \$4.00), gives long and mature consideration to the fundamental premises upon which the political organization rests, and the theoretical basis upon which the state assumes and exercises power over its individual members.

Perhaps at no time in history have opinions clashed over the primary duties and powers of the political body as they do to-day. The man in the street asks himself, "Am I doing wrong against the government when I take a drink? Or is the law valid and binding only when it can be enforced?" Thus, everywhere the theories of force in the state are being put to such popular tests as they have never before had to stand.

Again, on the one hand stands the pacifist, declaring that the will of the individual should be supreme where life and limb are at stake; on the other stands the state, which represents, with qualifications, society acting consciously for its own good, insisting on its ancient right to the life of the member whenever the sacrifice of that life becomes necessary for the general welfare. Here is anarchism declaring that the state is nothing; there, socialism claiming that the state is, or should be, everything. Between such extremes as these the mighty millions live on, affected by the state at every turn, and beginning to think about what duty they owe and what they can avoid giving. Everywhere there is dispute over what the state is or should be.

Political theory alone is sterile; but Professor Hocking declares: "Politics is the most practical of the arts; and on this account requires, even more than most arts, a science of human nature, that is, a

psychology; a science of right, that is, an ethics; and a view of man's place in the world, that is, a metaphysics." And he proceeds to develop a system of psychology, ethics, and metaphysics, which will satisfactorily fit in with all the vast and complicated phenomena that go to make up the state. The book is one for the specialist, but it can be read with pleasure and benefit by the serious general reader.

BURT TEATS

The Artistry of Henry James

WRITING to his brother in 1886 with reference to *The Bostonians*, William James said: "The truth about it seems to be this, that it is superlatively well done, provided one admits that method of doing such a thing at all." He adds that the story might easily have been told in one hundred pages, whereas Henry James has taken five hundred, "by dint of descriptions and psychologic commentaries, — charmingly done for those who have the leisure and the peculiar mood to enjoy that amount of miniature work, — but perilously near to turning away the great majority of readers who crave more matter and less art."

There is some interest in comparing this judgment with Pelham Edgar's generalization in *HENRY JAMES: MAN AND AUTHOR* (Houghton Mifflin, \$5.00). "James was not completely himself," he says, "until he discovered that he was totally unlike everybody else. . . . His particular form of sincerity and naturalness has never formed a working alliance with simplicity." James himself held that the only obligation to which we may hold a novel is that it be interesting; yet even those who, like Professor Edgar, have a great respect and admiration for "miniature work", are forced to own that James is not infrequently tedious and dull. It is, of course, in his later work that complexity and exhaustive treatment take the place of the relative simplicity which characterize the bulk of James's short stories and his earlier novels.

Here Professor Edgar takes his stand in opposition to the widely accepted view of Mr. Van Wyck Brooks, who maintains that for this very reason the later work is less and less worthy to rank with the earlier. In support of his view Professor

Edgar makes a chronological survey of a very large number of stories,—a survey which rather tends to degenerate into a collection of synopses from which the reader can get the outline and the names of the principal characters in any story.

The most valuable chapter in the book is the seventh, which is a lucid and very readable discussion of James's ideas of sound workmanship as they are revealed in his letters, prefaces, and literary criticism. And again, in his study of *The American* there is much that is stimulating in Professor Edgar's parallel arrangement of passages as originally written and as edited many years later by James for the New York edition. It is rather questionable, however, if many will be found to whom the author's main thesis will bring conviction.

L. H. TITTERTON

Indicting A Whole People

EDMUND BURKE, who was both a lawyer and a philosopher, declared that he did not know the method of indicting a whole people. But to Mr. C. E. M. Joad, a British philosopher of our day, the method seems easy enough. All one has to do is to read the home papers, clip the most bizarre, grotesque, and idiotic items cabled from America by the English correspondents, assume these items to be typical of the American people as a whole, and proceed to write a book excoriating America and all its works. Heretofore Englishmen before writing books about us, have thought it worth while to visit America,—or at least, New York. Not so Mr. Joad. He has formed certain opinions of the American people at second-hand, it pleases him mightily to hold these opinions, and he apparently fears that proximity might lead to disillusionment.

As a tirade against efficiency, auto (mobile) intoxication, overcrowded cities, desecration of the countryside, and the worship of success, *THE BABBITT WARREN* (Harper's, \$2.50) is not without merit. But as a picture of American life and manners, it bears about the same relation to reality that might be expected from a book based on the New York tabloids and comic strips, written by a professor in the University of Mars. Mr. Joad's thesis is

that we are a decadent people in the same way that Imperial Rome was decadent, and he proves this thesis by the simple process of suppressing all the contrary facts.

At the outset Mr. Joad names four criteria,—truth, goodness, beauty, and happiness,—and proposes to judge American civilization by its failure to attain these values. In conclusion he declared that Americans "mistake hurry for efficiency, mechanical ingenuity for science, connoisseurship for culture, ostentation for art, and . . . hypocrisy for virtue." These charges are not new. They might have been cribbed from a number of our foreign critics, especially since the little matter of inter-Allied debts was allowed to get into the papers. But Mr. Joad's flair for overstatement and talent for misrepresentation do contrive to lend his book a certain flavor of originality. What, for instance, could be more original than to describe J. Gordon Coogler, a tenth-rate versifier long since forgotten, as "the one famous Southern American poet"? Or to assert that Americans have no wit, and that no American can understand a good epigram? Or to argue that Americans are a decadent people since they bathe themselves every day? Or to say, on page 92, that "every effort is made in America to secure uniformity . . . in conduct . . . in clothes . . . in thought"; and then on the next page to write: "Since all Americans are alike, each one wishes to be different"?

Mr. Joad did not, I believe, intend his book as a work of fiction, but as a serious philosophical essay sprinkled with satire. As such it can hardly be called a success. It is far less amusing and, therefore, less effective than a more restrained indictment of Babbitt by one of Mr. Joad's countrymen,—*Plato's American Republic*, by Douglas Woodruff,—which, by the way, is a masterpiece of satire. So sweeping is Mr. Joad's indictment of everything American, so deliberately unfair is he in handling his "facts", that he tends to arouse our sympathy for Mr. Babbitt, whom at the outset we were prepared to detest cordially enough. After all, Babbitt had his good points,—he did not, for instance, write an indictment of England based on clippings from the Hearst papers.

CHARLES LEE SNIDER

Haydon Self-Confessed

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS OF BENJAMIN ROBERT HAYDON (Harcourt, Brace, 2 vols., \$7.50) is a masterpiece of self-revelation, luminous with hope and aspiration, darkened by despair and stark tragedy. Here is a great human document and one that has thus far been accorded insufficient recognition. Neither Tom Taylor, who first edited the *Autobiography*, nor Aldous Huxley, who introduces the present edition, gets quite at the root of the matter. The fact is that although the stormy, ill-starred Haydon was beneath consideration as a painter, his position as a literary artist of the foremost calibre is indisputable. A species of spontaneous magnification characterized everything he touched. There are no half lights, no soothing monotones. With him we are in a perpetual state of divine, if disordered, ecstasy, — poor in paint, immensely absorbing as literature.

The song of Haydon's life, rising splendidly to the skies and sinking into pathetic oblivion, is the soul chant of every genius, only here it is found in vastly heightened intensity. Mr. Huxley, whose introduction is a trifle local, fails to note the striking similarity between Haydon and his Belgian contemporary, Antoine Wiertz. Both suffered from that same disorganized social consciousness that followed the bombast and blood letting of the Napoleonic régime. Both strove to pit their vaunted powers against the serene giants of the classic age, and both fell victims of a flamboyant egotism, a veritable *folie de grandeur* quite without parallel in the not unpicturesque annals of art.

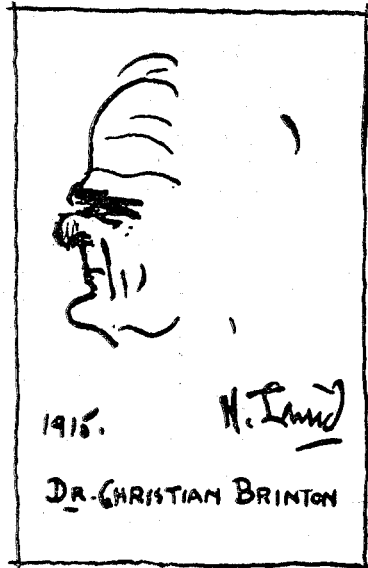
If you desire to know how devastatingly dull a painter Haydon was, you have but to survey the sodden surfaces, crude, inept drawing, and dead coloring of his

inflated neo-classic compositions. He was far from realizing the silvery moisture of Constable's skies or the salient characterization of Hogarth. If, however, you wish to know how really remarkable was the spirit of the man, peruse from cover to cover these ardent, agonizing pages. Their supreme quality is their utter frankness. Haydon does not scruple to tell us how sublime was his genius, nor does he shrink from disclosing himself the snob or the congenital sponge. But despite all, he looms before us a titanic figure, tormented by the sordid details of life, tortured by intimations of the infinite. He had, he confessed, "pressed heavily" upon friends and others, and in the end life pressed heavily upon him. The life of a painter out of tune with his time was hard; that of a debtor was in his day still harder; and Haydon,

honest but improvident in all things, was literally hounded to self-destruction.

There lies, upon the reviewer's table, a time-worn copy of Maria Callcott's *Essays Towards the History of Painting*, with profuse marginal notes in the sweeping, imperious handwriting of Haydon. In numerous instances he ruthlessly puts to rights the hapless lady in question. When he desires to be particularly emphatic, the remarks are signed, in ink, B. R. Haydon. From even such casual indications, it is manifest that the awe-struck wanderer in the *Götterdämmerung* of the heroic age of art was a sagacious, penetrating critic. He possessed indeed, wellnigh every gift, saving the gifts of self-criticism, of self-analysis. Yet it was perhaps just as well. That protective egoism which is so mercifully accorded us all, was merely granted Haydon in somewhat ampler measure.

CHRISTIAN BRINTON



FORUM

• NEXT MONTH •

CAN SCIENCE AND RELIGION MEET?

*J. Arthur Thomson
James Henry Leuba*

The perennial problem of thirty centuries is still the vital issue of our time. But here it is the scientist who says "Yes"

ACHILLES AND THE TORTOISE

F. P. Ramsey

A super-nut for nut-testers. THE FORUM offers a prize for the best reaction to this amiable diversion of a distinguished mathematician

FUTURE OF CHRISTIAN MISSIONS

Dean William Ralph Inge

England's famous Dean, in a new rôle, points optimistically to the splendid future of Christian missions in the East, — in reply to the criticisms of Dr. Hu Shih in the July number

EATING TO LIVE

Dr. J. Madison Taylor

How to eat, what to eat, and when to eat it, by a leading dietician who advises Epicureans to watch their step

THE WAYS OF FISH

Armstrong Perry

Those who hold that the sea consists entirely of water are no longer in the swim. Here go the fish, and there is that Leviathan, and other marvels of the watery depths

THE LEADING EXPRESSIONIST

Josef Bard

A vivid personal account of the famous Hungarian painter and musician, Oscar Kokoschka, and how he behaved himself in London

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN'S PRIVATE NOTE-BOOK

Carl Withers

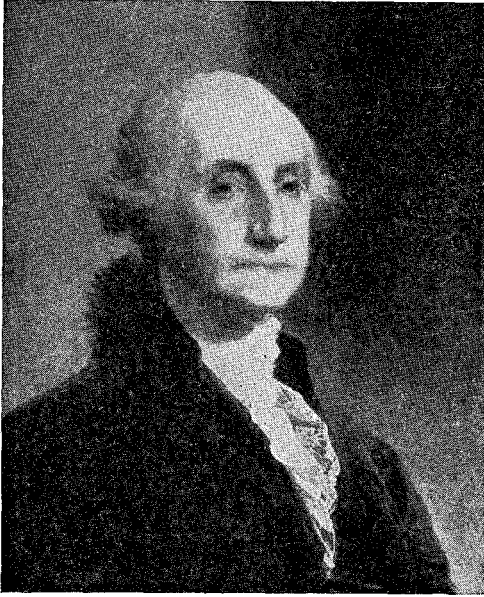
The Prince of Story-tellers invites us into the faëry workshop of his mind, in a document now for the first time made public

HALF AS OLD AS TIME

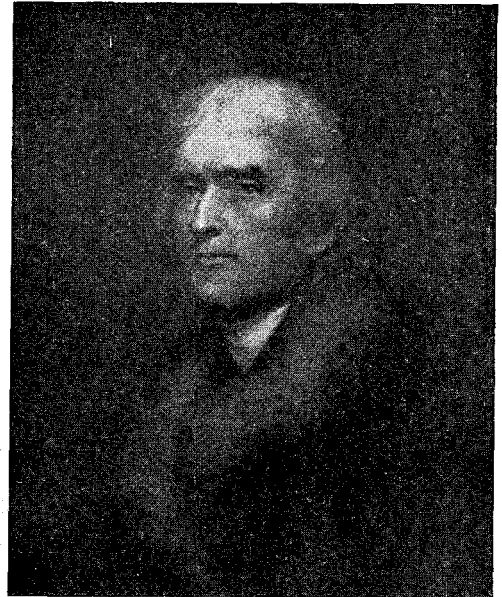
Herbert Joseph Spinden

The mysterious Mayan civilization, 100% American, interpreted by the most eminent American archeologist

Also: "What Is Youth?" questions Clemence Dane in a short essay — "The Nightingale," a fantasy by D. H. Lawrence — "Black Biscuits" by Panteleimon Romanoff — "Brains for the Army" by Col. Lucius Hudson Holt — "The Fifteen Best Short Stories," a perspective on the world's literature, by John Cournos



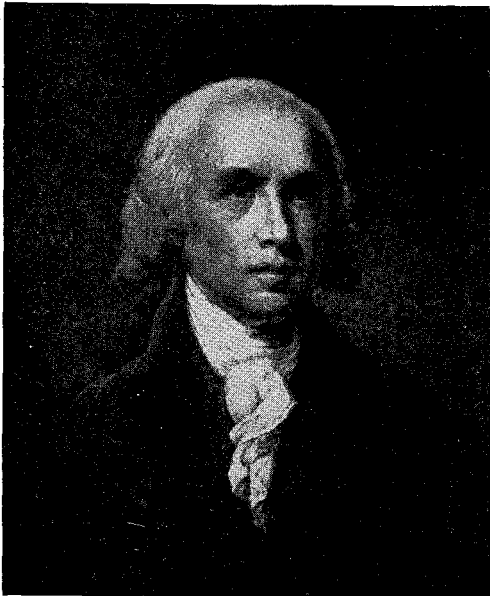
GEORGE WASHINGTON



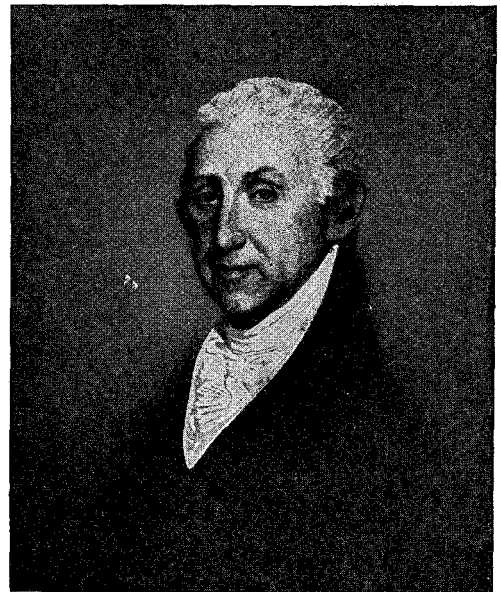
THOMAS JEFFERSON

Two Terms or Three?

*These four Presidents established the third term tradition. Is it still valid?
See page 161*



JAMES MADISON

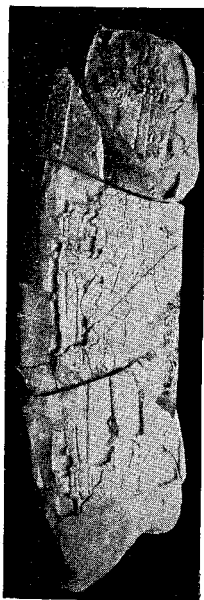


JAMES MONROE

Courtesy of Kennedy & Company



STELA 9



STELA 7



STELA 25



STELA 40

MAYAN ART

*For descriptions of
these plates
See pages 226 to 236*



STELA 10

*Illustrated
Section XXIX*



From "Puck", 1880

ULYSSES S. GRANT FACED WITH THE THIRD TERM PROBLEM

See page 161



From "Puck", 1907

THEODORE ROOSEVELT REFUSES: CAESAR'S NO

See page 161



From "Wild Oats", Nov. 12, 1874

ULYSSES S. GRANT AGAIN: OTHER DAYS BUT THE SAME SITUATION

Republican Party to their Silent Head: Ob, Ulysses, behold our danger! One word from you will quench this dangerous fuse. Speak, ob, speak one word, if you love our party

See page 161